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A
**CHOROGRAPHICALL
DESCRIPTION OF ALL
THE TRACTS, RIVERS,
MOVNTAINS, FORESTS,
and other Parts of this Renowned
Isle of GREAT BRITAIN,**

*With intermixture of the most Remarkable
Stories, Antiquities, Wonders, Rarities, Pleasures,
and Commodities of the same.*

Diuided into two Bookes, the latter containing
twelue Songs, neuer before Imprinted.

Digested into a Poem

By MICHAEL DRAYTON, Esquire

MICHAEL DRAYTON, Esquire

With a Table added, for direction to those Occurrences
of *Story* and *Antiquitie*, whereunto the Course of the
Volume easily leads not.



LONDON,
Printed for *Iohn Marriott, Iohn Grismand,*
and *Thomas Dewe.* 1622.

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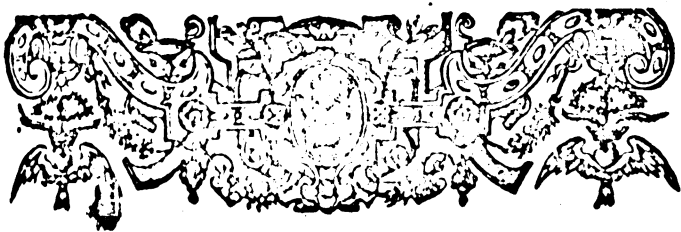


Edw. P. G. 1111. 12
 Geo. Waller Clout. P. R.

Vpon the Frontispice.

THrough a Triumphant Arch, see Albion plast,
 In Happy site, in Neptunes armes embrast,
 In Power and Plenty, on hir Cleeny Throne
 Circled with Natures Ghirlands, being alone
 Stil'd th' Oceans' Island. On the Columnes beene
 (As Trophies raiz'd) what Princes Time hath seene
 Ambitious of her. In hir yonger years,
 Vast Earth-bred Giants woo'd her: but, who bears
 In a Golden field the Lion passant red,
 AEneas Nephew (Brute) them conquered.
 Next, Laureat Cesar, as a Philtre, brings,
 On's shield, his Grandame's Venus: Him hir Kings
 Withstood. At length, the Roman, by long sute,
 Gain'd her (most Part) from th' ancient race of Brute.
 Diuor'd from Him, the Saxon's sable Horse,
 Borne by sterne Hengist, wins her: but, through force
 Garding the Normans: Leopards bath'd in Gules,
 She chang'd hir Loue to Him, whose Line yet rules.

At their Standard, not otherwise, vntill after ward Constantine made it respect the two Empires: and since, it
 is borne on a Shield. I tooke Venus proper to him, for that the stamp of his face (she being his Ancestor
 was his mother) in his Coins is frequents, and can so maintaine it here fitter, then many of those inuented Costes
 without colour of reason) attributed to the old Heroes. As for matter of Armory, Venus being a Goddess
 yet a good Bearing, is not better then Atlanta, which, by expresse Authority of Euripides, was borne, in the
 device by Parthmope. * Hengist hath other Armes in some traditions, which are to be respected as Old
 as his Lions, His name expresse a Horse, and the Dukes of Saxony are said to haue borne it anciently, before their
 conquest, Sable: therefore, if you giue him any, with most reason, let him haue this. * The common Blazon of
 Norman Armes iustifies it. And, if you please, see for it to the XI. Canto.



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POLY-OLBION

GREAT BRITAIN

By Michael Drayton Esq.

London printed for M. L. Jones & B. B. Jones

CHOICE OF THE
DESCRIPTION OF THE
THE





TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTIE, *HENRIE,* *Prince of Wales.*



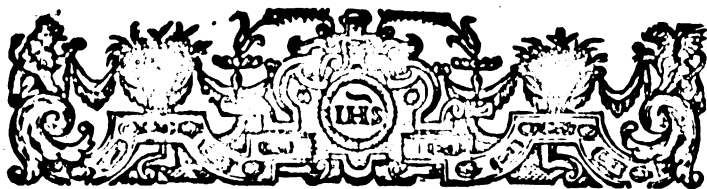
His first part of my intended Poeme I consecrate to your Highnes : in whom (beside my particular zeale) there is a naturall interest in my Werke ; as the hopefull Heyre of the kingdoms of this Great *Britaine* : whole Delicacies, Chorographicall Description, and Historie, be my subiect. My Soule, which hath seene the extremitie of Time and Fortune, cannot yet despair. The influence of so glorious and fortunate a Starre, may also reflect vpon me : which hath power to giue me new life, or leaue me to die more willingly and contented. My Poeme is genuine, and first in this kinde. It cannot want enuie : for, euen in the Birth, it already finds that. Your Gracious acceptance, mighty Prince, will lessen it. May I breath to arriue at the *Orcades* (whither in this kind I intend my course, if the Muse faile me not) I shall leaue your whole British Empire, as this first and southerne part, delineated :

To your HIGHNES,

the most humbly

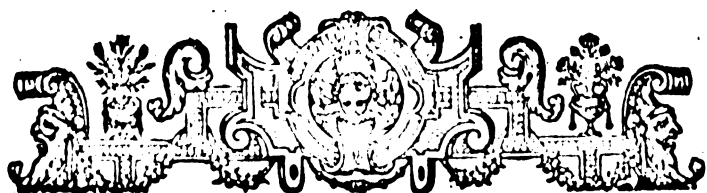
denoted,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.



Britaine, behold here portray'd, to thy sight,
 Henry, thy best hope, and the world's delight;
 Ordain'd to make thy eight Great Henries, nine:
 Who, by that vertue in the trebble Trine,
 To his owne goodnesse (in his Being) brings
 These seuerall Glories of the eight English Kings;
 Deep 'Knowledge, 'Greatnes, 'long Life, 'Policy,
 'Courage, 'Zeale, 'Fortune, 'awfull Maiestie.
 He like great Neptune on 'three Seas shall roue,
 And rule three Realms, with triple power like Ioue;
 Thus in soft Peace, thus in tempestuous Warres,
 Till from his foote, his Fame shall strike the starres.

The seuerall
 happineses of
 the eight Hen-
 ries.
 • The West,
 North, and
 East Ocean.



²
HENRICVS PRINCEPS



AGENCY OF THE UNITED STATES





TO THE GENERALL READER.

IN publishing this Essay of my Poeme, there is this great disadvantage against me; that it cometh out at this time, when Verses are wholly deduc't to Chambers, and nothing esteem'd in this lunatique Age, but what is kept in Cabinets, and must only passe by Transcription; In such a season, when the Idle Humorous world must heare of nothing, that either fauors of Antiquity, or may awake it to seeke after more, then dull and slothfull ignorance may easily reach vnto: These, I say, make much against me, and especially in a Poeme, from any example, either of Ancient, or Modern, that haue proved in this kind: whose vnusuall tract may perhaps seeme difficult, to the female Sex; yea, and I feare, to some that think themselves not meanly learned, being not rightly inspired by the Muses: such I meane, as had rather read the fantasies of forraigne inuentions, then to see the Rarities & History of their owne Country deliuered by a true native Muse. Then, whosoever thou be, posselt with such stupidity & dullness, that, rather then thou wilt take paines to search into ancient and noble things, chooselt to remaine in the thicke foggies and mists of Ignorance, as neere the common Lay-stall of a Citie, refusing to walke forth into the *Dumps* and *Fields* of the Muses, where through most delightfull Groues the Angellique harmony of Birds shall scale thee to the top of an easie hill, where in artificiall caues, cut out of the most naturall Rock, thou shalt see the ancient people of this Ile deliuered thee in their liuely Images: from whose height thou maist behold both the old and later times, as in thy prospect, lying farre vnder thee; then conuaying thee downe by a soule-pleasing Descent through delicate embroidered Meadows, often veined with gentle gliding Brooks; in which thou maist fully view the dainy Nymphes in their simple naked bewties, bathing them in Crystalline streames; which shall lead thee, to most pleasant Downes, where harmlesse Shepheards are, some exercising their pipes, some singing roundelaies, to their gazing flocks: If as, I say, thou hadst rather, (because it asks thy labour) remaine, where thou wert, then straine thy selfe to walke forth with the Muses; the fault proceeds from thy idleness, not from any want in my industrie. And to any that shall demand wherefore hauing promised this Poeme of the generall Iland so many yeeres, I now publish only this part of it; I plainly answer, that many times I had determined with my selfe, to haue left it off, and haue neglected my papers sometimes two yeeres together, finding the times since his Maiesties happy coming in, to fall so heauily vpon my distressed fortunes, after my zealous soule had labored so long in that, which with the generall happiness of the kingdom, seem'd not then impossible some what also to haue aduanced me. But I instantly saw all my long nourisht hopes even buried alive before my face: so vncertaine (in this world) be the ends of our cleere endeuaors. And what euer is herein that tastes of a free spirit, I thankfully confesse it to proceed from the continuall bounty of my truly Noble friend Sir *Walter Aston*, which hath

A

giuen

gauen me the best of those howres, whose leasure hath effected this which I now publish. Sundry other Songs I have also, though yet not so perfect that I dare commit them to publique censure, and the rest I determine to go forward with, God enabling me, may I find means to assist my endeavour. Now Reader, for the further vnderstanding of my Poeme, thou hast three especiall helps; First the Argument to direct thee still, where thou art, and through what Shires the Muse makes her journey, and what she chiefly handles in the Song thereto belonging. Next, the Map, lively delineating to thee, every Mountaine, Forrest, Riuer, and Valley, expressing in their sundry postures, their loues, delights, and naturall situations. Then hast thou the Illustration of this learned Gentleman, my friend, to explaine euery hard matter of history, that, lying farre from the way of common reading, may (without question) seem difficult vnto thee. Thus wishing thee thy hearts desire, and committing my Poeme to thy charitable censure, I take my leaue.

Thine, as thou art mine,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.



TO MY FRIENDS, THE CAMBRO-BRITANS.

TO haue you without difficulty vnderstand, how in this my intended progreffe, through these vniued Kingdomes of great Britaine, I haue placed your (and I must confesse) my loued Wales, you shall perceiue, that after the three first Songs, beginning with our French Ilands, Iernsey, and Iersey, with the rest; and percelling in those first three the surway of these sixe our most Westerne Countreies, Cornwall, Deuon, Dorset, Hamp, Wilt, and Summerset; I then make ouer Seuerne into Wales, not farre from the midst of her Broad side that lieth against England. I searme it her Broad side, because it lieth from Shrewsbury, stil along with Seuerne, till she lastly turne sea. And to explaine two lines of mine (which you shall finde in the fourth Song of my Poeme, but it is the first of Wales) which are these,

And ere seauen Books haue end, Ile strike so high a string,
Thy Bards shall stand amaz'd with wonder whilst I sing.

Speaking of seauen Books, you shall vnderstand that I continue Wales through some, beginning in the fourth Song (where the nymphes of England and Wales, contending for the Ile of Lundy) and ending in the tenth; Striving, as my much loued (the learned) Humfrey Floyd, in his description of Cambria to Abraham Ortelius, to uphold her ancient bounds, Seuerne, and Dee, and therefore haue included the part of those three English Shiers of Gloster, Worlter, and Sallop, that lie on the west of Seuerne, within their ancient mother Wales: In which if I haue not done her right, she want it in my ability, not in my loue. And beside my naturall inclination to loue Antiquitie (which Wales may highly boast of) I confesse, the free and gentle company of that true lover of his Country (as of all ancient and noble things) M. Iohn Williams, his Maesties Goldsmith, my deare and worthy friend, hath made me the more seek into the antiquities of your Country. Thus wishing your fauorable construction of these my faithfull endeouers, I bid you farewell.

Michael Drayton.

From the Author

OF

The Illustrations.

BErmit mee thus much of these Notes to My Friend. What the Verse oft, with allusion, as supposing a full knowing Reader, lets slip; or in winding steps of Personating Fictions (as some times) so infolds, that suddaine conceipt cannot abstract a Forme of the clothed Truth, I haue, as I might, *Illustrated*. *Brevity*, and *Plainenes* (as the one endur'd the Other) I haue ioyned; purposely auoyding frequent commixture of different language; and, whensoever it happens, eyther the Page or Margine (specially for *Gentlewomen* sake) summarily interprets it, except where Interpretation aides not. Being not very Prodigall of my Historicall Faith, after *Explanation*, I oft aduerture on *Examination*, and *Censure*. The Author, in Passages of *first Inhabitants*, *Name*, *State*, and *Monarchique succession* in this Isle, followes *Geffrey ap Arthur*, *Polychronicon*, *Matthew of Westminster*, and such more. Of their Traditions; for that one so much controuerted, and by *Cambro-Britons* still maintayned, touching the *Troian Brute*, I haue (but as an Aduocat for the Muse) argued; disclaiming in it, if alledg'd for my own Opinion. In most of the rest, vpon weighing the Reporters credit, Comparison with more perswading authority, and *Synchronisme* (the best Touch-stone in this kind of Triall) I leaue note of Suspicion, or addeconiecturall Amendment: as, for particular examples, among other, in *Brennus* mistooke by all Writers of later time, following *Iustini* Epitome of *Trogus* ill conceiu'd; in *Robert of Swaphams* Story of *K. Walphers* murdering his Children; in *Rollo* first D. of *Normandy* his time; none of them yet rectified (although the first hath been aduictured on) by any that I haue seene; and such more. And indeed my Icalousie hath oft vext me with particular inquisition of whatsoeuer occurs, bearing not a marke of most apparant Truth, eber since I found so intollerable Antichronismes, incredible reports, and *Bardish* impostures, as well from Ignorance as assum'd liberty of Inuention in some of our Ancients; and red also such palpable Fauxeties, of our Nation, thrust into the World by Later Time; as (to giue a tast) that of *Randall Higden* affirming the Beginning of *Wards* in *VI. Hen. III.* *Polydore*s assertion (vpon mistaking of the Statute of *I.*

To the Reader.

Hen. VII.) that it was death by the English laws for any man to weare a Visard, with many like errors in his History, of our Trials by XII. Shrines, Coate of the Kingdome, Parliaments, and other like; Bartol's deliuering the custome in this Isle to be, * *quod Primogenitus succedit in omnibus Bonis*; The Greeke Chalkondylas his slanderous description of our visuall forme of kind entertainment to begin with the Wiues Courtious admision to that most affected pleasure of Lasciuious fancy (he was deceiu'd by misunderstanding the Reports of Our *Kissing Salutations*, giuen and accepted amongst vs with more freedom then in any part of the Southern world, erroneously thinking, perhaps, that euery Kisse must be thought seconded with that addition to the Seuen promist by *Mercury* in name of *Venus* to him that should find *Psyche*; or as wanton, as *Aristophanes* his *Mardiagartio*;) and many vntruth's of like Nature in Others. Concerning the Arcadian deduction of our *British* Monarchy; within that time, from *Brute*, suppos'd about $\overline{\text{c}15}.$ $\overline{\text{c}15}.$ $\overline{\text{DCCC.}}$ L. of the world (*Samuel* then Iudge of *Israel*) vnto some $\overline{\text{L}v}$. before *Christ* (about when, *Iulius Caesar* visited the Island) no Relation was extant, which is now left to our vse. How then are they, which pretend Chronologies of that Age without any Fragment of Authors before *Gildas*, *Taliesin* and *Nennius* (the eldest of which was since D. of *Christ*) to be credited? For my part, I belecue much in them as I do the finding of *Hero's* Shipmast in our * Mountaines, which is collected vpon a corrupted place in *Athenaus*, cited out of *Moschion*; or, that *Ptolemy Philadelph* sent to *Rantha* King of *Scots* some $\overline{\text{c}15}.$ $\overline{\text{DCCCC.}}$ yeares since, for discouery of this Country, which *Claude Ptolemy* afterward put in his Geography; or that *Iulius Caesar* built *Arthurs Hoffen* in *Stirling* Shirisdome; or, that *Britons* were at the Rape of *Hesione* with *Hercules*, as our excellent wit *Ioseph of Excesster* (published falsly vnder name of *Cornelius Nepos*) singeth: which are euen equally warrantable, as *Ariosto's* Narrations of Persons and Places in his *Rowlands*, *Spensers* *Elfin Story*, or *Rablais* his strange discoueries. Yet the Capricious fiction will (I know) neuer quit their Beliefe of wrong; although some *Elias* or *Delian* Diuer should make open what is so inquired after. Briefly, vntill *Polybius*, who wrote neere $\overline{\text{c}15}.$ $\overline{\text{DCCC.}}$ since (for *Aristotle* and *Xenophon* is cleerely counterfeited in title) no Greeke mentions the Isle; vntill *Lucreti* (some $\overline{\text{C.}}$ yeares later) no *Roman* hath exprest a thought of vs; vntill *Casars* Commentaries, no piece of its description was known, that is now left to posterity. For time therefore preceeding *Cesar*, I dare trust none; but with Others adhere to Coniecture. In Ancient matter since, I relie on *Tacitus* and *Dio*. especially, *Vopiscus*, *Capitolin*, *Spartian* (for so much as they haue, and the rest of the *Angustan* Story) afterward *Gildas*, *Nennius* (but little is left of them, and that of the last very imperfect) *Bede*, *Afferio*, *Ethelwerd* (neere of bloud to King *Alfred*) *William of Malmesbury*, *Marian*,
Florence

At. de. sum.
 vnde. l. i. v. m.

3.
 P. m. blan.
 licentia. ad. possid.
 ing. na. long.
 vultum. Ap.
 etus. De. Aur.
 An. 6. and you
 may remember
 as like enough
 he did) that in
 Plantus Curcul.
 Qui vult Cubare
 tangit saltem
 femur, & such
 more in other
 wanton Poets,
 with the opini^o
 of *Raldus*, that a
 Kisse in thole
 Southerne Na-
 tions, is suffici-
 ent consent to
 imperit espou-
 sels, nothing of
 that kind, but
 Copulation, with
 vs & our neigh-
 bouring Dutch
 being so.
 * E's tout opus
 tis Epistolas,
 arm tu Epistola-
 rum, qua nempe
 verior videtur
 lectio.

To the Reader.

Florence of Worcester (that published vnder name of *Florence* hath the very syllables of most part of *Marian the Scott Story*, fraught with *Englisb* Antiquities; which will shew you how easily to answer *Buchanan's* obiection against our Historians about *Abelittans* being King of all *Albion*, being deceiu'd when he imagined that there was no other of *Marian* but the common printed Chronicle, which is indeed but an Epirome or Defloration made by *Robert of Lorraine*, Bishop of *Hereford* vnder *Hen. I.*) and the numerous rest of our Monkish and succeeding Chronographers. In all, I beleeue him most which freest from *Affection* and *Hate* (causes of corruption) might best know, and hath, with most likely assertion, deliuered his report. Yet so, that, to explaine the Author, carrying himselfe in this part, an *Historicall*, as in the other, a *Chorographicall* Poet, I insert oft, out of the *British* story, what I importune you not to credit. Of that kind, are thole *Prophecies* out of *Merlin* sometime interwoven: I discharge my selfe; nor impute you to me any serious respect of them. Inuiting, not wresting in, occasion, I adde sometime what is different from my task, but such as I guesse would any where please an vnderstanding Reader. To aide you in course of Times, I haue in fit place drawn *Chronologies*, vpon Credit of the Ancients; and, for matter of that kinde, haue admonisht (to the *IV. Canto*) what as yet I neuer saw by any obseru'd, for wary consideration of the *Dionysian Cycle*, and mis-interpreted Roote of his Dominicall yeere. Those *old Rimes*, which (some number) you often meet with, are offer'd the willinger, both for *Variety* of your Mother Tongue, as also, because the Author of them *Robert of Glaster* neuer yet appear'd in common light. He was, in Time, an Age before; but, in Learning and Wit, as most others, much behind our Worthy *Chaucer*; whose name by the way Occuring, and my worke here being but to adde plaine song after Mules descanting, I cannot but digresse to admonition of abuse which this Learned allusion, in his *Troilus*, by ignorance hath indured.

I am till God mee better mind send

At Dulcarnon right at my wits end.

Its not *Necham*, or any else, that can make mee entertaine the least thought of the signification of *Dulcarnon* to be *Pythagoras* his sacrifice after his Geometricall Theorem in finding the Squares of an Orthogonall Triangles sides, or that it is a word of *Latine* deduction; but indeed by easier pronounciation it was made of *دو القرنين* *i. Two horned*: which the *Mahometan Arabians* vie for a Roote in Calculation, meaning *Alexander*, as that great Dictator of knowledge *Ioseph Scaliger* (with some Ancients) wills, but, by warranted opinion of my learned friend M^r. *Lydnot* in his *Emendatio Temporum*, it began in *Seleucus Nicator*, XII. yeares after *Alexanders* death: The name was applied, either because af-

To the Reader.

ter time that *Alexander* had perswaded himselfe to be *Jupiter Ham-*
mons Ionne, whose Statue was with *Rams* hornes, both his owne
 and his Successors Coines were stampt with horned Images:
 or else in respect of his *II.* pillars erected in the East as a * *Nihil*
ultra of his Conquest, and some say because hee had in Power
 the *Easterne* and *Westerne* World, signified in the two Hornes.
 But, howlocuer, it well fits the Passage, either, as if hee had per-
 sonated *Creside* at the entrance of two wayes, not knowing
 which to take; in like sense as that of *Prodicus* his *Hercules*, *Py-*
thagoras his *Y*, or the Logicians *Dilemma* expresse; or else, which
 is the truth of his conceit, that shee was at a *Nonplus*, as the
 interpretation in his next Staffe makes plaine. How many of No-
 ble *Chancers* Readers neuer so much as suspect this his short essay of
 knowledge, transcending the common Rode? and by his Trea-
 tise of the *Astrolabe* (which, I dare sweare, was chiefly learned
 out of *Messakalab*) it is plaine hee was much acquainted with the
 Mathematiques, and amongst their Authors had it. But, I return
 to my selfe. From vaine loading my Margine, with *Books*, *Chap-*
ters, *Folio's*, or *Names* of our *Historians*, I abstain: Course of Time
 as readily directs to them. But, where the place might not so
 easily occurre (chiefly in matter of *Philologie*) there onelic (for
 view of them which shall examine mee) I haue added asisting
 references. For most of what I vse of *Chorographie*, ioyne with
 me in thanks to that most Learned Nourice of Antiquitie

* τὸν τῆς γλῶσσης οὐκ

Τὴν ἀντὶ τοῦ

my instructing friend M^r. *Camden Clarenculce*. From him and *Gi-*
rald of *Cambria* also comes most of my *British*: And then may
Mercury and all the Muses deadly hate mee, when, in permitting
 occasion, I professe not by whom I learne! Let them vent iudge-
 ment on mee which vnderstand: I iustifie all, by the selfe Au-
 thors cited, crediting no *Transcribers*, but when of Necessitie I
 must. My thirst compeld mee alwayes seeke the *Fountaines*, and,
 by that, if meanes grant it, iudge the *Riners* nature. Nor can a-
 ny Conuersant in Letters bee ignorant what error is oftimes
 fallen into, by trusting Authorities at second hand, and rash col-
 lecting (as it were) from visuall beam's refracted through ano-
 thers eye. In performance of this charge (vndertaken at request
 of my kinde friend the Author) Breuity of *Time* (which was but
 little more then since the Poem first went to the Presse) and that
 daily discontinued, both by my other most different *Studies* seri-
 ously attended, and interrupting *Busines*, as enough can witnes,
 might excuse great faults, especially of *Omission*. But, I take not
 thence aduantage to desire more then *Common Curtesie in Censure*:
 Nor of this, nor of what else I heeretofore haue published, tou-
 ching * *Historicall deduction of Our Ancient Lawes*, wherein I
 scape not without Tax

Sunt

* *Christman*
Communis
Alfroyen cap.
 11.
Lyfsmach Cor-
 num apud
Cz. Rhodigin.
Amig. l. 1. 10
 cap. 12. hic ge-
 minas interpre-
 tatio.

* Of whoe euen
 every ingenio
 stranger makes
 honorable
 mention.

Commen vrb
illam *Palatinu*
R. Vitum *Da-*
ling *Stochium*
 (*Coinis* *Historia*
maximam *partem*
quas *Buryal.*

Carte & *Choro-*
graphica sub-
structio *plendq*
 ad *Antiquitat*
amissum, ab

Eruditionis *hoc*
suo *populari* *ac-*
cepta *per* *dicam*
supplicata, *est*
ad *in* *in* *in* *in*
fuisse *miror*, *re*
bent *merentem*
non *tam* *libentir*
ac *noscat*, *quam*
Clariss *Viri* *syl-*
labu *et* *in* *in* *in*
Codicem *suum*
sapient *perquam*
ingrat *suffor-*
cini. *Atque*
id *for* *genus*
Plagiarior, *re-*
det *omnino*, *et*
A *muore*, *et*
Peruaculos *re-*
tro *iam* *nunc* *im-*
ponere *sarc* *nem*
videt *indignum*
et *ingrat*.

* *Iam* *Anglo-*
rum.

To the Reader.

*Sunt quibus in verbis videturq; obscurior, hoc est,
Euandri cum Matre loqui, Faunisque Numaque;
Nec secus ac si auctor Saliaris Carminis esset.*

I have read in *Cicero, Agellius, Lucians Lexiphanes*, and others, much against that forme; But withall, this later age (wherein so industrious search is among admired Ruins of olde Monuments) hath, in our greatest Latine Critiques *Hans Douz, P. Merula, Lipsius* and such more, so receiued that *Saturnian Language*, that, to Students in *Philology*, it is now grown familiar; and (as he saith) *Verba à Vetustate repetita non solum magnos Affectus habent, sed etiam afferant Orationi Maiestatem aliquam, non sine delectatione*. Yet for Antique Termes, to the Learned, I will not iustifie it without exception (disliking not that of *Phaon's*, *Vine Moribus præcritis, loquere verbis præsentibus*; and, as *Coinc*, to words, of a publique and knowne stamp, are to bee vsed) although so much, as that way I offend, is warranted by example of such, of whom to endeavour imitation allowes me more then the bare title of *Blameless*. The purblind Ignorant I salute, with the English of that *Monitory Epigram*

*Εἰ δὲ γὰρ ναῖμας
Ναῖς ἴσως Μυρταί, εἴ ποτ' ἀπὸ μὲν ῥαίσι.

Reprehension of them, whose Language and best learning is purchased from such Volumes as *Rablais* reckons in *S. Vickers* Library, or Barbarous Glosses

Quam nihil ad Genium, Papiniane, tuum!
or, which are furnisht in our old story, only out of the Common *Polychronicon, Caxton, Fabian, Stow, Grafton, Languet, Cooper, Holingshed* (perhaps with gift of vnderstanding.) *Polydore*, and the rest of our later Compilers; or, of any aduenturous *Thersites* daring find fault euen with the very *Graces*, in a straine.

Cornua quod vincatq; Tubas——

I regarde as metamorphized *Lucius* his looking out at window; I Slight, Scorne, and Laugh at it. By *Paragraph's* in the Verses you know what I meddle with in the *Illustrations*; but so, that with Latitude, the direction admonishes sometimes as well for explaining a following or Preceding passage, as its owne. Ingenuous Readers, to you I wish your best desires; Grant me too, I pray, this one, that you read mee not, without comparing the *Faults escaped*; I haue collected them for you. Compell'd *Absence*, endeuor'd *Dispatch*, and want of *Renises* soone bred them. To the Author, I wish (as an old Cosmographickall Poet did long since to himselfe.)

*Αἶμα τοῖ ὕμνω
Αὐτὸς ἐν μανθρῶν ἀνθρώπων ἐν ἀνθρώποις.

To *Gentlewomen* & their *Loves* is consecrated all the wooing Language, *Allusions to Love-Passions*, and sweet *Embracements* fain'd by the

Distinction.

* If thou hast
no taste in Learning, meddle
more with
what thou
dost stand in need of.

* That the
Godlike sort
of men, may
worthily pae
don his labors.

To the Reader.

the Muse amongst *Hills* and *Rivers* Whatsoever tastes of *Description*, *Battell*, *Story*, *Abstruse Antiquity*, and (which my particular Study caus'd me sometime remember) *Law* of the Kingdome, To the more *Senere Reader*. To the one, Be contenting *Enjoyments* of their *Auspicious Desires*; To the other, Happy *Attendance* of their chosen *Muses*.

From the Inner Temple

May. IX.

clb. Ioc. XII.

Faults escaped in the Illustrations.

Pag 22. in marg. a. d. p. m. Pag. 34. l. 30. blackhaird. p. 35. l. 3. *Maryas* P. 35. lin. Last sawe one, read *Grandchild* for *sonne*. P. 50. in marg. I. p. m. u. l. p. 66. marg. *natura*. p. 67. marg. *Ammon* p. 68. marg. *Tpo* &c. p. 68. l. 34. That not so much. p. 68. marg. aft. p. 70. marg. *Schoaff*. p. 70. l. 44. for *roster* read *stey*. p. 71. l. 29. l. 30. *Adardaga*. p. 72. marg. *Sabinu*. pag. 73. lin. 30. *Muse*. and *rd* *Rollo* there, read not without the examination to the thirteenth Song. pag. 95. lin. 7. for *Riu*: 15. *Bevers*. p. 96. marg. *Eped*. p. 97. l. 22. *Bartholm* l. 44. *Tinne*. p. 109 to the last line adde, *But I have read that the Authors name was John Maluerne, a fellow of Orill Colledge in Oxford, who finished in XPI. Ed III. p. 125. in marg. Nieu lin. 6* *Oising*. l. 30. *Belgins* p. 126. lin. 27. *Bort*. pag. 130. *Loumas* in marg. pag. 131. in marg. *Then*. pag. 146. lin. 30. for *Now* read *New*. pag. 147. lin. 8. read *Fente* *renascentis* *quem* &c. lin. 24. *Erirca* lin. 25. *Wp* &c. pag. 149. marg. *Semen* p. 153. l. 29. *Antium*. p. 154. l. 13. *You* in marg. *Alg*. p. 164. l. 13. *East*, next night p. 168 in marg. *Rhetia* p. 183. marg. *Sympo*. *abid*. *Aethiop* p. 185. l. 40. *enjoying* p. 187. marg. *Don*. 224. l. 26. it ceased 225. l. 30. *Hroet* l. 34. *DC* *CC* *LI* l. 3. 234. l. 21. *Vini*. 235. l. 14. *Albatognd*. l. 26. *Arzachel*. 27. *Cuningburg*. 244. marg. *Sanfonin* 256. lin. 26. & 27. *Englishidiom*. p. 267. marg. *Alphem*. l. 21. *Guadiana* p. 269. marg. *Illust*. p. 270. marg. *meditised* *how* 271. marg. *Rich. L. Fin*. *Rot*. p. 272. l. 2. *Ralph Fitz* l. 14. *Pandulph*. l. 22. *Ruin*: *mede*. l. 24. *Charter* and that off. 47. *Peter de Roebes* p. 273. l. 8. *Leopold*. p. 274. l. 30. *loked* *ette*. p. 277. 9. *Cognifances*, and in the marg. *Jerms*. p. 278. l. 4. *Hadham*. p. 279. marg. *dispuatio*. p. 281. marg. *Arenary*. and *Q. Carr*. p. 301. l. 45. *deliuer*. pag. 302. make the inference of * to the last line (sawe one. p. 303. Marg. *Norwegian*. If you meet with other, or Points omitted or amisse inserted, you may amend them.

Faults escaped in the Poem.

Pag 222. in the *Margent*, for *bands* read *bounds*. p. 290. l. 9. for *Bernitia*. read *Dia* *ra*. *ibid*. l. 23. for *Dia*, read *Bernitia*. p. 283. l. 26. for *coulde* be to, read *coulde* to.

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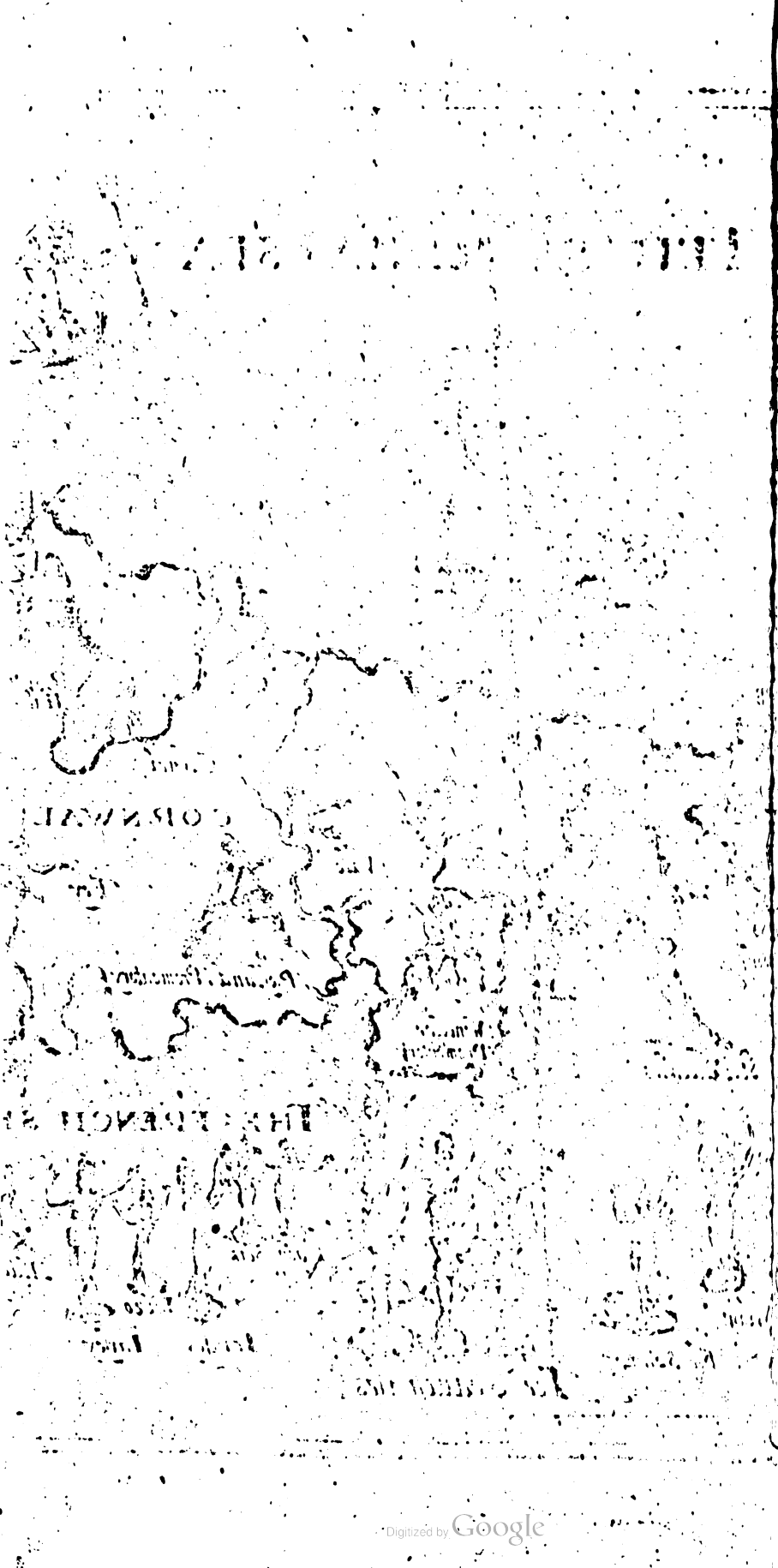
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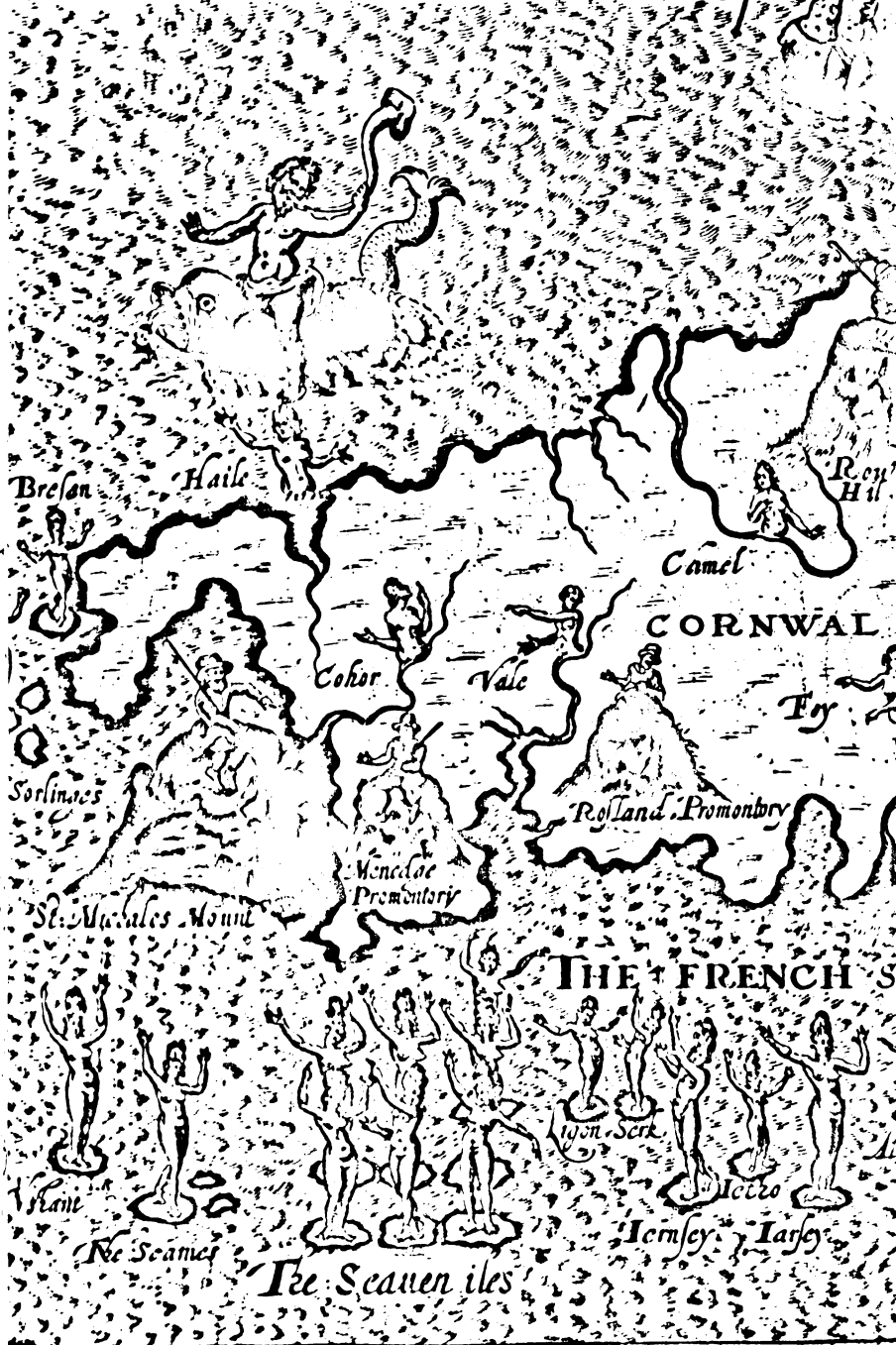
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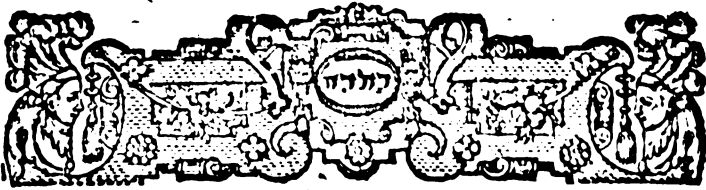


THE SABRINIAN SEA









POLY-OLBION.

The first Song.

* THE AROYMENT.

*The sprightly Muse her wing displaies,
And the French Ilands first suruaies;
Beares-up with Neptune, and in glory
Transcends proud Cornwalls Promontorie;
There crownes Mount-Michael, and describes
How all those Rineress fall and rise;
Then takes in Tamer, as shee bounds
The Cornish and Deuonian grounds.
And whilst the Deuonshire-Nymphs relate
Their lones, their fortunes, and estate,
Dert undertaketh to revine
Our Brute, and sings his first arriue:
Then North-ward to the verge shee bends,
And her first Song at Ax shee ends.*

 F Albions glorious Ile the Wonders whilst I write,
The sundry varying soyles, the pleasures infinite
(Where heate kills not the cold, nor cold expells the heat,
The calmes too mildly small, nor winds too roughly great,
Nor night doth hinder day, nor day the night doth wrong,
The Summer not too short, the Winter not too long)
What helpe shall I invoke to ayde my Muse the while?
Thou *Genius* of the place (this most renowned Ile)
Which liuedst long before the All-earth-drowning Flood,
Whilst yet the world did swarme with her Gigantick brood;
Goe thou before me still thy circling shores about,
And in this wandring Maze helpe to conduct me out:
Direct my course so right, as with thy hand to shoue
Which way thy Forrests range, which way thy Riuer flowes;
Wise *Genius*, by thy helpe that so I may discry
How thy faire Mountaines stand, and how thy Vallyes lie

B

From

* The Western
or Spanish O-
cean.

* The coast of
little Britaine
in France.

* The furthest
Ile in the Bri-
tish Ocean.
* The Sea upon
the north of
Scotland.
* The old Bri-
tish Poets.

* Priests a-
mongst the an-
cient Britons.

* The French
Seas.

From those cleere pearlie Cleeues which see the Mornings pride,
And check the surlie Impes of *Neptune* when they chide,
Vnto the big-swolne waues in the * *Iberian* streame,
Where *Titan* still vnyokes his fiery-hoofed Teame,
And oft his flaming locks in luscious Nectar steepes,
When from *Olympus* top he plungeth in the Deepes:

That from ^b th' *Armorick* sands, on surging *Neptunes* leas
Through the *Hibernick* Gulfe (those rough *Vergiuian* seas)
My verse with wings of skill may flie a lostie gate,

S. As *Amphitrite* clips this Iland Fortunate,
Till through the sleepey Maine to * *Thuly* I haue gone,
And scene the frozen Iles, the cold ^d *Ducalidon*,

S. Amongst whose Iron rockes grym *Saturne* yet remains,
Bound in those gloomie Caues with Adamantine chaines.

Yee sacred * Bards, that to your Harps melodious strings
Sung th' ancient Heroës deeds (the monuments of Kings)
And in your dreadfull verse ingrau'd the prophecies,
The aged worlds descents, and Genealogies;
If, as those ^f *Druides* taught, which kept the British rites,
And dwelt in darksome Groues, there counselling with sprites
(But their opinions faild, by error led awry,

As since cleere truth hath shew'd to their posteritie)
When these our soules by death our bodies doe forsake,
S. They instantlie againe doe other bodies take:
I could haue wisht your spirits redoubled in my breast,
To giue my verse applause, to times eternall rest.

Thus scarcelie said the Muse, but howering while she hung
Vpon the * Celtick wastes, the Sea-Nymphes loudlie sung:

O euer-happie Iles, your heads so high that beare,
By Nature stronglie fenc'd, which neuer need to feare
On *Neptunes* watry Realmes when *Eolus* raiseth warres,
And euery billow bounds, as though to quench the starres:
Fairst *Iersey* first of these heere scattred in the Deepe,
Peculiarlie that boastst thy double-horned sheepe:

Inferior nor to thee, thou *Iernsey*, brauelie crown'd
With rough-imbatteld rocks, whose venom-hating ground
The hardned Emerill hath, which thou abroad doost send:

Thou *Ligon*, her belov'd, and *Serk*, that doost attend
Her pleasure euerie howre; as *Iethow*, them at need,
With Pheasants, fallow Deere, and Conies that doost feed:

Yee seauen small sister Iles, and *Sorlings*, which to see
The halfe-sunk sea-man ioyes, or what soe're you be,
From fruitfull *Arney*, neere the ancient Celtick shore,
To *Vshant* and the *Seames*, whereas those Nunnes of yore

S. Gaue answers from their Caues, and tooke what shapes they pleas'd
Yc happie Ilands set within the British Seas,

With

With thrill and iocund shouts, th'vmealur'd deepes awake,
And let the Gods of Sea their secret Bowres forsake;
Whilst our industrious Muse great *Britaine* forth shall bring,
Crown'd with those glorious wreathes that beautifie the Spring;
And whilst greene *Thetis* Nymphes, with many an amorous lay
Sing our Invention safe vnto her long-wilbt Bay.

Vpon the vtmost end of *Cornwalls* hurrowing beake,
Where ^a *Bresan* from the Land the tilting waues doth breake;
The shore let her transcend, the ^b Promont to discry,
And viewe about the Point th'vnnubred Fowle that fly.

Some, rising like a storme from off the troubled land,
Seeme in their houering flight to shadow all the land;
Some, sitting on the beach to prune their painted breasts,
As if both earth and aire they onelie did possesse.

Whence, climbing to the Cleues, her selfe she firmlic sets
The Bourns, the Brooks, the Becks, the Rills, the Riuletts,
Exa&lie to deriue; receiuing in her way

That straightned tongue of Land, where, at *Mount-Michaells Bay*,

Rude *Neptune* cutting in, a cante forth doth take;

And, on the other side, *Hayles* valster mouth doth make

A ^{*} Chersonese thereof, the corner clipping in:

Where to th'industrious Muse the *Mount* doth thus begin;

Before thou further passe, and leaue this setting shore,
§. Whose Townes vnto the Saints that liued heere of yore

(Their fasting, works, & pray'rs, remaining to our shames)

VVere rear'd, and iustly call'd by their peculiar names,

The builders honour still; this due and let them haue,

As deigne to drop a teare vpon each holie Graue;

VVhole charitie and zeale, in steed of knowledge stood:

For, surely in themselues they were right simply good.

If, credulous too much, thereby th'offended heauen

In their deuout intents, yet be their sinnes forgiven.

Then from his rugged top the teares downe trickling fell,

And in his passion stirr'd, againe began to tell

Strange things, that in his daies times course had brought to pass,

That fortie miles now Sea, sometimes firme fore-land was;

And that a Forrest then, which now with him is Flood,

§. VVhereof he first was call'd the *Hoare-Rock in the Wood*;

Relating then how long this soile had laine forlorne,

As that her *Genius* now had almost her forsworne,

And of their ancient loue did viterly repent,

Sith to destroy her selfe that farall toole she lent

By which th'insatiate slaue her intrailcs out doth draw,

That thrusts his gripple hand into her golden mawe;

And for his part doth wish, that it were in his power

To let the Ocean in, her wholly to deuoure.

B 2.

Which

^a A small land
vpon the very
point of *Corn-
wall*.

^b A hill lying
out, as an el-
bowe of Land,
into the Sea.

Which, *Hayle* doth over-heare, and much doth blame his rage,
 And told him (to his teeth) hee doated with his age.
 For *Hayle* (a lustie Nymph, bent all to amorous play,
 And hauing quicke recourse into the *Seuerne* Sea
 With *Neptunes* Pages oft disporting in the Deepe;
 One neuer touch't with care; but how her selfe to keepe
 In excellent estate) doth thus againe intreate;
 S. Muse, leaue the wayward Mount to his distempred heart,
 Who nothing can produce but what doth taste of spight:
 He shew thee things of ours most worthy thy delight.
 Behold our Diamonds heere, as in the quarri's they stand,
 By Nature neatly cut, as by a skilfull hand,
 Who varieth them in formes, both curiously and oft;
 Which for thee (wanting power) produceth them too soft,
 That vertue which she could not liberallie impart,
 Shee striueth to mend by her owne proper Art.
 Besides, the Seaholme heere, that spreadeth all our shore,
 The sick consuming man so powerfull to restore:
 Whose roote th'Eringo is, the reines that doth inflame
 So stronglie to performe the *Cytheraan* game,
 That generally approou'd, both farre and neere is sought.
 S. And our *Main-Amber* heere, and *Burien* Trophy, thought
 Much wrongd, not yet preferd for wonders with the rest.
 But, the laborious Muse, vpon her iourney preste,
 Thus vitereth to her selfe, To guide my course aright,
 What Mound or steddie Mere is offered to my sight
 Vpon this out-stretcht Arme, whilst sayling heere at ease,
 Betwixt the Southern waste, and the *Sabrinian* seas,
 I view those wanton Brookes, that waxing, still doe wane;
 That scarcelie can conceiue, but brought to bed againe;
 Scarce rising from the Spring (that is their naturall Mother)
 To growe into a streame, but buried in another.
 When *Chore* doth call her on, that wholly doth betake
 Her selfe vnto the *Lee*; transform'd into a Lake,
 Through that impatient loue shee had to entertaine
 The lustfull *Neptune* oft; whom when his wracks restraine,
 Impatient of the wrong, impetuouslie hee raues:
 And in his ragefull flowe, the furious King of waues,
 Breaks someing o're the Beach, whom nothing seemes to coole,
 Till he haue wrought his will on that capacious Poole:
 Where *Menedge*, by his Brookes, a * Chersonse is cast,
 Widening the slender shore to ease it in the wast;
 A Promont iutting out into the dropping South,
 That with his threatning cleeces in horrid *Neptunes* mouth,
 Derides him and his power: nor cares how him he greets.
 Next, *Roseland* (as his friend, the mightier *Menedge*) meets

Great

* A place al-
 most inuironed
 with water, wel-
 meet an Island.

Great Neptune when he swells, and rage at the Rocks,
(Set out into those seas) inforcing through his shocks
Those armes of Sea, that thrust into the tinny strand,
By their Meandred creeks indenting of that Land
Whose fame by euerie tongue is for her Mynerals hurld,
Neere from the mid-daies point, throughout the Westerne world,
Heere Vale, a liuelic flood, her nobler name that giues
To * *Flamouth*; and by whom, it famous euer liues,
Whose entrance is from sea so intricatelie wound,
Her haue angled so about her harbours sound,
That in her quiet Bay a hundred ships may ride,
Yet not the tallest mast, be of the tallest descri'd;
Her brauerie to this Nymph when neighbouring rivers told,
Her mind to them againe shee brieflie doth vnfold;

Let * *Camell*, of her course, and curious windings boast,
In that her Greatness raignes sole Mistresse of that coast
Twixt *Tamer* and that Bay, where *tiagle* poures forth her pride,
And let vs (nobler Nymphs) vpon the mid-daie side,
Be frolick with the best. Thou *Fey*, before vs all,
By thine owne named Towne made famous in thy fall,
As *Low*, amongst vs heere; a most delicious Brooke,
With all our sister Nymphes, that to the noone-sted looke,
Which glyding from the hills, vpon the tinny ore,
Betwixt your high-rear'd banks, resort to this our shore
Lov'd streames, let vs exult, and thinke our selues no lesse
Then those vpon their side, the Setting that possesse.

Which, *Camell* ouer-heard: but what doth she respect
Their taunts, her proper course that loosely doth neglect?
As frantick, euer since her British *Arthurs* blood,
By *Mordreds* murderous hand was mingled with her flood,
For, as that Riuer, best might boast that Conquerours breath,
So sadlie shee bemoanes his too vntimelie death;
Who, after twelue proud fields against the *Saxon* foughe,
Yet back vnto her banks by fate was lastly brought:
As though no other place on *Britaines* spacious earth,
Were worthie of his end, but where he had his birth:
And carelesse euer since how shee her course doe steere,
This mutteth to her selfe, in wandring here and there;
Euen in the agedst face, where beautie once did dwell,
And nature (in the least) but seemed to excell,
Time cannot make such waste, but something wil appeare,
To shewe some little tract of delicacie there.
Or some religious worke, in building manie a day,
That this penurious age hath suffred to decay,
Some lim or modell, dragd out of the ruinous mass,
The richnes will declare in glorie whilst it was:

B ;

But

* The beauty
of *Flamouth*
Flauen.

* This hath
also the name
of *Alen*.

to shew
the name
of *Alen*.

showeth
the name
of *Alen*.

But time vpon my waste committed hath such theft,
That it of *Arthur* heere scarce memorie hath left:

The *Nine-fould Trophie* thus whilst shee doth entertaine;
Proude *Tamer* swoopes along, with such a lustie traine

As fits so braue a flood two Countries that diuides:

So, to increase her strength, shee from her equall sides

Receiues their severall rills; and of the Cornish kind,

First, taketh *Aze* in; and her not much behind

Comes *Kensley*: after whom, cleere *Enian* in doth make,

In *Tamers* roomthier bankes, their rest that scarcelie take.

Then *Lyner*, though the while aloose shee seem'd to keepe,

Her Soueraigne when shee sees t'approach the surgefull deepe,

To beautifie her fall her plentious tribute brings.

This honours *Tamer* much: that shee whose plentious springs,

Thole proud aspyring hills, *Bromvelly* and his frend

High *Rowter*, from their tops impartiallie commend,

And is by * *Carewes* Muse, the riuier most renound,

Associate should her grace to the *Deuonish* ground.

Which in those other Brookes doth Emulation breed.

Of which, first *Car* comes crown'd, with oziar, segs and reed:

Then *Lid* creeps on along, and taking *Thrusbel*, throwes

Her selfe amongst the rocks; and so incauern'd goes,

That of the bleis'd light (from other floods) debar'd,

To bellowe vnder earth, she onelie can be heard,

As those that view her tract, seemes strangelic to affright;

So, *Toony* straineth in; and *Plym*, that claimes by right

The christning of that Bay, which beares her nobler name.

Vpon the Britiish coast, what ship yet euer came

That not of *Plymouth* heares, where those braue Nauies lie,

From Canons thundring throats, that all the world defie?

Which, to inuasue spoile, when th'English list to draw,

Haue checkt *Iberias* pride, and held her oft in awe:

Oft furnishing our Dames, with *Indias* rar'st deuices,

And lent vs gold, and pearle, rich silks, and daintie spices.

But *Tamer* takes the place, and all attend her here,

A faithfull bound to both; and two that be so neare

For likeliness of soile, and quantitie they hold,

Before the Roman came; whose people were of old

S. Knowne by one generall name, vpon this point that dwell,

All other of this Ile in wrastling that excell:

With collars be they yokt, to proue the arme at length,

Like Bulls set head to head, with meere delyuer strength:

Or by the girdles graspt, they practise with the hip,

* The forward, backward, falx, the mare, the turne, the trip,

When stript into their shirts, each other they invade

Within a spacious ring, by the beholders made,

Accor-

* A worthy
Gentleman,
who writ the
description of
Cornwall.

The praise of
Plymouth.

* The words
of Art in wrast-
ling.

According to the law: Or when the Ball to throw,
And drive it to the Gole; in Squadrons forth they goe:
And to auoid the troupes (their forces that fore-lay)
Through dikes and riuers make, in this robustious play,
By which, the rolles of warre most liuelic are exprest.

But Muse, may I demanda, Why these of all the rest
(As mightie *Albyons* eld'st) most adiuare and strong?
From **Corin* came it first, or from the vse so long?
S. Or that this fore-land lies furth'st out into his sight,
Which spreads his vigorous flames on euerie lesser light?
With th' vertue of his beames, this place that doth inspire:
Whose pregnant wombe prepar'd by his all-powerful fire,
Being purlic hot and moist, proiects that fruitfull seed,
Which stronglie doth beget, and doth as stronglie breed:
The weldispos'd heauen heere proouing to the earth,
A Husband furthering fruite, a Midwife helping birth.

But whilst th' industrious Muse thus labours to relate
Those rillers that attend proud *Tamer* and her state,
A neighbourer of this Nymphes, as high in Fortunes grace,
And whence calme *Tamer* trippes, cleere *Towridge* in that place
Is poured from her spring; and seemes at first to flowe
That way which *Tamer* straines: but as she great doth growe
Remembreth to fore-see, what Riuals she should find
To interrupt her course: whose so vnsettled mind
Ock comming in percelues, & thus doth her perswade;

Now *Neptune* shield (bright Nymph) thy beautie should be made
The obiect of her scorne, which (for thou canst not be
Vpon the Southern side so absolute as shee)
Will awe thee in thy course. Wherefore, faire flood recoile:
And where thou maiest alone be soueraigne of the soile,
There exercise thy power, thy braueries and displaie:
Turne *Towridge*, let vs back to the *Sabrinian* sea;
Where *Thetis* handmaids still in that recoursefull deepe
With those rough Gods of Sea, continuall reuells keepe;
There maist thou liue admir'd, the mistress of the Lake.

Wise *Ock* shee doth obey, returning, and doth take
The *Tawe*: which from her fount forc't on with amorous gales,
And easely ambling downe through the *Deuonian* dales,
Brings with her *Moule* and *Bray*, her banks that gentlie bathe;
Which on her daintie breast, in many a siluer swathe
Shee beares vnto that Bay, where *Barstable* beholds,
How her beloued *Tawe* cleere *Towridge* there enfolds.

The confluence of these Brooks divulg'd in *Dertmoore*, bred
Distrust in her sad breast, that shee, so largelie spred,
And in this spacious Shire the neer'st the Center set
Of anie place of note; that these should brauelic get

Our first great
warlike arising
beere with
bruen.

The

The praise, from those that sprung out of her pearlie lap;
 Which, nourisht and bred vp at her most plentiful pap,
 No sooner taught to dade, but from their Mother trip,
 And in their speedie course, striue others to out-strip.
 The *Talme*, the *Awne*, the *Aume*, by spacious *Dertmoore* fed,
 And in the Southern Sea, b'ing likewise brought to bed;
 That these were not of power to publish her desert,
 Much grieved the ancient Moore: which vnderstood by *Dert*
 (From all the other floods that onely takes her name,
 And as her eld'st (in right) the heire of all her fame)
 To shew her nobler spirit it greatlie doth behoue.

Deare Mother, from your breast this feare (quoth she) remove
 Desie their vtmost force: ther's not the proudest flood,
 That falls betwixt the *Mount* and *Exmore*, shall make good
 Her royaltie with mine, with me nor can compare:
 I challenge any one, to answere me that dare:
 That was, before them all, predestinate to meet
 My *Britaine*-founding *Brute*, when with his puissant fleet
 At *Torneffe* first he toucht: which shall renowne my streame
 S. (Which now the enuious world doth slander for a dreame.)
 VVhose fatall flight from *Greece*, his fortunate arriue
 In happy *Albyon* heere whilst stronglie I reuiue,
 Deare *Harburne* at thy hands this credit let me win,
 Quoth she, that as thou hast my faithfull hand-maid bin:
 So now (my onelie Brooke) asist me with thy spring,
 Whilst of the God-like *Brute* the storie thus I sing.

VVhen long-renowned *Troy* lay spent in hostile fire,
 And aged *Priams* pompe did with her flames expire,
Aeneas (taking thence *Ascanius*, his young sonne,
 And his most reuerent Sire, the graue *Anchises*, wonne
 From sholes of slaughtering Greeks) set out from *Simois* shores;
 And through the *Tirrhene* Sea, by strength of toyling oars,
 Raught *Italie* at last: where, King *Latinus* lent
 Safe harbor for his ships, with wrackfull tempests rent:
 When, in the Latine Court, *Lavinia* young and faire
 (Her Fathers onely child, and kingdoms onely heire)
 Vpon the Troian Lord her liking stronglie plac't,
 And languisht in the fiers that her faire breast imbract:
 But, *Turnus* (at that time) the proud *Rutlian* King,
 A suter to the maid, *Aeneas* malicing,
 By force of Armes attempts, his riuall to extrude:
 But, by the *Tencrian* power courageously subdu'd,
 Bright *Cythereus* sonne the Latine crowne obtain'd;
 And dying, in his stead his sonne *Ascanius* raign'd.
 S. Next, *Siluius* him succeeds, begetting *Brute* againe:
 Who in his Mothers wombe whilst yet he did remaine,

The

The Oracles gaue out, that next borne *Brute* should bee
 His Parents onelie death: which soone they liv'd to see,
 For, in his painfull birth his Mother did depart;
 And ere his fifteenth ycere, in hunting of a Hart,
 He with a lucklesse shaft his haplesse Father slew:
 For which, out of his throne, their King the Latines threw
 Who, wandering in the world, to *Greece* at last doth get.
 Where, whilst he liv'd vnknowne, and oft with want beset,
 He of the race of *Troy* a remnant hap't to find,
 Thereby the Grecians held, which (having still in mind
 Their tedious tenne yeeres warre; and famous Heroes slaine)
 In slaerie with them still those Troians did detaine:
 Which *Pyrhus* thither brought (and did with hate pursue,
 To wreake *Achilles* death, at *Troy* whom *Paris* slew)
 There, by *Pandrusus* kept, in sad and seruile awe.
 Who, when they knew young *Brute*, & that braue shape they saw,
 They humbly him desire, that he a meane would bee,
 From those imperious Greeks, his countrymen to free.
 Hee, finding out a rare and sprightly Youth, to fit
 His humour euery way, for courage, power, and wit,
Affracus (who, though that by his Sire he were
 A Prince amongst the Greeks, yet held the Troians deere,
 Descended of their stock vpon the Mothers side:
 For which, he by the Greeks his birth-right was deny'd)
 Impatient of his wrongs, with him braue *Brute* arose,
 And of the Troian youth courageous Captaines chose,
 Rayd Earth-quake with their Drummes, the ruffling Ensignes reare;
 And, gathering young and old that rightlie Troian were,
 Vp to the Mountaines march, through straits and forrests strong:
 Where, taking in the Townes, pretended to belong
 Vnto that * Grecian Lord, some forces there they put:
 Within whose safer walls their wiues and children shut,
 Into the fields they drew, for libertie to stand.
 Which when *Pandrusus* heard, he sent his strict command
 To levie all the power he presentlie could make:
 So, to their strengths of warre the Troians them betake.
 But whilst the Grecian Guides (not knowing how or where
 The Teucrians were entrencht, or what their forces were)
 In soule disordred troupes yet straggled, as secure,
 This loosnes to their spoyle the Troians did allure,
 Who fiercely them assail'd: where stanchlesse furie rap't
 The Grecians in so fast, that scarcely one escap't:
 Yea, proud *Pandrusus* flight, him selfe could hardlie free.
 Who, when he saw his force thus frustrated to bee,
 And by his present losse, his passed error found
 (As by a later warre to cure a former wound)

Doth

Doth reinforce his power to make a second fight.
 When they whose better wits had ouer-matcht his might,
 Loth what they got to lose, as politiquelic cast
 His Armies to intrap, in getting to them fast
Antigonus as friend, and *Anacles* his pheere
 (Surpriz'd in the last fight) by gifts who hired were
 Into the Grecian Campe th'insuing night to goe
 And saine they were stolne forth, to their Allies to show
 How they might haue the spoile of all the Troian prides
 And gaining them beleefe, the credulous Grecians guide
 Into th'ambushment neere, that secretlie was laid:
 So to the Troians hands the Grecians were betraid;
Pandrasus selfe surpriz'd; his Crown who to redeeme
 (Which scarcely worth their wrong the Troian race esteeme)
 Their slauerie long sustain'd did willinglie release:
 And (for a lasting league of amitie and peace)
 Bright *Innogen*, his child, for wife to *Brutus* gaue,
 And furnisht them a flecte, with all things they could craue
 To set them out to Sea. Who lanching, at the last
 They on *Lergetia* light, an Ile; and, ere they past,
 Vnto a Temple built to great *Diana* there,
 The noble *Brutus* went; wife **Trinia* to enquire,
 To shew them where the stock of ancient Troy to place.

* One of the
 titles of Diana.

The Goddesse, that both knew and lov'd the Troian race,
 Reueal'd to him in dreames, that furthest to the West,
 S. He should discerie the Ile of *Albion*, highlie blest;
 With Giants latelie stor'd; their numbers now decaid:
 By vanquishing the rest, his hopes should there be staid:
 Where, from the stock of Troy, those puissant Kings should rise,
 Whose conquests from the West, the world should scant suffice.

Thus answer'd; great with hope, to sea they put againe,
 And safelie vnder saile, the howres doe entertaine
 With sights of sundrie shores, which they from farre discerie:
 And viewing with delight th'*Azarian* Mountaines hie,
 One walking on the deck, vnto his friend would say
 (As I haue heard some tell) So goodly *Ida* lay.

Thus talking mongst themselves, they sun-burnt *Africk* keepe
 Vpon the lee-ward still, and (sulking vp the deepe)
 For *Nauritania* make: where putting-in, they find
 A remnant (yet referu'd) of th'ancient *Dardan* kind,
 By braue *Antenor* brought from out the Greekish spoiles
 (O long-renowned *Troy*! Of thee, and of thy toyles,
 What Country had not heard?) which, to their Generall, then
 Great *Corineus* had, the strong'st of mortall men:
 To whom (with ioyfull harts) *Dianas* will they show.

Who callie beeing wonne along with them to goe,

They

the first Song.

They altogether put into the watry Plaine:
Of-times with Pyrats, oft with Monsters of the Maine
Distressed in their way; whom hope forbids to feare.
Those pillars first they passe which *Ioues* great sonne did reare.
And cussing those sterne waues which like huge Mountaines roule
(Full ioy in euery part possessing euery soule)
In *Aquitane* at last the *Ilion* race arrive.

Whom strongly to repulse when as those recreants strue,
They (anchoring there at first but to refresh their fleet,
Yet saw those sauge men so rudely them to greet)
Vnshipt their warlike youth, aduancing to the shore.
The Dwellers, which perceiud such danger at the dore,
Their King *Groffarius* get to raise his powerfull force:
Who, mustring vp an host of mingled foote and horse,
Vpon the Troians set; when suddainly began
A fierce and dangerous fight: vvhich *Cerineus* ran
With slaughter through the thick-set squadrons of the foes;
And with his armed Axe laid on such deadlie blowes,
That heapes of liuelesse trunks each passage stopt vp quite.

Groffarius hauing lost the honour of the fight,
Repaires his ruin'd powers; not so to giue them breath:
When they, which must be freed by conquest or by death,
And, conquering them before, hop't now to doe nolesse
(The like in courage still) stand for the like successe.
Then sterne and deadlie Warre put-on his horridst shape,
And wounds appear'd so wide, as if the Graue did gape
To swallow both at once; which stroue as both should fall,
When they with slaughter seem'd to be encircled all:
Where *Turon* (of the rest) *Brutes* Sisters valiant sonne
(By whose approued deeds that day was chiefly wonne)
Sixe hundred slue out-right through his peculiar strength:
By multitudes of men yet ouer-prest at length.
His nobler Vncle there, to his immortall name,
S. The Citie *Turon* built, and well endow'd the same.

For *Albion* layling then, th'arrived quicklie heere
(O! neuer in this world men halfe so ioyful were
With shoutes heard vp to heauen, when they beheld the Land)
And in this verie place where *Tetnesse* now doth stand,
First set their Gods of *Troy*, kissing the blessed shore;
Then, forraging this Ile, long ptomisd them before,
Amongst the ragged Cleeues those monstrous Giants fought
Who (of their dreadfull kind) r'appall the Troians, brought
Great *Gegmagog*, an Oake that by the roots could teare:
S. So mightie were (that time) the men who liued there:
But, for the vse of Armes he did not vnderstand
(Except some rock or tree, that coming next to hand

He

Hee raz'd out of the earth to execute his rage)
 Hee challenge makes for strength, and offereth there his gage.
 Which, *Corin* taketh vp, to answer by and by,
 Vpon this sonne of Earth his vtmost power to try.

All, doubtful to which part the victorie would goe,
 Vpon that lostie place at *Plimmouth* call'd the *Floe*,
 Thoe mightie * *Wrastlers* met; with many an irefull looke
 Who threatned, as the one hold of the other tooke:
 But, grapled, glowing fire shines in their sparkling eyes.
 And, whilst at length of arme one from the other lyes,
 Their lusty sinewes swell like cables, as they striue:
 Their feet such trampling make, as though they forc't to drive
 A thunder out of earth; which stagger'd with the weight:
 Thus, eithers vtmost force vrg'd to the greatest height.
 Whilst one vpon his hip the other seekes to lift,
 And th'adverle (by a turne) doth from his cunning shift,
 Their short-fetcht troubled breath a hollow noise doth make,
 Like bellowes of a Forge. Then *Corin* vp doth take
 The Giant twixt the grayns; and, voyding of his shoulde
 (Before his combrous feet he well recover could)
 Pitcht head-long from the hill; as when a man doth throw
 An *Axtee*, that with sleight deliuerd from the toe
 Rootes vp the yeelding earth: so that his violent fall,
 Strooke *Neptune* with such strength, as shouldred him withall;
 That where the monstrous waues like Mountaines late did stand,
 They leapt out of the place, and left the bared sand
 To gaze vpon wide heauen: so great a blowe it gaue.
 For which, the conquering *Brute*, on *Corinew* braue
 This horne of land bestow'd, and markt it with his name;
 S. Of *Corin*, *Cornwall* call'd, to his immortall fame.

Cleere *Dert* deliuering thus the famous *Brutes* arriuie,
 Inflam'd with her report, the stragling iuelets stiuie
 So highlie her to raise, that *Ting* (whose banks were blest
 By her beloued Nymph deere *Leman*) which addrest
 And fullie with her selfe determined before
 To sing the *Danish* spoyles committed on her shore,
 When hither from the East they came in mightie *swarmes*,
 Nor could their native earth containe their numerous *Armes*.
 Their surcreafe grew so great, as forced them at last
 To seeke another soyle (as Bees doe when they cast)
 And by their impious pride how hard she was bested,
 When all the Country swam with blood of *Saxons* shed:
 This Riuer (as I said) which had determin'd long
 The Deluge of the *Danes* exactlie to haue song,
 It vterlie neglects; and studying how to doe
 The *Dert* those high respects belonging her vnto,

Invited

* The description
 of the
 wrestling be-
 twixt *Cor.* was
 and *Gogmagog*.

Illustrations.

1. Rabbinad 10.
 Don. Marob.
 Saturnal. j. 147.
 9.
 Symmach. Epist.
 40. 11. 1. D. Th.
 1. d. p. 10. 11. j.
 11.

• God afore.
 • Rob. Auerhart.
 conf. A.XVII.
 Ed. 1814.
 The fortunate
 10ce.

shop of Oxford, and others, agents there with the Pope, that hee, as a private friend, not as a Judge or party intersted, should determine of *Edward the third* right to France where you have this Embassage in *Walsingham*,^a correct *Regnum Anglia*. and reade *Franc. a.* Britains excellence in earth and ayre (whence the *Macares*,^b and particularly *Cress* among the Greekes, had their title) together with the Popes exactions, intaxing, collating, and prouising of Benefices (an intollerable wrong to Lay mens inheritances, and the Crowne-reuenues) gaue cause of this ialous coniecture, seconded in the conceit of them which deriue *Albion* from **Albi*,^c whereto the Author in his title and this verse alludes. But of *Albion* more, presently.

Amongst whose iron rockes grim Saturne yet remains.

Fabulous *Jupiters* ill dealing with his Father *Saturne*, is well known; and that after deposing him, and his priuities curoff, hee perpetually imprisoned him. *Homer*^a joynes *Japet* with him, living in eternal night about the vtmost ends of the earth: which well fits the more Northerne climate of these Islands. Of them (disperst in the *Denealedonian* Sea) in one most temperate, of gentle ayre, and fragrant with sweetest odours, lying towards the Northwest, it is reported,^b that *Saturne* lies bound in iron chaines, kept by *Braveus*, attended by spirits, continually dreaming of *Jupiters* projects, wherehy his ministers prognosticate the secrets of Fate. Every thirtie yeares, diuers of the adiacent Islanders with solemnitie for successe of the vnderaken voyage, and competent prouision, enter the vail Seas, and at last, in this *Saturnian* Ile (by this name the Sea is called also) enioy the happy quiet of the place, some in studies of nature, and the Mathe matiques, which continue, others in sensuality, which after XXX. yeares returne perhaps to their first home. This fabulous relation might be, and in part is, by Chymiques as well interpreted for mysteries of their art, as the common tale of *Dadalus* Labyrinth, *Iason* and his *Argonautiques*, and almost the whole Chaus of Mythique inuentions. But neyther Geography (for I ghesse not where or what this Ile should be, vnlesse that des^c *Macraes* which *Pantagruell* discouered) nor the manner self permits seile Poeticall (although a learned Greeke Father^d out of some credulous Historian seems to remember it) then the *Elysian* fields, which, with this, are alwayes laide by *Homer* about the **miamvlgam* *gair*, a place whereof too large liberty was giuent to faine, because of the difficult possibility in finding the truth. Onely thus note seriously, that this reuolution of XXX. yeares (which with some latitude is *Saturnes* naturall motion) is especially noted for the longest period, or age also among our *Druids*, and that in a particular forme, to bee accounted yearely from the sixt Moone, as their New-yeares-day: which circuit of time, diuers of the Ancients reckon for their generations in Chronologie, as store^e of Authors shew you.

They instantly againe doe other bodies take.

You cannot be without vnderstanding of this *Pythagorean* opinion of *trans- animation* (I haue like liberty to naturalize that word, as *Lipsius* had to make it a *Romane*, by turning **πυθαγόρειον*) if euer you read any that speaks of *Pythagoras* (whom, for this particular, *Epiphanius* reckonis among his heretiques) or discourse largely of Philosophicall doctrine of the soule. But especially, if you affect it tempered with inuiting pleasure, take *Lucians* Cock; and his *Ne-gromantia*; if in serious discourse, *Plais*^f *Phedon*, and *Phedrus* with his followers. *Lipsius* doubts^g whether *Pythagoras* received it from the *Druids*, or they from him, because in his travels he conuersed as well with *Gaulis* as *Indian* Philo- sopers.

Spodigmatis
Africa locum
ndatus. Sub
o c13. ecc.
iv.
ompon.
Mal. a 7.
happy.

liad. 9. Ho-
d. on Theron.
Pintor. de sa-
in Ordo 1.
o Ide desell
and.

from whay.

Rablah.
Clem Alexan-
ron Stromat. v.
dyff. 2. liad. 8.
Vemost
nds of the
earth. Upon
affinity of this
with the Cape de
Finestre, Corru-
pus thinks the
Eilian fields
were by that
Promontory of
Spain. v Strab.
lib. 3.

Tim. hist. nat.
16. cap. 44.
Post ad illud
Herodot. lib. 4.
Suid. in yona.
Cruicorn. de deo
nat. cap. 17.

A passing of
soules from
one to another.

Physiolog.
Sens. 1. dyffers.
18.

phers. Out of *Caſar* and *Lucan* informe your ſelfe with full teſtimony of this their opinion, ſo ordinary among the heathen and Jewes alſo, which thought our *Sanjour* to be *Jeremie* or *Eſai* upon this error, ſirreligious indeed, yet ſuch a one, as ſo ſtrongly erected moving ſpirits, that they did neuer

** reditura parcere vita,*

but moſt willingly devote their whole ſelves to the publique ſervice: and this was in ſubſtance the politique enuoyes where with *Plato* and *Cicero* concluded their Common-wealths, as *Aſacrobins* hath obſerved. The Author, with pitie, imputes to them their being led away in blindnes of the time, and errors of their fancies; as all other the moſt diuine Philoſophers (not lightened by the true word) haue beene, although (meere humane ſufficiencies only conſidered) ſome of them were ſublimat farre aboue earthly conceits: as eſpecially *Hermes*, *Orpheus*, *Pythagoras*, (firſt learning the ſoule's immortality of *Pherecydes* a *Syrrian*) *Seneca*, *Plato*, and *Plutarch*; which laſt two, in a Greeke hymne of an Eaſtern *Bishop*, are commended to Chriſt for ſuch as came neereſt to holines of any vntaught Gentiles. Of the *Druids* moſt large in ſitter place.

Gauls anſwere from their canes, and tooke what ſhapes they pleaſe.

In the *Scams* (an Iſle by the coaſt of the French *Bretaigne*) nine Virgins conſecrate to perpetual chaſtite, were Priſts of a famous oracle, remembered by *Aſola*. His printed bookes haue *Gallienas vocant*, where that great critique *Turnebrcades* ** Galli Zenas*, or *Lenas vocant*. But *Wſite of Baſneſſake* will haue it ** Cenat*, as interpreting their profeſſion and religion, which was in an arbitrary metamorphoſing themſelues, charming the windes (as of later time the *Witches* of *Lapland* and *Finland*) ſkill in predictions, more then naturall medicine, and ſuch like; their kindnes being in all chiefly to *Saylers*. But finding that in the *Syllies* were alſo of both Sexes ſuch kinde of profeſſors, that there were *Samnites*, ſtrangely ſuperſtitious in their *Bact bands*, in an Iſle of this coaſt (as is deliuered by *Strabo*) and that the *Gauls*, *Britaines*, *Indians* (twixt both whom and *Pythagoras* is found no ſmall conceit of doctrine) had their Philoſophers (vnder which name both Priſts and Prophets of thoſe times were included) called ** Samanai*, and *Seini*, and (perhaps by corruption of ſome of theſe) *Samothrei*, which, to make it Greeke, might be turned into *Samothres*; I doubted whether ſome relique of theſe words remained in that of *Mela*, if you reade *Cenat* or *Senat*, as contracted from *Samanai*; which by deduction from a roote of ſome Eaſterne tongue, might ſignifie as much, as, what we call *Aſtologers*. But of this too much.

Whoſe townes vnto the Saints that lined here of yore.

Not onely to their owne country Saints (whoſe names are there very frequent) but alſo to the *Iriſh*; a people anciently (according to the name of the *Iſolyland* giuen to *Ireland*) much deuoted to, and by the *Engliſh* much reſpected for their holines and learning. I omit their ſabulous *Caſar* ſpeech to *Noah*, their *Bartholan*, their *Kuan*, who, as they affirme, firſt planted Religion, before Chriſt, among them; nor delire I your beleefe of this *Ruſſage*, which by their account (ſuppoſing him liuing c c c. yeares after the flood, and chriſtned by Saint *Patrick*), exceeded c l v. o c c. yeares, and ſo was elder then that impoſtor, who ſeigned continuance of life and reſtleſſe trauailes, euer ſince the Paſſion, lately offered to deceiue the credulous. Onely thus I note out of *Venerable Boſe*, that in the *Saxon* times, it was vſuall

** Inſin. Mar. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.*

** Clero. Thoſ. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.*

** The Gauls call them Emperors Priests of the Gods. * Vaine. * Solin. Polyſt. cap. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.*

** Orig. and Alex. Strom. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.*

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** Orig. and Alex. Strom. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.*

** Orig. and Alex. Strom. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.*

** Orig. and Alex. Strom. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.*

** Orig. and Alex. Strom. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.*

for the *Englisb* and *Gaulisb* to make *Ireland*, as it were, both their Vniversity and Monastery, for studies of learning and diuine contemplation, as the life of *Gildas* also, and other frequent testimonies discover.

From which he first was call'd the Hoare-rocke in the wood.

That the Ocean (as in many other places of other countries) hath eaten vp much of what was here once shore, is a common report, approued in the *Cornisb* name of *S. Michaels mount*; which is *Careg Cotoy* in *Cloctoy*; the hoare rocke in the wood.

And our main-Amber here, and Buriens trophy—

Main-Amber, i. *Ambroses stone* (not farre from *Penfans*) so great, that many mens vnited strength cannot remoue it, yet with one finger you may wagge it. The *Buriens trophy* is xix. stones, circularly disposed, and, in the middle, one much exceeding the rest in greatnesse: by coniecture of most learned *Camden*, erected cyther vnder the Romanes, or else by *K. Atbelstan* in his conquest of these parts.

Were worthy of his end, but where he had his birth.

Neere *Camel* about *Camblan*, was *Arthur* slain by *Mordred*, and on the same shore, East from the riuers mouth, borne in *Tintagel* castle, *Gorlois* Prince of *Cornwall* at *Vther-Pendragons* coronation, solemnized in *London*, vpon diuers too kinde passages and lasciuious regards twixt the King and his wife *Igerne*, grew very ialous, in a rage left the Court, committed his wiues chastitie to this Castles safeguard, and to preuent the waisting of his countrey (which vpon this discontent was threatned) betooke himselfe in other forts to marriall preparation. *Vther* (his bloud still boiling in lust) vpon aduice of *Vlsin Rbica-radach*, one of his Knights by *Ambrose Merlinus* magique personated like *Gorlois*, and *Vlsin* like one *Jordan*, seruant to *Gorlois*, made such successfull vse of their imposture, that (the Prince in the meane time slaine) *Arthur* was the same night begotten, and verified that *Merlinus* iudicium; although *Merlin* by the rule of *Hermes*, or Astrologicall direction, iustified, that hee was conceiued 111. houres after *Gorlois* death; by this shift answering the dangerous imputation of bastardy to the heire of a crowne. For *Vther* taking *Igern* to wite, left *Arthur* his successor in the Kingdome. Here haue you a *Iupiter*, an *Alcmena*, an *Amphitryo*, a *Sofia*, and a *Mercury*; nor wants there scarce any thing, but that truth-pasing reports of Poeticall Bards haue made the birth an *Hercules*.

Knowne by one generall name vpon this point that dwell.

The name *Damnonij*, *Damnonij*, or *Danmonij*, in *Solinus* and *Ptolemy*, comprehended the people of *Denonshire* and *Cornwall*: whence the *Lizard-promontory* is called *Damnium*; in *Marcian Heracleotes*, and *William of Malmesbury*, *Florence of Worcester*, *Roger of Hoveden*, and others, stile *Denonshire* by name of *Domnonia*, perhaps all from *Duff neint*, i. low valleyes in *Bristsb*; wherein are most habitations of the countrey, as iudicious *Camden* teaches me.

*Or that this foreland lies furth'ft out into his sight,
Which spreads his vigorous flames—*

Fuller report of the excellence in wraisting and nimblenesse of body, where—

where with this Western people have beene, and are famous, you may finde in Earth description of his country. But to give reason of the climates nature, for this prerogative in them, I thinke as difficult, as to shew why about the *Magellanicque Straights* they are so white, about the *Cape de buon speranza* so blacke, yet both vnder the same Tropique; why the *Abyssins* are but tawny *Môores*, whereas in the East Indian Isles *Zellan* and *Malabar*, they are very blacke, both in the same parallel; or why we that live in this Northerne latitude, compared with the Southerne, should not be like affected from like cause. I referre it no more to the Sunne, then the speciall Horsemanship in our *Northerne* men, the nimble ability of the *Irish*, the fiery motions of the *French*, *Italian* valour, *German* liberty, *Spanish* pule vppaniry, be thole different and perpetuall carriages of thate gouernment, *Hasse* and *De'ay*, which as bred qualities, were remarkable in the most martiall people of *Greece*. The cause of *Ethiopi* blackenells and curled haire was long since indiciouly fetcht from the disposition of soile, ayre, water, and singular operations of the heavens; with cōsuration of those which attribute it to the Suns distance. And I am resolu'd that every land hath its so singular selfe nature, and indiuiduall habitude with celestiaall influence, that humane knowledge, consisting most of all in vniuersality, is not yet furnished with what is requisite to so particular discouerie: but for the learning of this point in a speciall Treatise *Hippocrates*, *Ptolemy*, *Bodin*, others haue copious disputes.

Which now the enuious world doth slander for a dreame.

I should the sooner haue beene of the Authors opinion (in more then Poeticall forme, standing for *Brute*) if in any *Greek* or *Latine* Storie authentique, speaking of *Eneas* and his planting in *Latium*, were mention made of any such like thing. To reckon the learned men which denie him, or at least permit him not in coniecture, were too long a Catalogue: and indeede, this critique age scarce any longer endures any nation, their first supposed Authors name, not *Italian* to the *Italian*, not *Hispanus* to the *Spaniard*, *Baso* to the *Hollander*, *Bruto* to the *Brabantine*, *Francis* to the *French*, *Celts* to the *Celt*, *Galatbes* to the *Gauls*, *Scoto* to the *Scot*, nor scarce *Romulus* to his *Rome*, because of their vnlikely and fictitious mixtures: especially this of *Brute*, supposed long before the beginning of the *Olympiads* (whence all time backward is iustly call'd by *Varro*, vnknowne or fabulous) some c. 13. c. 13. p. c. c. and more yeares since, about *Sennius* time, is most of all doubted. But (referring my censure) I thus maintaine the Author: although nor *Greek* nor *Latine*, nor our country stories of *Bede* and *Malmesbury* especially, nor that fragment yet remayning of *Gildas*, speak of him; & that his name were not published vntil *Geffrey* of *Monmouths* edition of the *British* story, which grew and continues much suspected, in much reiected, yet obserue that *Talesin* a great Bard, more then c. 13. yeares since affirmed it, *Nennius* (in some copies hee is vnder name of *Gildas*) about d. c. c. yeares past, and the Gloffe of *Samuel Beaufau*, or some other, crept into his text, mention both the common report, and descent from *Eneas*; and withall, (which I take to be *Nennius* his owne) make him sonne to one *Iscio* or *Hefichio* (perhaps meaning *Ascbenaz*, of whom more to the fourth Song) continuing a pedigree to *Adam*, joyning these words: *This Genealogie I found by tradition of the Ancients, which were first inhabitants of Britaine*. In a Manuscript Epistle of *Henry* of *Huntingdon* to one *Warin*, I read the *Latine*

Huntingdon began his History at *Cæsar*, but vpon better inquisition ad. led *Brute*. *Libri illum, in quem ait se incidisse, Nennium fuisse obsequatū sermō tabulā suā potū adserere.*

C 3

of

* Orationes thero.

* Thorydila & passim de A. thina & Lat. dom & de The bu & Chalch v. Columell. de re rust. cap. 4.

* Ousev. ap. Strabon. lib. 10.

* Ap. Gellius, de die nat. cap. 1. a. Christoph. Holm. Chron. logis sequunt. nec, ut accurati- no temporum subd. from hor loci in. m. m. m. 2, res postula- verum & illi satis accurati, qui Samuella praefecturam A. m. c. 13. d. c. c. d. c. c. 2. hant inique compo- suit.

* Io. Prisd. de. hist. Brit.

* Et v. et aff. & per pulchre m. n. Nennio sub ta- lo Gilda. 1 Lib. de sum. tatib. v. et qui 10 est historiarum in m. n.

of this English; *Tomake me, Sir, by omitting the succeeding reigns from Brute to Iulius Cæsar, I begin my story at Cæsar?* I answer you, that neither by word, nor writing, could I finde any certainty of those times; although with diligent search, I, of inquired it, yet this year in my journey towards Rome in the Abbey of Becconsam, a man with amazement, I found the storie of Brute: and in his owne printed booke he affirms, that what Bede had in this part omitted, was supplied to him by other authors, of which *Girald* seems to have had use. The British story of *Mesmonih* was a translation (but with much liberty, and no exact faithfulness) of a Welsh booke, delivered to *Geffrey* by one *Walter*, Archdeacon of *Oxford*, and hath beene followed (the Translator being a man of some credite, and Bishop of *S. Asaphs*, vnder *K. Stephen*) by *Ponticus Virannius* an Italian, most of our Countrey Historians of middle times, and this age; speaking so certainly of him, that they blazon his coat to you, two Lions combatant, and crowned Or in a field gules; others, Or, a Lion passant gules; and lastly, by Doctor *Exbite* of *Basingstoke*, lately living at *Doway*, a Count Palatine, according to the title bestowed by the Imperialists upon their professors. Arguments are there also drawn from some affinity of the Greek tongue, & much of Trojan and Greeke names with the British. These things are the more enforced by *Cambro-Britons*, through that vniuersal desire, bewitching our Europe, to deriue their blood from *Troians*, which for them might as well be by supposition of their ancestors marriages with the hither deduced *Romane Colonies*, who by original were certainly Trojan if their antiquities deceive not. You may adde this weake coniecture that in those large excursions of the *Gauls*, *Summerians*, & *Celts* (among them I doubt not but were many Britons, hauing with them community of nation manners, climat, customs; and *Brennus* himselfe is affirmed a Briton) which vnder indistinct names when this Western world was vndiscovered, overrun Italy, Greece, and part of Asia, it is reported that they came to Troy for safeguard presuming perhaps vpon like kindnesse, as we read of raize the *Troians* and *Romans*, in their warres with *Antiochus* (which was louing respect through contiguence of blood) vpon like cause remembred to them by tradition. Briefly, seeing no Nationall storie, except such as *Thucydides*, *Xenophon*, *Polybius*, *Caesar*, *Tacitus*, *Procopius*, *Cantacuzen*, the late *Gucciardin*, *Commynes*, *Macchiavel*, and their like, which were employed in the state of their times, can iustifie themselves but by tradition, and that many of the Fathers and Ecclesiasticall Historians, especially the Iewish Rabbins (taking their highest learning of *Cabala*, but from antique and successiue report) have inserted vpon tradition many relations current enough, where holy Writ crosses them not: you shall enoug please *Saturne* and *Mercury*, presidents of antiquity and learning, if with the Author you foster this belief. Where are the authorities (at least of the names) of *Iannes & Iambres*, the writings of *Enoch*, and other such like, which we know by diuine tradition were? The same questiō might be of that infinit loile of Authors, whose names are so frequent in *Stephen*, *Athenam*, *Plutarch*, *Clement*, *Polybius*, *Liuis*, others. And how dangerous it were to examine antiquities by foreine writer (especially in those times) you may see by the Stories of the *Hebrewes*, delivered in *Iustin*, *Strabo*, *Tacitus*, and such other discording and contrary (beside their infinit omisions) to *Moses* infallible context. Nay he who his succesor *Iosuah* is copious in the Israelites entring, conquering, and expelling the *Gergesites*, *Iebulites*, and the rest out of the holy land; yet no witnesse haue they of their transmigration, and peopling of *Africke*, which by testimony of two pillars, erected and engrauen at *Tingis* hath beene affirmed. But yet blame methus expatiating. Let me adde for the Author, that our most iudicious antiquary of the last age *Iohn Leland*, with reason and authority hath also for *Brute* argued strongly.

Ne

^a Harding.
^b Nich. Ppon. de
 in re militari. 2.

^c C. de profes.
 (orib. l. unica.
^d Girald. de
 script. cap. 19.
^e Camden.

^f Argemont ap.
 Strab. lib. 7.

^g Troy. Pomp.
 lib. 3.

^h Melchior Can.
 lib. 1. de ant.
 lib. 8. hunc de his
 placuisse.

ⁱ Origen. ad 3.
 Math.

See the V. L.
 Song.

^k Procopius de
 bell. Persicis.
 lib. 8.

^l Ad Cyg. Cant.

parts were by his confision vnkowne) neuer so much as speake of vs by any name. Afterward was *Albion* imposed vpon the cause before toucht, expresting the olde *Brutish* name * *Britannia* : which argument moues me before all other, for that I see it vsuall in antiquity to haue names among strangers, in their tongue iust significant with the same in the language of the country, so which they are applyed, as the redde Sea is (in *Strabo*, *Curtius*, *Stephen*, others) named from a King of that coast called *Erythraus* (for, to speake of redde sand, as some, or redde hills, as an olde writer, were but reflexes of shamefull ignorance) which was surely the same with *Esaú*, called in holy writ *Edom*, both signifying (the one in Greek, the other in Hebrew) redde So the riuer *Nile*, in Hebrew & Egyptian called *Nil*, *blacke*, is obserued by that mighty Prince of learnings state, *Joseph Scaliger*, to signifie the same colour in the word *abyssus*, vsed for it by *Homer*, which is insoist also by the blacke Statues among the *Greeke*, erected in honour of *Nile*, named also expresly *Melas*: so in proper names of men, *Simon Zelotes*, in *Luke*, is but *Simon the Chananit*, and *Elipha* in *Orpheus* the same with *Moses*, *Iamius* with *Oenotrus*: and In our times those Authors, *Me-lanchthon*, *Magnus*, *Theocrenus*, *Pelargus* in their owne language, but *Sweet-earth*, *Cooke*, *Fountain de dieu*, *Storke*. Diuers such other plaine examples might illustrate the conceit; but, these sufficient. Take largest etymologicall liberty, and you may haue it from *Ellan-ban*, i. the white Isle, in Scottish, as they call their *Albanis*; and to fir all together, the name of *Britaine* from *Balth-tis*, i. the coloured Isle in Welch, twixt which and the Greeke *Βαλτις*, or *Bumis* (vsed for a kinde of drink enerely like our Beere) I would with the *French Forcainus* thinke affinity (as *Italy* was called *Oenotria*, from the name of wine) were it not for that *Bumis* may be had fro an ordinary primitiue, or else from *Balsu*, i. sweets (as *Solinus* teaches, making *Britomari* signifie as much as sweet Virgin) in the *Cretique* tongue. But this is to play with syllables, and abuse precious time.

The Citie Turon built

Vnderstand *Tours* vpon *Loire* in France, whose name and foundation the inhabitants referre to *Turnus* (of the same time with *Aeneas*, but whether the same which *Virgil* speakes of, they know not:) his funeral monuments they yet shew, boast of, and from him idly deriue the word *Torneaments*. The *British* storie sayes *Brute* built it (so also *Nennius*) and from one *Turon*, *Brutes* nephew there buried, giues it the name. *Homer* is cited for testimony: in his works extant it is not found. But, because he had diuers others (which wrongfull time hath sitcht from vs) as appears in *Herodotus* and *Suidas*, you may in fauour thinke it to be in some of those lost; yet I cannot in conscience offer to persuade you that he euer knew the continent of *Gaulle* (now, in part, *France*) although a learned German endeauours by force of wit and etymologie, to carrie *Vlysses* (which he makes of *Elizaa* in *Genesis*) into *Spaine*, and others before him (but falsely) into the Northerne parts of *Scotland*. But for *Homers* knowledge, see the last note to the sixt Song.

So mighty were that time the men that lined there:

If you trust our stories, you must beleue, the land then peopled with Giants, of vast bodily composture. I haue read of the *Nephilim*, the *Rephaim*, *Anakim*, *Og*, *Goliath*, and other in holy writ: of *Mars*, *Tityus*, *Antaus*, *Turnus*, and the *Titans* in *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Onid*, and of *Adams* stature (according to *Iewish* fiction) equalling at first the worlds Diameter; yet seeing that nature (now as fertile as of old) liath in her effects determinate limits of quantitie, that in *Ari-*

Stiles

For indeede S. Edward vpon imagination of seeing a diuell dancing about the whole summe of it lying in his treasury, moued in conscience, caused it to be repaid, and released the duty, as *Inglph* Abbot of *Crowland* tels you; yet obserue him, and reade *Florence of Worcester*, *Marian the Scot*, *Henry of Huntingdon*, and *Roger Hoveden*, and you will confesse that what I report thus from them is truth, and different much from what vulgarly is receiued. Of the *Danish* race were afterward 111. Kings, *Cnut*, *Hardcnut*, and *Harold* the 1.

His of-spring after long expulst the inner land.

After some cto. v. yeares from the supposed arriual of the *Troians*, their posteritie were by inroachment of *Saxons*, *Jutes*, *Angles*, *Danes* (for among the *Saxons* that noble *Donz* wils that surely *Danes* were) *Frisians* ^b and *Franks* driuen into those western parts of the now *Wales* and *Cornwall*. Our stories haue this at large, and the *Saxon* Heptarchy; which at last by publike edict of *K. Ebert* was called *Engle-land*. But *John* Bishop of *Chartres* saith it had that name from ^c the first coming of the *Angles*; others from the name of *Hengist* ^d (a matter probable enough) whose name, warres, policies, and gouernement, being first inuested by *Vortigern* in *Kent*, are about all the other *Germans* most notable in the *British* stories: and *Harding*

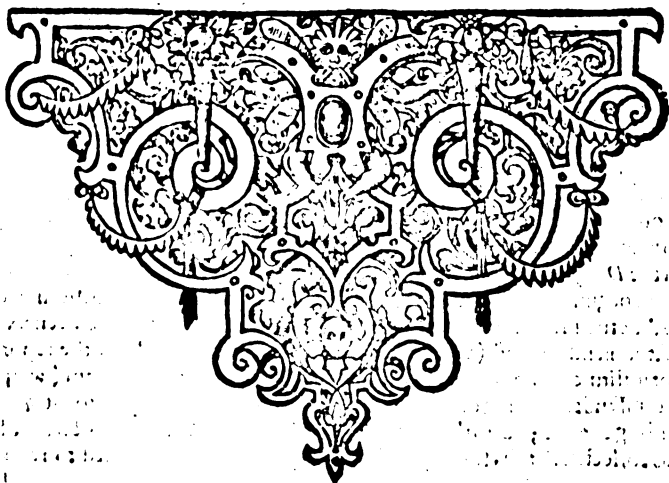
— He called it *Engelles land*,
which afterward was shorted, and called *England*.

Hereto accords that of one of our countrey old Poets:

— *Engels lingua canit insula Britis.*

If I should adde the idle conceits of *Goafrey of Viterbo*, drawing the name from I know not what *Angri*, the insertion of *L* for *R*, by *Pope Gregory*, or the coniectures of vnlimitable phantasie, I should vnwillingly, yet with them impudently, erre.

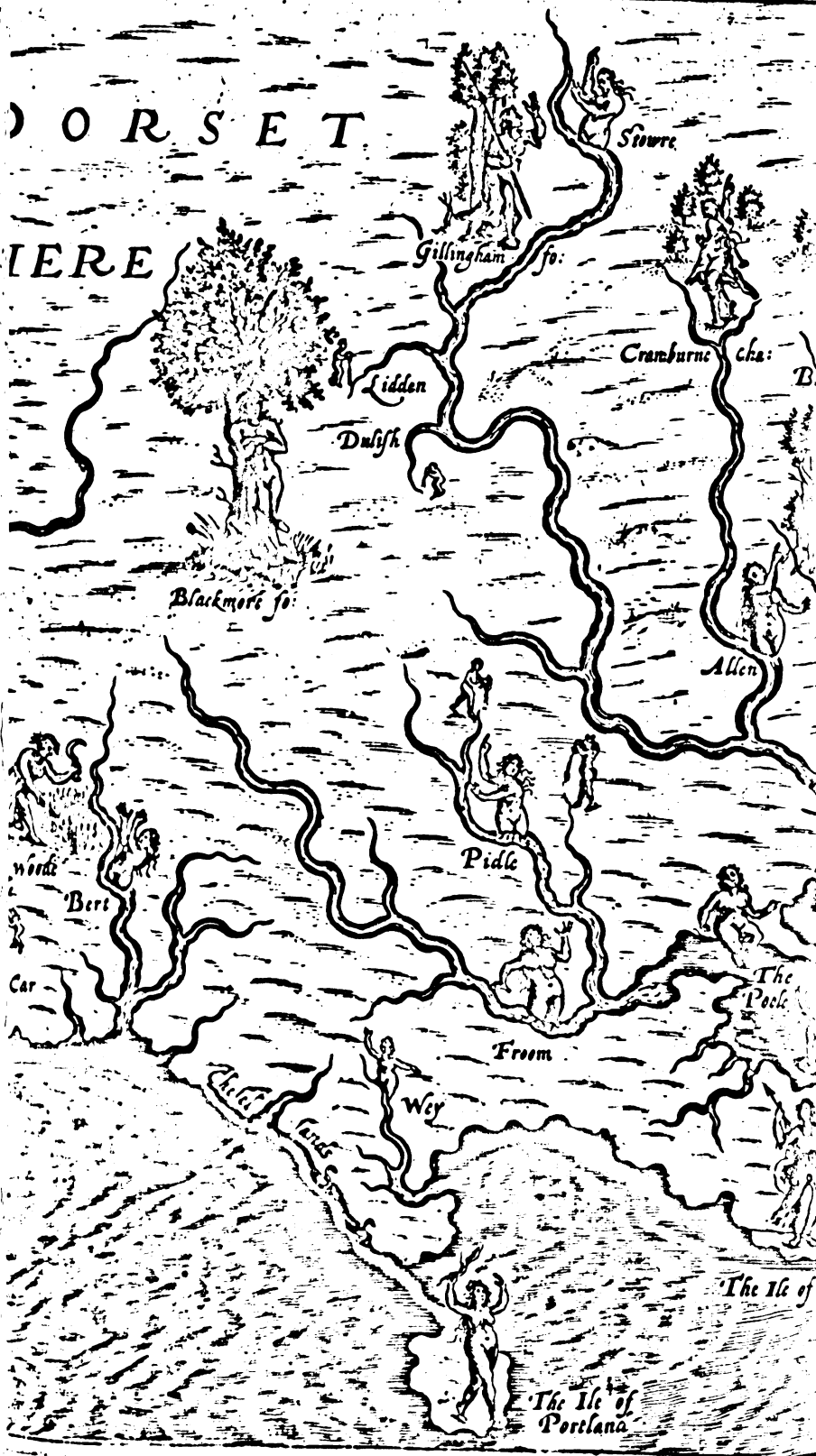
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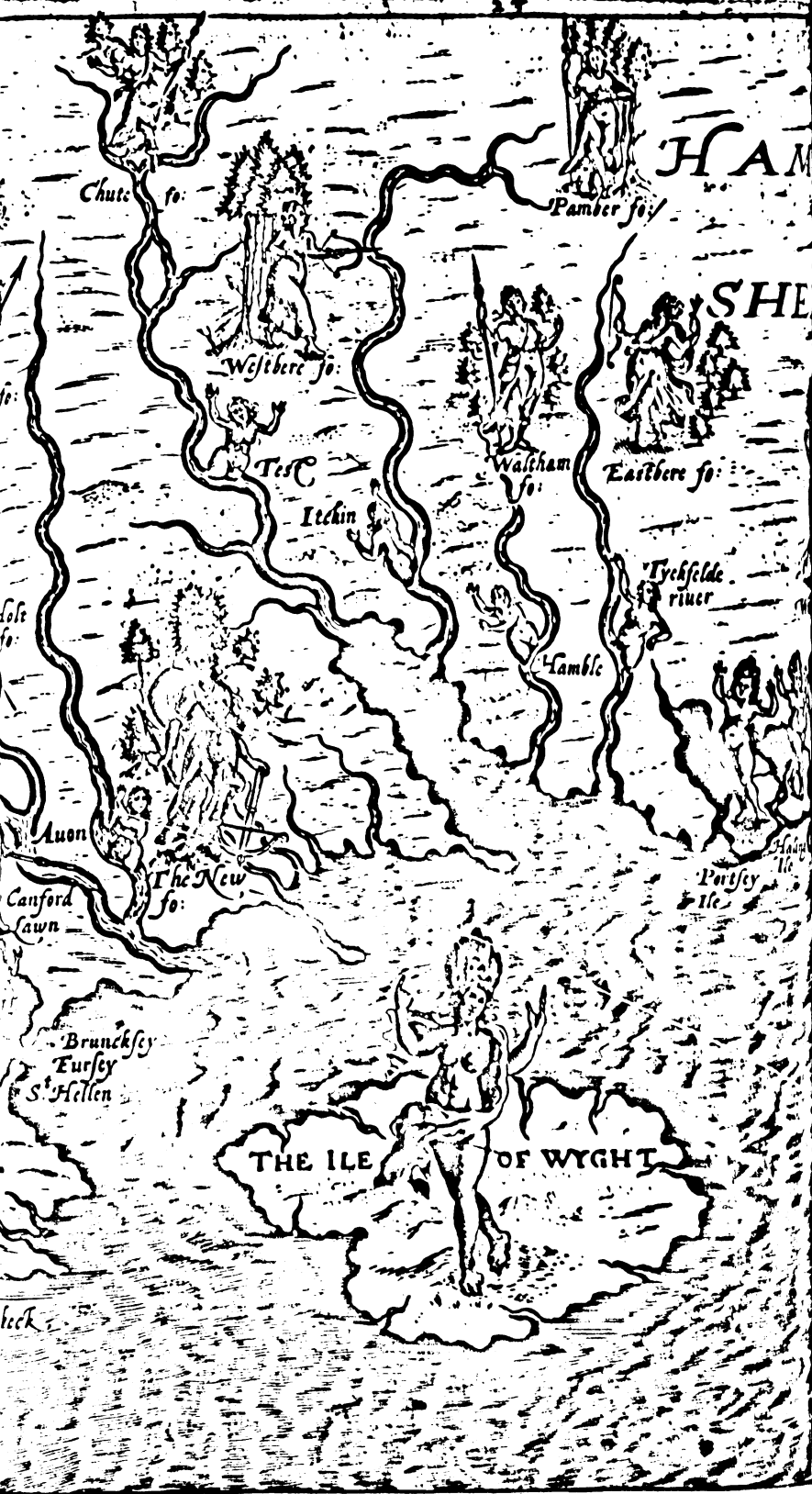


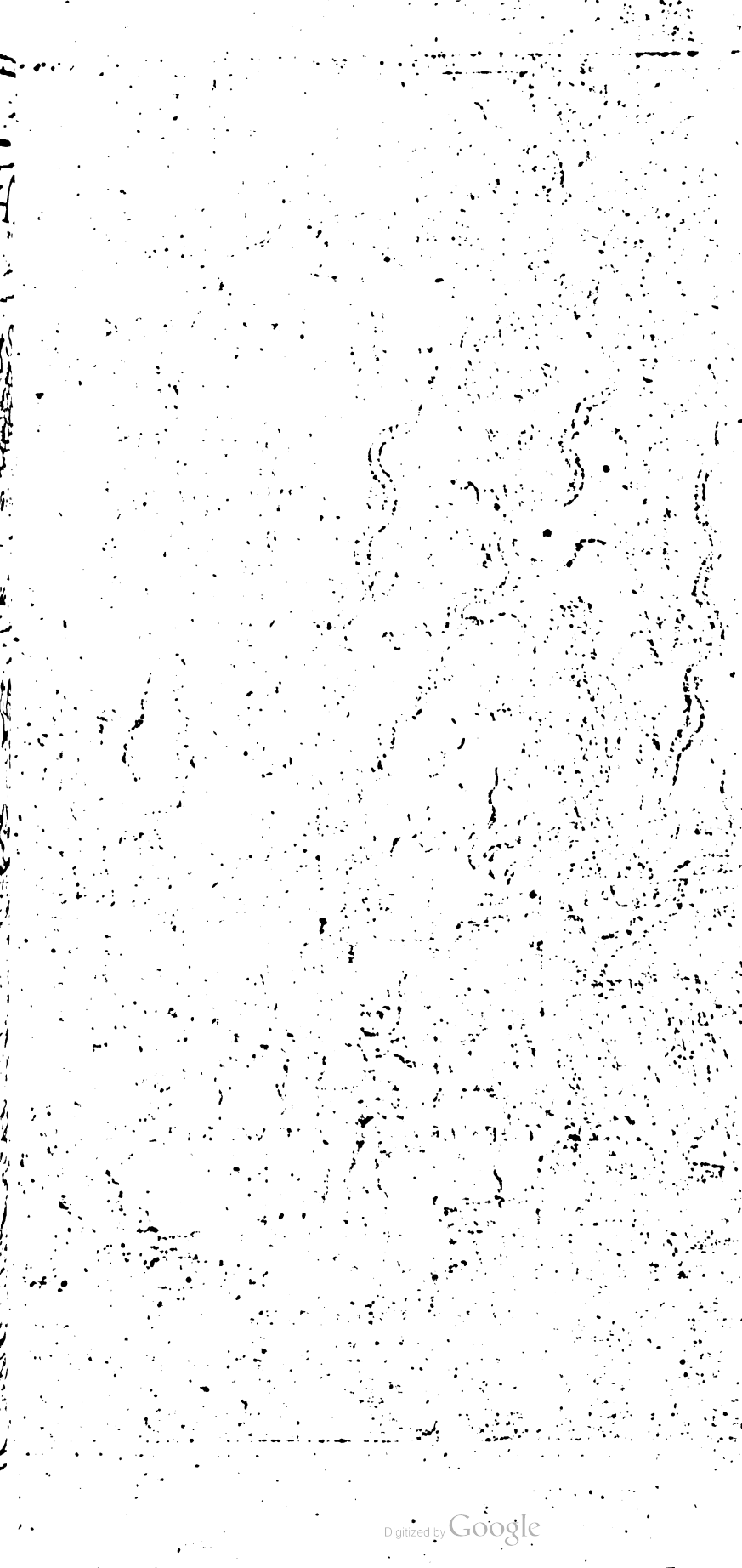


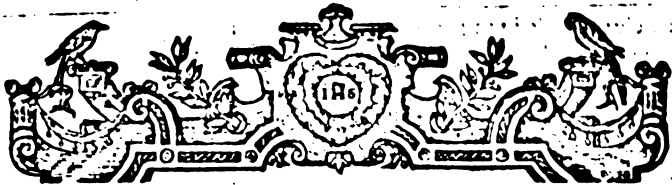
DORSET

IERE









The second Song.

* THE ARGUMENT:

*The Muse from Marthwood way commands,
 Along the shore through Cheshills sands
 Where, ouer toyld, her beate to coole,
 Shee bathes her in the pleasant Poole;
 Thence, ouer-land againe doth scowre,
 To fetch in Froome, and bring downe Scowre;
 Falls with New-forrest, as she sings
 The wanton Wood-Nymphes reuellings.
 Whilst Itchin in her loslie layes,
 Channts Beuis of South-hamptons praise,
 Shee Southward with her swift flight
 Is wasted to the Ile of Wight,
 To see the rutte the Sea-gods keepe:
 There swaggering in the Solent deepe.
 Thence Hampshire-ward her way shee bendes,
 And visiting her Farrest friends,
 Neere Salisbury her rest doth take:
 Which shee her second pause doth make.*

M Arch strongly forth my Muse, whilst yet the temperate
 Inuites vs, easily on to hasten our repaire.
 Thou powerfull God of flames (in verse diuinely great)
 Touch my invention so with thy true genuine beate,
 That high and noble things I slightly may not tell,
 Nor light and idle toyes my lines may vainly swell,
 But as my subiect serues, so hie or lowe to straine,
 And to the varying earth so sure my varying vaine,
 That Nature in my worke thou maist thy power avow,
 That as thou first foundst Art, and didst her rules allow,
 So I, to thine owne selfe that gladlie neere would bee,
 May herein doe the best, in imitating thee;
 As thou hast heere a hill, a vale there, there a flood,
 A mead here, there a heath, and now and then a wood.
 These

These things so in my Song I naturally may shewe;
Now, as the Mountaine hie; then, as the Valley lowe:
Heere, fruitfull as the Mead, there as the Heath be bare;
Then, as the gloomie wood, I may be rough; though rare.

Through the *Dorsetian* fields that lie in open view,
My progresse I againe must seriouslie pursue,
From *Marshwoods* fruitfull Vale my journey on to make:
(As *Phaëbus* getting vp out of the Easterne lake,
Refresh't with ease and sleepe, is to his labour prest;
Euen so the labouring Mule, heere baited with this rest.)

Whereas the little *Lym* along doth easilie creepe,
And *Car*, that comming downe vnto the troubled Deepe,
Brings on the neighbouring *Bert*, whole barning mellowed banke,
From all the Britith soyles, for Hempe most hugely ranke
Doth beare away the best; to *Bert-port* which hath gain'd
That praise from euery place, and worthilie obtain'd
Our cordage from her store, and cables should be made,
Of any in that kind most fit for Marine trade:

Not seuer'd from the shore, aloft where *Chefill* lifts
Her ridged snake-like sands, in wrecks and smouldring drifts,
Which by the South-wind rayd, are heav'd on little hills;
Whose valley's with his flowes when foming *Neptune* fills,
Vpon a thousand Swannes the naked Sea-Nymphs ride
Within the ouzie Pooles, replenish't euery Tide;
Which running on, the Ile of *Portland* pointeth out;
Vpon whose moisted skirt, with *Sea-weed* fring'd about,
The bastard Corall Breeds, that drawne out of the brack;
A brittle stalke becomes, from greenish turn'd to black:
S. Which th' Ancients, for the loue that they to *Isis* bare
(Their Goddesse most ador'd) haue sacred for her haire.

Of which the *Naiades*, and the blew *Nereides* make
Them *Taudries* for their necks; when sporting in the Lake
They to their secrete Bowres the Sea-gods entertaine.
VWhere *Portland* from her top doth over-peere the Maine
Her rugged front empal'd (on euery part) with rocks,
Though indigent of wood, yet fraught with woolly flocks:
Most famous for her folke, excelling with the sling,
Of any other heere this Land inhabiting;
That there-with they in warre offensiuellie might wound,
If yet the vse of shor Invention had not found.
Where, from the neighbouring hills her passage *Wey* doth pass;
VWhose haven, not our least that watch the mid-day, hath
The glories that belong vnto a complete Port;
Though *Wey* the least of all the *Naiades* that resort
To the *Dorsetian* sands, from off the higher shore.

Then *Frome* (a nobler flood) the Muses doth implore

By Act of Par-
liament 22.
Hen. 8.

The beautie
of the many
Swannes vpon
the *Chefill*, no-
ted in this Poë-
ticall delicacie.

* Sea-Nymphs.
* A kind of
neck-laces
worne by cos-
try wenches.

Her mother *Blackmores* state they sadly would bewaile,
Whose bigge and lordlie Oakes once bore as braue a saile
As they themselves that thought the largest shades to spread:
But mans deuouring hand, with all the earth not fed,
Hath hew'd her Timber downe. VVhich wounded, when it fell,
By the great noise it made, the workmen seem'd to tell
The losse that to the Land would shortlie come thereby,
VVhere no man euer plants to our posteritie:
That when sharp Winter shoots her sleek and hardned haile,
Or sudaine gulls from Sea, the harmlesse Deere assaile,
The shrubs are not of power to shield them from the wind.

Deere Mother, quoth the *Froome*, too late (alas) we find
The lositnes of thy Iward continued through thy soile,
To be the onely cause of vnrecouer'd spoile:
VVhen scarce the *British* ground a finer grasse doth beare,
And wish I could, quoth thee, (if wishes helpfull were)
\$. Thou neuer by that name of *White-hart* hadst been knowne,
But stiled *Blackmore* still, which rightly was thine owne.
For why, that change foretold the ruine of thy state:
Lo, thus the world may see what tis to innouate.

By this, her owne nam'd * Towne the wandring *Froome* had past:
And quitting in her courle old *Dorchester* at last,
Approaching neere the *Poole*, at *Warham* on her way,
As easilie thee doth fall into the peacefull Bay,
Vpon her nobler side, and to the South-ward neere,
Fairst *Purbeck* thee beholds, which no where hath her peere:
So pleasantlie in-ll'd on mightie *Neptunes* marge,
A Forest-Nymph, and one of chaste *Dianas* charge,
Imploy'd in Woods and Launds her Deere to feed and kill:
\$. On whom the watrie God would oft haue had his will,
And often her hath woo'd, which neuer would be wonne,
But, *Purbeck* (as profest a Huntresse and a Nunne)
The wide and wealthy Sea, nor all his power respects:
Her Marble-minded breast, impregnable, reiects
The * vglie Orks, that for their Lord the *Ocean* wooe.

Whilst *Froome* was troubled thus where nought thee hath to doe,
The *Piddle*, that this while bestird her nimble feet,
In falling to the *Poole* her sister *Froome* to meet,
And hauing in her traine two little slender rills
(Besides her proper Spring) where-with her banks thee fills,
To whom since first the world this later name her lent,
Who ancientlie was knowne to be instiled ^b *Trent*,
Her small assistant Brookes her second name haue gain'd.
Whilst *Piddle* and the *Froome* each other entertain'd,
Oft praying louely *Poole*, their best-beloued Bay,
Thus *Piddle* her bespake, to passe the time away,

D

When

* *Thompson*.

* *Monsters of the Sea, supposed 2000 years old.*

^b The ancient name of *Piddle*.

VWhen *Poole* (quoth shee) was young, a lustie Sea-borne Lads,
Great *Albyon* to this Nymph an earnest suter was;
And bare himsefse so well, and so in fauour came,
That he in little time, vpon this louelic Dame
S. Begot three mayden Iles, his darlings and delight:
The eldest, *Brunksey* call'd; the second, *Fursey* hight;
The youngest and the last, and lesser then the other,
Saint *Hellens* name doth beare, the dilling of her Mother.
And, for the goodlie *Poole* was one of *Thetis* traine,
Who scorn'd a Nymph of hers, her Virgin-band should staine,
Great *Albyon* (that fore-thought, the angrie Goddesse would
Both on the Dam and brats take what reuenge shee could)
I' th bosome of the *Poole* his little children plac't:
First, *Brunksey*; *Fursey* next; and little *Hellen* last;
Then, with his mightie armes doth clip the *Poole* about,
To keepe the angrie Queene, fierce *Amphitrite* out.
Against whose lordlie might shee musters vp her waues;
And strongly thence repulst (with madnes) scoulds and raues.

When now, from *Poole*, the Muse (vp to her pitch to get)
Her selfe in such a place from sight doth almost set,
As by the actiue power of her commanding wings,
She (Falcon-like) from farre doth fetch those plentious Springs.
VWhere *Stour* receiues her strength frō * sixe cleere Fountaines fed;
Which gathering to one streame from euery seuerall head,
Her new-beginning banke her water scarcely weelds;
And fairelie entreth first on the *Dorsetian* feelds:
Where *Gillingham* with gifts that for a God were meet
(Enameld paths, rich wreaths, and euery soueraine sweet
The earth and ayre can yeeld, with many a pleasure mixt)
Receiues her. Whilst there past great kindnes them betwixt,
The Forrest her bespoke; How happie floods are yee,
From our predestin'd plague; that priuiledged bee;
Which onelie with the fish which in your banks doe breed,
And dailie there increase, mans gurmandize can feed?
But had this wretched Age such vses to imploy
Your waters, as the woods we latelie did enioy,
Your chanelsthey would leaue as barren by their spoile,
As they of all our trees haue lastlie left our soile.
Insatiabie Time thus all things doth deuour:

What euer saw the sunne, that is not in Times power?
Yee fleeing Streames last long, our-liuing manie a day:
But, on more stedfast things Time makes the strongest pray.

S. Now tow'rdsthe *Solent* seaas *Stour* her way doth ply,
On *Shaftsbury* (by chance) shee cast her crystalleye,
From whose foundation first, such strange reports arise
S. As brought into her mind the *Eagles* prophecies;

The flood of
Poole,

* *Stour* receiues
from sixe foun-
taines,

OF

Of that so dreadfull plague, which all great *Britaine* swope,
From that which highest flew, to that which lowest crepe,
Before the *Saxon* thence the *Britaine* should expell,
And all that there-vpon succetsiue befall.

How then the bloodie *Dane* subdu'd the *Saxon* race;
And, next, the *Norman* tooke possession of the place;
Those ages, once expl'd, the Fates to bring about,
The *British* Line restor'd, the *Norman* lineage out.
§. Then, those prodigious signes to ponder shee began,
Which afterward againe the *Britans* wrack fore-ran;
How here the Owle at noone in publique streets was scene,
As though the peopled Townes had way-lesse Deserts been.
And whilst the loathly Toad out of his hole doth crall,
And makes his fulsome stoole amid the Princes hall,
The crystall fountaine turn'd into gory wound,
And bloodie issues brake (like vlcers) from the ground;
The Seas against their course with double Tides returne,
And oft were scene by night like boyling pitch to burne.

Thus thinking, liuelie *Stour* bestirres her tow'rs the *Maine* port;
Which *Lidden* leadeth out: then *Dalus* beares her traine
From *Blackmore*, that at once their watry tribute bring:
VVhen, like some childish wench, shee loselie wantoning,
With tricks and giddie turnes seemes to in-ile the shore.
Betwixt her fishfull banks, then forward shee doth scowre,
Vntill shee lastlie reach cleere *Alen* in her race:
Which calmlie commeth downe from her deere mother * *Chafe*,
Of *Cranburn* that is call'd; who greatly ioyes to see
A Riueret borne of her, for *Stours* should reckned bee,
Of that renowned flood, a fauourite highlie gract.

Whilst *Cranburn*, for her child so fortunatelie plac't,
VVith Echoes euerie way applauds her *Alens* state,
A suddaine noife from * *Holt* seems to congratulate
VVith *Cranburn* for her Brooke so happily bestow'd:
Where, to her neighboring Chafe, the curteous Forreft shew'd
So iust conceiu'd ioy, that from each rising * hurst,
Where many a goodlie Oake had carefullie been nurst,
The *Syluans* in their songs their mirthfull meeting tell
And *Satyres*, that in shades and gloomy dimbles dwell,
Runne whooting to the hills to clappe their ruder hands.

As *Holt* had done before, so *Canfords* goodlie Launds
(Which leane vpon the *Peole*) enrich with Coppras valnes,
Reioyce to see them ioynd. When downe from *Sarum* Plains
Cleere *Anon* comming in her sister *Stour* doth call,
§. And at *New-forrests* loote into the Sea doe fall,
Which euery day bewaile that deed so full of dred
Whereby shee (now so proud) became first Forrested

D 2

Shee

* *Cranburn*
Chafe.

* *Holt* Forst.

* A wood in
English.

Shee now who for her site euen boundles seem'd to lie,
 S. Her beeing that receiu'd by *Williams* tyrannie;
 Prouiding Lawes to keepe those Beasts heere planted then,
 Whole lawles will from hence before had driuen men;
 That where the harth was warm'd with Winters fasting fiere,
 The melancholie Hare is form'd in brakes and briers:
 The aged ranpick trunk where Plow-men cast their seed,
 And Churches ouer-whelm'd with nettles, ferne and weed,
 By Conquering *William* first cut off from euery trade,
 That heere the *Norman* still might enter to invade;
 That on this vacant place, and vnfrequented shore,
 New forces still might land, to ayde those heere before,
 But shee, as by a King and Conqueror made so great,
 By whom shee was allow'd and limited her seat,
 Into her owne selfe praise most intolently brake,
 And her lesse fellow Nymphs, *New-forrest* thus bespake:
 Thou *Buckholt*, bow to mee, so let thy sister *Bere*,
 Chute, kneele thou at my name on this side of the Shiere:
 Where, for their Goddesse, mee the *Driads* shall adore,
 With *Walsham*, and the *Bere*, that on the Sea-worne shore
 See at the Southerne lles the Tides at tilt to runne;
 And *Woolmer*, placed hence vpon the rising sunne,
 With *Ashholt* thine Allie (my Wood-Nymphs) and with you,
 Proud *Pamber* tow'rs the North, ascribe me worship due
 Before my Princelie State let your poore greatnes fall:
 And vaile your tops to mee, the Soueraigne of you all.
 Amongst the Riuers, so, great discontent there fell.
 Th'efficient cause thereof (as loud report doth tell)
 Was, that the sprightly *Test* arising vp in *Chute*,
 To *Itchin*, her Allie, great weakeness should impute,
 That shee, to her owne wrong, and euery others griefe,
 Would needs be telling things exceeding all beliefe:
 For, she had giuen it out *South-hampton* should not loose
 S. Her famous *Benis* Id, wer't in her power to choose;
 S. And, for great *Arthurs* seat, her *Winchester* preferres,
 Whole old *Round-table*, yet she vaunteth to be hers:
 And swore, th'inglorious time should not bereaue her rights,
 But what it could obscure, she would reduce to light.
 For, from that wondrous * Pond, whence shee deriueth her head,
 And places by the way, by which shee's honored
 (Old *Winchester*, that stands neere in her middle way,
 And *Hampton*, at her fall into the *Solent* Sea)
 Shee thinks in all the Ile not any such as shee,
 And for a Demy-god she would related bee.
 Sweet sister mine (quoth *Test*) advise you what you doe,
 Thinke this; For each of vs, the Forests heere are two:
 Who

The Forests of
 Hampshire,
 with their
 Nymphs that
 live & die with
 Oakes.

* A Pools neere
 into *Stroxford*,
 yeelding an
 vn-
 usual abundance
 of water.

Who, if you speake a thing whereof they hold can take,
Bee't little, or bee't much, they double will it make:
Whom *Hamble* helpeth out; a handſome proper flood,
In curteſie well ſkild, and one that knew her good.
Conſider, quoth this Nymph, the times be curious now,
And nothing of that kind will any way allow.
Beſides, the Muſe hath, next, the *Britiſh* cauſe in hand,
About things later done that now ſhee cannot ſtand.

The more they her perſwade, the more ſhee doth perſiſt;
Let them ſay what they will, ſhee will dee what ſhee liſt.
Shee ſtiles her ſelfe their Chiefe, and ſweares ſhee will command;
And, what-ſo-ere ſhee ſaith, for Oracles muſt ſtand.
Which when the Riuerſ heard, they further ſpeech forbore.
And ſhee (to pleaſe her ſelfe that onely ſeem'd to care)
To ſing th'atchieument great of *Benis* thus began;

Redoubted Knight (quoth ſhee) ſo moſt renowned man!
Who, when thou wert but young, thy Mother durſt reprove
(Moſt wickedly ſeduc't by the vnlawfull loue
Of *Mordure*, at that time the *Almain* Emperors ſonne)
That ſhee thy Sire to death diſloyally had done:
Each circumſtance whereof ſhee largelie did relate;
Then, in her ſong purtu'd his Mothers deadlie hate;
And how (by *Sabers* hand) when ſhee ſuppos'd him dead,
Where long vpon the Downes a Shepheards life hee led;
Till by the great recourſe, he came at length to knowe
The Country there-about could hardly hold the ſhowe
His Mothers marriage feaſt to faire *South-hampton* drue,
Being wedded to that Lord who late her husband ſlue:
Into his noble breſt which pierc't ſo wondrous deepe,
That (in the poore attire he vs'd to tend the ſheepe,
And in his hand his hooke) vnto the Towne hee went;
As hauing in his heart a reſolute intent
Or manfullie to die, or to reuenge his wrong:
VWhere preſſing at the gate the multitude among,
The Porter to that place his entrance that forbad
(Suppoſing him ſome ſwaine, ſome boyſtrous *Country-lad*)
Vpon the head hee lent ſo violent a ſtroke,
That the poore emptie ſkull, like ſome thin potſheard broke,
The braines and mingled blood, were ſpertled on the wall.
Then haſting on he came into the vpper Hall,
Where murderous *Mordure* ſate imbraced by his Bride:
VWho (guiltie in himſelfe) had hee not *Benis* ſpide,
His boanes had with a blowe been ſhattered: but, by chance
(He ſhifting from the place, whiſt *Benis* did aduance
His hand, with greater ſtrength his deadly foe to hit,
And miſſing him) his chaire hee all to ſhivers ſplit:

Which strooke his Mothers breast with strange and sundry feares,
 That *Benis* beeing then but of so tender yeares
 Durst yet attempt a thing so full of death and doubt.
 And, once before deceiu'd, shee newlie cast about
 To rid him out of sight; and, with a mighty wage,
 Wonne such, themselues by oath as deeplie durst ingage,
 To execute her will: who shipping him away
 (And making forth their course into the Mid-land sea)
 As they had got before, so now againe for gold
 To an *Armenian* there that young *Alcides* sold:
 Of all his gotten prize, who (as the worthiest thing,
 And fittest where-withall to gratifie his King)
 Presented that braue youth; the splendor of whose eye
 A wondrous mixture shew'd of grace and maiestic:
 Whose more then man-like shape, and matchlesse stature, tooke
 The King; that often vs'd with great delight to looke
 Vpon that English Earle. But though the loue he bore
 To *Benis* might be much, his daughter tenne times more
 Admir'd the god-like man: who, from the howre that first
 His beautie shee beheld, felt her soft bosome pierst
 With *Cupids* deadliest shaft; that *Iosian*, to her guest,
 Alreadie had resign'd possession of her breast.

Then sang shee, in the fields how as hee went to sport,
 And those damn'd *Panims* heard, who in despightfull sort
 Derided *Christ* the Lord; for his Redeemers sake
 He on those heathen bounds did there such slaughter make,
 That whilst in their black moutnes their blasphemies they drue,
 They headlong went to hell. As also how hee slue
 That cruell Boare, whose tusks turn'd vp whole fields of graine
 (And, wrooting, raised hills vpon the leuell Plaines;
 Digd Cauerns in the earth, so darke and wondrous deepe
 As that, into whole mouth the desperate **Roman* leepe):
 And cutting off his head, a Trophy thence to beares
 The Forresters that came to intercept it there,
 How he their scalps and trunks in chips and peeces cleft,
 And in the fields (like beasts) their mangled bodies left.

As to his further praise, how for that dangerous fight
 The great *Armenian* King made noble *Benis* Knight:
 And hauing raised power, *Damascus* to invade,
 The Generall of his force this English Heroe made.
 Then, how faire *Iosian* gaue him *Arundell* his steed,
 And *Morglay* his good sword, in many a valiant deed
 Which manfully he tri'd. Next, in a **Buskind* straine,
 Sung how him selfe he bore vpon *Damascus* Plaine
 (That dreadful battell) where, with *Bradamont* he fought,
 And with his sword and steed such earthlie wonders wrought,

* *Carion*, that
 for his coun-
 treys sake so la-
 uished his life.

* *Lofie*.

As

As euen amongst his foes him admiration won;
 Incounting in the throng with mightie *Radison*;
 And lopping off his armes, th'imperiall standard tooke.
 At whole prodigious fall, the conquered Foe forsooke
 The Field; where, in one day so many Peeres they lost,
 So braue Commaunders, and so absolute an host,
 As to the humbled earth tooke proud *Damascus* downe,
 Then tributarie made to the *Armenian* Crowne.
 And how at his returne, the King (for seruice done,
 The honor to his raigne, and to *Armenia* won)
 In mariage to this Earle the Princess *Ieslan* gaue;
 As into what distresse him Fortune after draue,
 To great *Damascus* sent Ambassador againe;
 When, in reuenge of theirs, before by *Benis* slaine
 (And now, at his returne, for that he so despis'd
 Those Idols vnto whom they dailie sacrific'd:
 Which he to peeces hew'd and scattred in the dust)
 They, rising, him by strength into a Dungeon thrust,
 In whose blacke bottom, long two Serpents had remain'd
 (Bred in the common sewre that all the Cittie drain'd)
 Empossing with their smell; which seiz'd him for their pray:
 With whom in struggling long (besmeard with blood and clay)
 He rent their squallid chaps, and from the prison scape.
 As how aduolrous *Ioune*, the King of *Mambrant*, rap't
 Faire *Ieslan* his deere Loue, his noble sword and steed:
 Which afterward by craft, he in a Palmers weed
 Recouerd, and with him from *Mambrant* bare away.
 And with two Lions how hee held a desperat fray,
 Assaying him at once, that fiercelie on him flew:
 Which first he tam'd with wounds, then by the necks them drew,
 And gainst the hardned earth their iawes and shoulders burst,
 And that (*Golia*-like) great *Ascupart* inforc't
 To serue him for a slaue, and by his horse to runne.
 At *Colein* as againe the glorie that he wonne
 On that huge Dragon, like the Country to destroy;
 Whose sting strooke like a Lance: whose venom did destroy
 As doth a generall plague: his scales like shields of brass;
 His bodie, when hee mou'd, like some vnweeldie mass,
 Euen brus'd the solid Earth. Which boldlie hauing song,
 With all the sundry turnes that might thereto belong,
 Whilst yet shee shapes her course how he came back to show
 What powers he got abroad, how them he did bestow;
 In *England* heere againe, how he by dint of sword
 Vnto his ancient lands and titles was restor'd,
New-ferrest cry'd enough: and *Waltham* with the *Bere*,
 Both bad her hold her peace; for they no more would heare.

And

And for thee was a flood, her fellowes nought would say;
But slipping to their banks, slid silentlie away.

When as the pliant Muse, with faire and euen flight,

Betweene her siluer wings is waisted to the ^aWight:

That Ile, which iurting out into the Sea so farre,

Her ofspring traineth vp in exercise of warre;

Those Pyrats to put backe that oft purloine her trade,

Or *Spaniards*, or the *French* attempting to invade.

Of all the Southerne Iles shee holds the highest place,

And euermore hath been the great'st in *Britaines* graces:

Not one of all her Nymphs her Soueraigne fauoureth thus,

Imbraced in the armes of old *Oceanus*.

For none of her account, so neere her bosome stand,

Twixt ^b*Penwiths* furthest point, and ^b*Goodwins* queachy sand,

Both for her seat and soyle, that farre before the other,

Most iustlie may account great *Britaine* for her Mother.

A finer fleece then hers not *Lemsters* selfe can boast,

Nor *Newport* for her Mart, o'r-marcht by any Coast.

To the'e, the gentle South, with kisses smooth and soft,

Doth in her bosome breathe, and seemes to court her oft.

Besides, her little Rills, her in-lands that doe feed,

Which with their lauish streames doe furnish euerie need;

And Meads, that with their fine soft grasse towels stand

To wipe away the drops and moisture from her hand.

And to the North, betwixt the fore-land and the firme,

Shee hath that narrow Sea, which we the *Solent* tearme:

Where those rough irefull Tides, as in her Straits they meet;

With boystrous shocks and rores each other rudely greet:

Which fiercelie when they charge, and sadlie make retreat,

Vpon the bulwarkt Forts of ^c*Hurst* and *Calbeat* bear,

Then to *South-hampton* runne: which by her shores supplide

(As *Portsmouth* by her strength) doth vilifie their pride;

Both, Roads that with our best may boldlie hold their plea,

Nor *Plimmonds* selfe hath borne more brauer ships then they;

That from their anchoring Bayes haue trauiled to finde

Large *Chinas* wealthie Realms, and view'd the either *Inde*,

The pearlie rich *Pernu*; and with as prosperous fate,

Haue borne their full-spredd sailes vpon the streames of *Plate*:

Whole pleasant harbors oft the Sea-mans hope renue,

To rigge his late-craz'd Barke, to spred a wanton clue;

Where they with lustie Sack, and mirthfull Sailers songs,

Defie their passed stormes, and laugh at *Neptunes* wrongs:

The danger quite forgot wherein they were of late;

Who halfe so merrie now as Maister and his Mate?

And visualling againe, with braue and man-like minds

To Sea-ward cast their eyes, and pray for happie winds.

But

^a Ile of Wight.

^b The Fore-lands of Cornwall and Kent.

The Solent.

^c Two Castles in the Sea.

Portsmouth.

But, partlie by the floods sent thither from the shore,
And Ilands that are set the bording coast before:
As one amongst the rest, a braue and lustie Dame
Call'd *Portsey*, whence that Bay of *Portsmouth* hath her name:
By her, two little Iles, her handmaids (which compar'd
With those within the *Poole*, for deftness not out-dar'd)
The greater *Haling* hight: and fairest though by much,
Yet *Thorney* verie well, but some-what rough in such.
Whose beauties farre and neere divulged by report,
And by the *Trytons* told in mightie *Neptunes* Court,
Old *Proteus* hath been knowne to leaue his sinny Heard,
And in their sight to spunge his foame-bespawled beard.
The Sea-gods, which about the watry kingdome keepe,
Haue often for their lakes abandoned the Deepe;
That *Thetis* many a time to *Neptune* hath complaind,
How for those wanton Nymphes her Ladies were disdain'd:
And there arose such rut th'vnrulie rout among,
That loone the noyle thereof through all the Ocean rong.

S. VVhen *Portsey*, weighing well the ill to her might grow,
In that their mightie stirres might be her ouer-throw,
Shee stronglie straightneth-in the entrance to her Bay;
That, of their haunt debard, and shut out to the Sea
(Each small conceiued wrong helps on distempred rage.)
No counsell could be heard their choler to asuage:
When euery one suspects the next that is in place
To be the onely caule and meanes of his disgrace.
Some comming from the East, some from the setting Sunne,
The liquid Mountaines still together mainlie runne;
Waue woundeth waue againe; and billow, billow gores:
And topsie turuie so, shee tumbling to the shores.
From hence the *Solent* Sea, as some men thought, might stand
Amongst those things, which wee call *Wonders of our Land*.

When toghing vp^e that streame, so negligent of fame,
As till this verie day shee yet conceales her name:
By *Ber* and *Waltham* both, that's equally imbrac't,
And lastlie, at her fall, by *Tichfield* highlie grac't.
Whence, from old *Windsor* hill, and from the aged *Stone*,
The Muse those Countries sees, which call her to be gone.
The Forests tooke their leaue: *Bere*, *Chute*, and *Buckholt*, bid
Adieu; so *Welmer*, and so *Asbholt*, kindly did.
And *Pamber* shooke her head, as grieved at the hart
When farre vpon her way, and ready to depart,
As now the wandring Muse so sadlie went along,
To her last Farewell, thus, the goodlie Forests long.
Deere Muse, to plead our right, whom time at last hath brought,
Which elsie forlorne had lye, and banisht euerie thought,

When

^a Neptunus
Trumpeter.
^b Proteus, a
Sea-god, cha-
ging himselfe
into any shape.

A particular de-
scription of the
Solent Sea.

^a Tichfield Ri-
uer.

^a Another hill
hill in Hamp-
shire.

more (called *wharfe-hart fluer*) is to this day paid into the Exchequer. The destruction of woods here bewaild by the Muse, is (vpon occasion too often giuen) often seconded: but while the Muse bewailes them, it is *Marye* and his country-men, that most want them.

On whom the warry God would oft haue had his will.

Parbeck (named, but indeed not, an Isle, being ioyned to the firme land) stored with game of the Forrest.

Thence alluding to *Diana's* deuotions, the author well calls her an *Huntres* and a *Nanne*. Nor doth the embracing force of the Ocean (whereto she is adiacent) although very violent, preuaile against her stonie cliffs. To this purpose the Muse is heere wanton with *Neptunes* wooing.

*That be in little time vpon this lonely dame,
Begat three maiden Isles his darlings and delight.*

Albion (sonne of *Neptune*) from whom that first name of this *Britaine* was supposed, is well fitted to the fruitfull bedd of this *Poole*, thus personated as a Sea Nymph. The plaine truth (as wordes may certifie your eyes, lauing all unpropriety of object) is, that in the *Poole* are seated three Isles, *Branksey*, *Fursey*, and *S. Helens*, in situation and magnitude, as I name them. Nor is the fiction of begetting the Isles improper; seeing Greek ^a antiquities tell vs of diuers in the *Mediterranean* and the *Archipelag*, as *Rhodes*, *Dolos*, *Flora*, the *Echinades*, and others, which haue beene, as it were, brought forth out of the salt womb of *Amphitrite*.

*But towards the Solent Sea, as Stour her way doeth ply,
On Shaftsbury, &c.*

The straight twixt the *Wights* and *Hants* shire, is titled in *Redes story*, ^a *Pelagus latitudinis 111. millium, quod vocatur Solente*, famous for the double, and thereby most violent fouds of the Ocean (as *Scylla* & *Charybdis* twixt *Sicily* and *Italy* in *Homer*) exprelled by the Author towards the end of this Song, & reckon'd among our *British* wonders. Of it the Author tels you more presently. Concerning *Shaftsbury* (which, beside other names, from the corps of *S. Edward*, mured in *Corfe* Castle through procurement of the bloody hate of his step-mother *Elfrith*, hither translated, and some 111. yeares lying buried, was once called *S. Edwards*) you shall heare a peece out of *Harding*;

^b *Caire Baladonre* that now is *Shaftsbury*
Where an Angell spake sitting on the wall
While it was in two; king ober all.

Speaking of *Rudbudibras* his fabulous building it. I recte it, both to mend it, reading *Agile* for *Angell*, and also that it might then, according to the *British* story, helpe me explaine the author in this,

As brought into her minde the Eagles prophecies.

This *Eagle* (whose prophecies among the *Britons*, with the later of *Merlin*, haue beene of no lesse respect, then those of *Bacis* were to the *Greekes*, or the *Sybillines* to the *Romans*) foretold of a reuerting of the crowne, after the *Britons*, *Saxons*, and *Normans* to the first againe, which in *Hen. VII.* sonne to *Owen Tyddour*, hath beene ^c obserued, as fulfilled. This in particular is peremptorily

^a Camden.

Destruction of woods.

Isles newly out of the Sea.

^b Lucian dialog. Pinder. olymp. Strab. Pausanias.

^a A Sea three miles ouer, called *Solente*. *lib. 4. inf. orle scap. 16.*

^b *Mahmud. lib. 3. de Ponifice. S. Edwards. DCCCC. LXXXII.*

^c Camden takes this *Cair* for *Bath*.

^d *Harding* amended.

^e *Twin. in Albion. 1. See the 9. Song.*

It plainly
said that there
could be a
true of this
ring of the
cowne.

*Distinct. Aquil
copseme.
A prophetic of
in Angell to
Cadwallader.*

* A Scepter in
steel of a sword
first in Hen. the
shards scale,
but helieve
him not; the
leaves of those
times give no
warrant for it:
and even in K.
Arthur, Leland
saves, there was
a Henry Scep-
ter; but that
perhaps as fain-
ned, as it is
false.
* Hist. Scot. lib.
g. in Congallo.

torily affirmed by that *Conni Palatino of Basingstoke*. * *Et apertis dicit tempus a-
liquando fore ut Britannicum imperium de novo fiat veteres Britannos post Saxo-
nas & Normannos rediturum*, are his wordes of this Eagle. But this prophetic
in Manuscript I have seene, and without the helpe of *Albertus secret, Cana-
ce's* ring in *Chancer*, or reading over *Aristophanes* Comedie of Birds I vnder-
stood the language; neyther finde I in it any such matter expresly. Indeede as
in *Merlin* you haue in him the *white Dragon*, the *redde Dragon*, the *blacke Dra-
gon* for the *Saxons*, *Britaines*, *Normanes*, and the *fertile tree*, suppoled for *Brute*,
by one that of later time hath given his obicurities * interpretation: in which,
not from the *Eagles*, but from an Angelicall voyce, almost 800. yeares after
Christ, given to *Cadwallader* (whom others call *Cadwallo*); that restitution of the
crown to the *Britons* is promised, and grounded also vpon some generall and
an biguous wordes in the *Eagles* text, by the Author here followed; which (I rou-
uied your faith be strong) you must beleeue made more then 810. 815. y. years
since. For a corollary, in this not vnfit place, I will transcribe a piece of the
Glasse out of an olde copie, speaking thus vpon a passage in the prophetic:
*Henricus * 1111.* (he meanes *Hen. 111.* who, by the ancient account in regard of
Henry, sonneto *Henry Fite-lempresse*, crowned in his fathers life, is in *Bratton*
and others called the *fourth*) *concessit omne ius & clauum, pro'e & hereditas in-
is, quod habuit in Ducatu Normannia imperpetuum. Tunc fratrum fuit eius si-
gillum & mutatum; nam prius tenebat in sceptro gladium, nunc tenet virgam; quo
glaius fuit de conquestu Ducis & illius *Willelmi Bastards*, & ideo dicit *Aquila*, separabis
gladium a sceptro.* Such good fortune haue these praedictions, that eyther by
conceit (although strained) they are applied to accident, or else euer religiously
expected; as * *Buchanan* of *Merlins*,

Then those prodigious signes to ponder she began.

I would not haue you lay to the Authors charge a iustification of these signes
at those times: but his liberty herein, it is not hard to iustifie,

Obseditq; frequens castrorum limina bubo;

and such like hath *Silius Italicus* before the *Roman* ouerthrow at *Canna*; and
Historians commonly affirm the like; therefore a Poet may wel guesse the like.

And at New-forrest foote into the Sea doth fall.

The fall of *Stow* and *Anon* into the Ocean is the limit of the two suites, and
here limits the Authors description of the first, his Mule now entring *New-for-
rest* in *Hants*ire.

Her being that receiued by *Williams* tyrannie.

New-forrest (it is thought the newest in *England*, except that of *Hampton Court*
made by *Hen. viii.*)acknowledges *William* her maker, that is, the *Norman Con-
queror*. His loue to this kinde of possession and pleasure was such, that he con-
stituted tolls of Eies punishment for taking his Venerie: so affirme expresly
Florence of Worcester, *Henry of Huntingdon*, *Walter Mapes*, and others, al-
though the Author of *Distinctio Aquila*, with some of later time, falsely laid it to
William Rufus his charge. To iustifie my truth, and for varietie, see these times
euen breathing antiquity:

Cause of homdes he loude iron and of wild best,
And is forest and is woodes, and meet the niove forest,
That is in Southamstire, boz thulke he loude in tow

* *Math. Paris*
post *Hen. Hun-*
tingdon and vnder
Will. 11. it was
capital to *Reale*
Deere.

* *Roberts. Glo-*
cestre.
* *Hia.*

And asayed well • mid bestes, and • lese mid gret wou:
 Wot he cast out of boule and bom of men a great route,
 And • binom their lond thritti mile and more therrabouts,
 And made it all forst and lese the bests boy to lobe,
 Of pauer men diserited he nom let el bede:
 Ethernore thesein bell mony mischeuing,
 And is sone was threune • wote William the red King,
 And • is o sone, that het Richard, caght there is deeth also,
 And Richard • is o neuen, bice there is mch thereto,
 As he rod an honteth and perauentre his boyle spend,
 The bright ido to pauer men to such me sauntre trenn.

• Wch.
 • Pastures.
 • Tocke.

• Shot by wot
 for Tirok.
 • His owner.

Rue to quit you of this antique verse, I returne to the pleasanter Muse.

His famous Beuis so wert in her power to choose,

About the Norman inuasion was *Beuis* famous with title of *Earle of Southampton*, *Dunston* in *Wiltshire* knowne for his residence. What credit you are to giue to the Hyperbolics of *Ischia* in her relation of *Beuis*, your owne iudgement, and the Authors censure in the ad'n onition of the other rivers here personated, I presume, will direct. And it is wished that the poetical Monk in celebration of him, *Arthur*, and other such Worthies had contained themselves within bounds of likelyhood; or else that some iudges, proportionat to those of the *Gracian Games*, (who alwayes by publique authority pull'd downe the statues erected, if they exceeded the true symmetry of the victors) had giuen such exorbitant fictions their desert. The sweet grace of an inchanting Poem (as vnimitable *Pindar* affirms) often compels belife, but so farre haue the indigested reports of barren and Monkish inuention expatiated out of the lists of Truth, that from their intermixed and absurd fauxeties hath proceeded doubt, and, in some, euen deniall of what was truth. His sword is kept as a relique in *Arundell Castle*, not equalling in length (as it is now worne) that of *Edward the third* at *Westminster*.

St. Dunstons,
Locken, and
others.

Olympus of
Norman, and
others.

And for great Arthurs seat her Winchester preferres,
Whose old round table yet, &c.

For him, his table, order, Knights, and places of their celebration, looke to the *iv. Song*.

When Portsey waighing well the ill to her might grow.

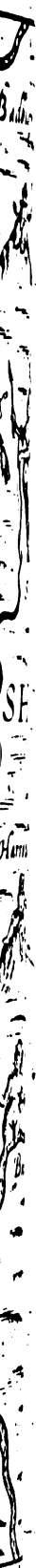
Portsey an Island in a creeke of the *Solent*, comming in by *Portsmouth*, endures the forcible violence of that trouble some sea, as the Verse tels you in this fiction of wooing.

E

THE









3 The third Song.

* THE ARGUMENT.

*In this third Song, great threatnings are,
And tending all to Nymphish warre.
Old Wansdike uttereth words of hate,
Depraving Stonendges estate.
Cleere Avon and faire Willy strine,
Each pleading her prerogative.
The Plaine the Forrests doth disdain:
The Forrests raile upon the Plaine.
The Muse then seekes the Shires extreames,
To find the Fountaine of great Tames;
Falls downe with Avon, and discries
Both Bathes and Bristowes braueries:
Then viewes the Sommerfetian soyle;
Through Marshes, Mines, and Moors doth toyle,
To Avalon to Arthurs Grave,
Sadlie bemoan'd of Ochy Cane.
Then with delight shee branelie brings
The Princely Parret from her Springs:
Preparing for the learned Plea
(The next Song) in the Scuerne Sea.*



VP with the iocund Larke (Too long we take our rest.)
Whilst yet the blushing Dawne out of the cheerfull East
Is ushering forth the Day to light the Muse along;
Whole most delightfull touch, and sweetness of her Song,
Shall force the lustie Swaines out of the Country-townes,
To lead the louing Girles in daunces to the Downes.
The Nymphs, in *Selwoods* shades and *Bradens* woods that bee,
Their Oaken wreathes, ô Muse, shall offer vp to thee.
And when thou shap'st thy courte tow'rs where the soile is rank,
The *Sommerfetian* mayds, by swelling *Sabryns* bank
Shall strewe the waies with flowers (where thou art comming on)
Brought from the Marshie-grounds by aged *Avalon*.

E 2

From

* O' the world

From *Sarnum* thus we set, remou'd from whence it stood
By *Avon* to reside, her deereſt loued Flood:

Where her imperious ^a Fane her former ſcate diſdaines,
And proudly ouer-tops the ſpacious neighboring *Plaines*.
VVhat pleaſures hath this Ile, of vs eſteem'd moſt deere,
In any place, but poore vnto the plentie heere?
The chaulkie ^b *Chiltern* fields, nor *Kelmarſh* ſelfe compares
With ^c *Enerley* for ſtore and ſwiftneſs of her Hares:
A horſe of greater ſpeed, nor yet a righter hound,
Not any where twixt *Kent* and ^d *Calidon* is found.
Nor yet the leuell South can ſhewe a ſmoother Race,
Whereas the ^e ballow Nag out-ſtrips the winds in chaſe;
As famous in the Weſt for matches yecerlie tride,
As ^f *Garterley*, poſſeſt of all the Northen pride:
And on his match, as much the Weſtern horſeman layes,
As the rank-riding *Scots* vpon their ^g *Gallowayes*.

And as the Weſterne ſoyle as found a Horſe doth breed,
As doth the land that lies betwixt the *Trent* and *Tweed*:
No Hunter, ſo, but finds the breeding of the Weſt,
The onely kind of Hounds, for mouth and noſtrill beſt;
That cold doth ſildome fret, nor heat doth ouer-haile;
As ſtanding in the Flight, as pleaſant on the Traile;
Free hunting, eaſely checkt, and louing euery Chaſe;
Straight running, hard, and tough, of reaſonable paſe:
Not heauie, as that hound which *Lancashire* doth breed;
Nor as the Northerne kind, ſo light and hot of ſpeed;
Vpon the cleerer Chale, or on the ſoyled Traine,
Doth make the ſweeteſt cry, in Wood-land, or on Plaine.

Where ſhe, of all the *Plaines* of *Britaine*, that doth beare
The name to be the firſt (renowned euerie where)
Faith worthily obtained that *Stonendge* there ſhould ſtand:
Shee, firſt of *Plaines*; and ^h that, firſt Wonder of the Land.
Shee *Wanſdike* alſo winnes, by whom ſhee is imbract,
That in his aged armes doth gird her ampler waſt:
Who (for a mightie Mound ſith long he did remaine
S. Betwixt the *Mercians* rule, and the *Veſt-Saxons* raigne,
And therefore of his place him ſelfe hee proudly bare)
Had very oft beene heard with *Stonendge* to compare,
VVhom for a paltry Ditch, when *Stonendge* plea'd ⁱ vpbraid,
The old man taking heart, thuſt to that Trophy ſaid;

Dull heape, that thuſt thy head aboue the reſt dooſt reare,
Preciſely yet not know'ſt who firſt did place thee there;
But Traytor baſely turn'd to *Merlins* ſkill dooſt flie,
And with his Magiques dooſt thy Makers truth belie:
Conſpirator with Time, now growen ſo meane and poore,
Comparing theſe his ſpirits with thoſe that went before;

Yet

The goodly
Church at *Sar-*
bury.

Two places
amous for
lars, the one
n *Ruſſum*, *ham-*
lare, the other
n *North-hamp-*
onſhire.

Enerley was
en of *Hares*.
The furtheſt
part of *Scotlād*.

^a *Gant*.
A famous
Yorkſhire horſe-
race.

The beſt kind
of *Scotiſh* nags.

The Weſtern
hounds gene-
rally the beſt.

^h *Stonendge* the
greateſt Won-
der of *England*.

Yet rather art content thy Builders praise to lose,
Then passed greatness should thy present wants disclose.
Ill did those mightie men to trust thee with their storie,
That hast forgot their names, who reard thee for their glories:
For all their wondrous cost, thou that hast seru'd them so,
What tis to trust to Tombs, by thee we easily know.

In these inuētiues thus whilst *Wan/dick* doth complaine,
He interrupted is by that imperious * *Plaine*,
S. To heare two crysall Floods to court her, that apply
Themselves, which should be seene most gracious in her eye.

First, *Willy* boasts her selfe more worthy then the other,
And better farre deriu'd: as hauing to her mother
Faire * *Selwood*, and to bring vp * *Diner* in her traine;
Which, when the envious loile would from her course restraine,
A mile creeps vnder earth, as flying all resort:
And how cleere *Nader* waits attendance in her Court;
And therefore claimes of right the *Plaine* should hold her deere,
Which giues that Towne the name; which likewise names the Shire.

The Easterne *Avon* vaunts, and doth vpon her take
To be the onelic child of shadefull * *Saunemake*,
As *Ambrayes* ancient flood; her selfe and to enstille
The *Stonendges* best-lov'd, first wonder of the Ile;
And what (in her behoo'e) might any want supply,
Shee vaunts the goodlie seat of famous *Salburie*,
Where meeting prettie *Bourne*, with many a kind embrace,
Betwixt their crysall armes they clip that loued place.

Report, as lately rais'd, vnto these Riuer came,
S. That *Bathes* cleere *Avon* (waxt imperious through her fame)
Their daliance should deride; and that by her disdain,
Some other smaller Brooks, belonging to the *Plaine*,
A question seem'd to make, whereas the Shire sent forth
Two *Avons*, which should be the flood of greatest worth;
This streame, which to the South the * *Celtick* Sea doth get,
Or that which from the North salureth *Somerset*.

This when these Riuer heard, that euen but lately stroue
Which best did loue the *Plaine*, or had the *Plaines* best loue,
They straight themselves combine: for *Willy* wilclie walde,
That should her *Avon* lose the day for want of aide,
If one so great and neere were ouerprest with power,
The Foe (thee being lesse) would quicklie her deuour.
As two contentious Kings, that on each little iarre,
Defiances send forth, proclaiming open warre,
Vntill some other Realme, that on their frontiers lies,
Be hazarded againe by other enemies,
Doe then betwixt themselves to composition fall,
To countercheck that sword, else like to conquer all:

E 3

So

* *Salisbury*
Plaine.

* A Forest be-
twixt *Wiltshire*
and *Somersetshire*,
* Of *London* for
the earth.

Wiltshire of *Wilt-*
shire, and *Wilt-*
shire of *Wilt-*

* A Forest is
Wiltshire, as
the Map will
tell you.

* The *French*
Sea, as you
have in the
note before.

So falls it with these Floods, that deadlie hate doe beare.
And whilst on either part strong preparations were,
It greatly was suppos'd strange strife would there haue been,
Had not the goodly *Plaine* (plac't equally betweene)
Fore-warn'd them to desist, and off their purpose brake:
When in behalfe of *Plaines* thus (gloriously) she spake;

* Away yee barbarous Woods; How euer yee be plac't
On Mountaines, or in Dales, or happily be grac't
With floods, or marshie* fells, with pasture, or with earth
By nature made to till, that by the yeerely birth
The large-bay'd Barne doth fill, yea though the fruitfull ground.
For, in respect of *Plaines*, what pleasure can be found
In darke and sleepeie shades? where mists and rotten fogs
Hang in the gloomie thicks, and make vnstedfast bogs,
By dropping from the boughs, the o're-grown trees among,
With Caterpillers kells, and duskie cobwebs hong.

The deadlie Screech-owle sits, in gloomie couert hid:
Whereas the smooth-brow'd *Plaine*, as liberallie doth bid
The Larke to leaue her Bowre, and on her trembling wing
In climbing vp tow'ards heauen, her high-pitcht Hymnes to sing
Vnto the springing Day; when gainst the Sunnes arise
The earlie Dawning strewes the goodly Easterne skies
VVith Roses euery where: who scarcelie lifts his head
To view this vpper world, but hee his beames doth spread
Vpon the goodlie *Plaines*; yet at his Noonestedd's hight,
Doth scarcelie pierce the Brake with his farre-shooting light.

The gentle Shepherds heer survey their gentler sheepe:
Amongst the bushie woods luxurious *Satyrs* keepe.
To the braue sports of field, who with desire is wonne,
To see his Grey-hound course, his Horse (in diet) runne,
His deepe mouth'd Hound to hunt, his long-wingd Hauk to flie,
To these most noble sports his mind who doth apply,
Retorts vnto the *Plaines*. And not a soughten Field,
Where Kingdoms rights haue laine vpon the speare and shield,
But *Plaines* haue beene the place; and all those Trophies hie
That ancient times haue rear'd to noble memorie:
As, *Stonendge*, that to tell the *British* Princes slaine
By those false *Saxons* fraud, here euer shall remaine.
It was vpon the *Plaine* of *Mamre* (to the same
Of mee and all our kind) whereas the Angels came
To *Abraham* in his Tent, and there with him did feed;
To *Sara* his decre wife then promising the seed
By whom all Nations should so highly honor'd bee,
In which the Sonne of God they in the flesh should see.
But Forests, to your plague there soone will come an Age,
In which all damned sinnes most vehemently shall rage.

An

be *Plaine*
in de-
ce of all
uners.
-ory pla-
- A word
quint in
-easfure.

An Age! what haue I said! nay, Ages there shall rise,
So senselesse of the good of their posterities,
That of your greatest Groues they scarce shall leaue a tree
(By which the harmelesse Deere may after sheltered bee)
Their luxurie and pride but onely to maintaine,
And for your long excesse shall turne ye all to paine.

Thus ending; though some hills themselues that doe applie
To please the goodly *Flaine*, still standing in her cie,
Did much applaud her speech (as *Haradon*, whose head
Old *Ambry* still doth awe, and *Bagden* from his sted,
Suruaying of the *Vies*, whole likings do allure
Both *Umbry* and *Saint Anne*; and they againe procure
Mount *Marting-fall*; and he those hills that stand aloofe,
Those brothers *Barbury*, and *Badbury*, whose prooffe
Addes much vnto her praise) yet in most high disdaine,
The Forrests take her words, and sweare the prating *Plaine*
Growne old began to doate: and *Sauernake* so much
Is galled with her raunts (whom they so nearely touch)
That she in spitefull tearmes defies her to her face;
And *Aldburne* with the rest, though being but a Chase,
At worse then nought her sets: but *Bradon* all afloate
VWhen it was tolde to her, set open such a throate,
That ail the countrey rang. She calls her barren lade,
Bale Queane, and riuld VVitch, and wisht she could be made
But worthy of her hate (which most of all her grieues)
The basest beggers Baude, a harbore of theeues.
Then *Pensham*, and with her old *Blackmore* (not behinde)
Do with thar from the Seas some soultie Southerne winde,
The soule infectious damps, and poisoned aires would sweepe,
And poure them on the *Plaine*, to rot her and her Sheepe.

But whilst the sportiue Muse delights her with these things,
She strangely taken is with those delicious Springs
Of *Kenes* rising here, and of the nobler Streame
Of *Isis* setting forth vpon her way to *Tame*,
S. By *Greeklade*, whose great name yet vaunts that learned tong,
VWhere to great *Britaine* first the sacred Muses song;
VWhich first were seated here, at *Isis* bountious head,
As telling that her fame should through the world be spread;
And tempted by this flood, to *Oxford* after came,
There likewise to delight her bridegroom, louely *Tame*:
VWhose beaurie when they saw, so much they did adore,
That *Greeklade* they forlooke, and would goe backe no more.

Then *Bradon* gently brings forth *Avon* from her source:
Which Southward making soone in her most quiet course,
Receiues the gentle *Calne*: when on her rising side,
First *Blackmoore* crownes her banke, as *Pensham* with her pride

Diuers hills
surrounde about
Salisbury
Plaine.

Sets

Sers out her murmuring sholes, till (turning to the West)
 Her, *Somerſet* receiues, with all the bounties bleſt
 That Nature can produce in that *Bathonian* Spring,
 Which from the Sulphury Mines her medi'cinall force doth bring;
 As Phyſick hath found out by colour, taſte, and ſmell,
 Which taught the world at firſt the vertue of that Well;
 What quicklieſt it could cure: which men of knowledge drew
 From that firſt minerall cauſe: but ſome that little knew
 (Yet felt the great effects continually it wrought)
 ſ. Aſcrib'd it to that ſkill, which *Bladud* hither brought,
 As by that learned King the Bathes ſhould be begunne;
 Not from the quickned Mine, by the begetting Sunne
 Giuing that naturall power, which by the vigorous ſweate,
 Doth lend the liuely Springs their perdurable heate
 In paſſing through the veines, where matter doth not need;
 Which in that minerous earth inlep'rably doth breed:
 So nature hath purui'd, that during all her raigne
 The *Bathes* their native power for euer ſhall retaine:
 Where Time that Citie built, which to her greater fame,
 Preſeruing of that Spring, participates her name;
 The Tutilage whereof (as thoſe paſt worlds did pleaſe)
 Some to *Minerua* gaue, and ſome to *Hercules*:
 Proud *Phæbus* loued Spring, in whoſe Diurnall courſe,
 ſ. When on this point of earth he bends his greateſt force,
 By his ſo ſtrong approach, prouokes her to deſire;
 Stung with the kindly rage of loues impatient fire:
 Which boiling in her wombe, proieſts (as to a birth)
 Such matter as ſhe takes from the groſſe humorous earth;
 Till purg'd of dregs and ſlime, and her complexion cleere,
 She ſmileth on the light, and lookes with mirthfull cheere.
 Then came the luſtie *Froome*, the firſt of floods that met
 Faire *Avon* entring in to fruitfull *Somerſet*,
 With her attending Brooks; and her to *Bathe* doth bring,
 Much honoured by that place, *Minerua's* ſacred Spring.
 To noble *Avon*, next, cleere *Chute* as kindly came,
 To *Briſtow* her to beare, the faireſt ſeat of Fame:
 To entertaine this flood, as great a mind that hath,
 And ſtriving in that kind farre to excell the *Bath*.
 As when ſome wealthy Lord, prepares to entertaine
 A man of high account, and feaſt his gallant traine;
 Of him that did the like, doth ſeriously enquire
 His diet, his deuice, his ſeruice, his attire;
 That varying euery thing (exampled by his ſtore)
 He euer way may paſſe what th'other did before:
 Euen ſo this Citie doth; the proſpect of which place
 To her faire building addes an admirable grace;

Well

Minerua and Hercules, the protectors of theſe fountains.

The delicacies of Briſtow.

Well fashioned as the best, and with a double wall,
As braue as any Towne; but yet excellling all
For easement, that to health is requisit and meete;
Her piked shores, to keepe her delicate and sweete:
Hereto, she hath her Tides; that when she is oppress
With heat or drought, still poure their floods vpon her breast.

To Mendip then the Mule vpon the South inclines,
Which is the onely store, and Coffer of her Mines:
Elsewhere the Fields and Meades their sundry traffiques suite:
The Forrests yeeld her wood, the Orchards giue her fruit.

As in some rich mans house his leuerall charges lie,
There stands his Wardrobe, here remains his Treasurie;
His large prouision there, of Fish, of Fowl, and Neat;
His Cellars for his Wines, his Larders for his meates;
There Banquet houses, Walkes for pleasure; here againe
Cribs, Graners, Stables, Barnes, the other to maintaine:
So this rich countrey hath, it selfe what may suffice;
Or that which through exchange a smaller want supplies;

Yet *Ochyes* dreadfull Hole still held her selfe disgrac't,
§ With *th' wonders of this Ile that she should not be plac't;
But that which vext her most, was, that the **Peakish Cane*
Before her darkelome selfe such dignitie should haue;
And ^b th' *Wyches* for their Salts such state on them should take;
Or *Cheshire* should preferre her sad **Death-boding-lake*;
And *Stonedge* in the world should get so high respect,
Which imitating *Arte* but idly did erect:
And that amongst the rest, the vaine inconstant ^d *Dee*,
By changing of his Foards, for one should reckon bee;
As of another sort, wood turn'd to *stone; among,
Th' anatomized ^e Fish, and Fowles from ^f planches sprong:
And on the *Cambrian* side thole strange and wondrous ^h Springs;
Our ⁱ beasts that seldome drinke; a thousand other things
Which *Ochy* inly vext, that they to fame should mount,
And greatly griev'd her friends for her so small account;
That there was scarcely Rock, or Riuer, Marsh, or Meare
That held not *Ochyes* wrongs (for all held *Ochy* deare)
§ In great and high disdain: and *Froome* for her disgrace
Since scarcely euer washt the Colefleck from her face;
But (melancholy growne) to *Avon* gets a path,
Through sicknel's forc't to seeke for cure vnto the *Bath*:
§ And *Chedder* for meere grieve his teene he could not wreake,
Gulst forth so forcefull streames, that he was like to breake
The greater bankes of *Ax*, as from his mothers Cane,
He wandred towards the Sea; for madnesse who doth saue
At his drad mothers wrong: but who to wo begon
For *Ochy*, as the Ile of ancient *Analon*?

* A catalog of
many wonden
of this Land.
* The *Dunelm*
are.

^b The Salt
Wells in *Ches-*
shire.

^c *Berneton*
pond.

^d A river by
W. Shobster.

^e By sundry
Isles of *Brit-*
taine.

^f Our Pikes,
ript and tow'd
vp, lue.

^g Hutacles a
bud breeding
vpon old slupt.

^h Wondrous
Springs in
Wales.

ⁱ Sheepe.

Who

Who hauing in her selfe , as inward cause of grieve,
 Neglecteth yet her owne, to giue her friend reliefe.
 The other so againe for her doth sorrow make,
 And in the Iles behalfe the dreadfull Cauerne spake;
 O threetimes famous Ile, where is that place that might
 Be with thy selfe compar'd for glorie and delight,
 Whilst *Glattenbury* stood? exalted to that pride,
 Whose Monasterie seem'd all other to deride?
 O who thy ruine sees, whom wonder doth not fill
 With our great sithers pompe, deuotion, and their skill?
 Thou more then mortall power (this iudgement rightly ward)
 Then present to assist, at that foundation laid;
 On whom for this sad waste, should Iustice lay the crime?
 Is there a power in Fate, or doth it yeeld to Time?
 Or was their error such, that thou could'st not protect
 Those buildings which thy hand did with their zeale erect?
 To whom didst thou commit that monument, to keepe,
 That suffreth with the dead their memory to sleepe?
 S. When not great *Arthurs* Tombe, nor holy *Josephs* Graue,
 From sacriledge had power their sacred bones to saue;
 He who that God in man to his sepulchre brought,
 Or he which for the faith twelue famous battels fought.
 What? Did so many Kings do honor to that place,
 For Auarice at last so vilely to deface?
 For reu'rence, to that seat which hath ascribed beene;
 Trees yet in winter bloome, and beare their Summers Greene.
 This said, she many a sigh from her full stomacke cast,
 Which issued through her breast in many a boystrous blast;
 And with such floods of teares her sorrowes doth condole,
 As into riuers turne within that darke some hole:
 Like sorrow for her selfe, this goodly Ile doth trie;
 S. Imbrac't by *Selwoods* sonne, her flood the louely *Bry*,
 On whom the Fates bestow'd (when he conceiued was)
 He should be much belou'd of many a daintie Lasse;
 Who giues all leaue to like, yet of them liketh none:
 But his affection sets on beaucious *Analon*;
 Though many a plump-thigh'd moore, & ful-flanck't marsh do proue
 To force his chaste desires, so dainty of his loue.
 First *Sedgemore* shewes this flood, her bosome all vnbrac't,
 And casts her wanton armes about his slender wast:
 Her louer to obtaine, so amorous *Audry* seekes:
 And *Gedney* softly steales sweet kisses from his cheekes.
 One takes him by the hand, inreating him to stay:
 Another pluckes him backe, when he would faine away:
 But, hauing caught at length, whom long he did pursue,
 Is so intranc't with loue, her goodly parts to view,

That

Joseph of Arimathea.

*The woman
in droun tree at
Glattenbury.*

*Fruitful Moors
on the bankes
of Bry.*

That altring quite his shape, to her he doth appeare,
And casts his crySTALL selfe into an ample Meare:
But for his greater growth when needs he must depart,
And forc't to leaue his Loue (though with a heauie hart)
As hee his back doth turne, and is departing out,
The batning marshie *Brent* enuiron him about:
But lothing her imbrace, away in haste he flings,
And in the *Sewerne* Sea surrounds his plentious Springs.

But, dallying in this place so long why doost thou dwell,
So many sundry things here hauing yet to tell?
Occasion calls the Muse her pynions to prepare.
Which (striking with the wind the vast and open aire)
Now, in the finnie Heaths, then in the Champains routes;
Now, measures out this Plaine; and then suruayes those groues;
The batfull pastures fenc't, and most with quickset mound,
The sundry sorts of soyle, diuersitie of ground;
Where Plow-men cleanse the Earth of rubbish, weed, and filch,
And giue the fallow lands their seasons and their tylth:
Where, best for breeding horse; where cattell first to keepe;
Which good for bearing Corne; which pasturing for sheepe:
The leane and hungry earth, the fat and marly mold,
Where sands be alwaies hot, and where the clayes be cold,
With plentie where they waste, some others toucht with want:
Heere set, and there they sowe; here proine, and there they plant.

As *Wiltshire* is a place best pleas'd with that resort
Which spend away the time continuallie in sport;
So *Somerset*, her selfe to profit doth apply,
As giuen all to gaine, and thriving huswifrie.
For, whereas in a Land one doth consume and wast,
Tis fit another be to gather in as fast:

This liketh moorie plots, delights in sedgie Bowres,
The grassy garlands loues, and oft attyr'd with flowres
Of ranke and mellow gleabe; a sward as soft as wooll,
With her complexion strong, a belly plumpe and full.

Thus whilst the astiue Muse straines out these various things,
Cleere *Parret* makes approach, with all those plentious Springs
Her fruitfull banks that blesse; by whose Monarchall sway,
Shee fortifies her selfe against that mightie day
Whercin her vtmost power she should be forc't to try.
For, from the *Druides* time there was a prophecie,
That there should come a day (which now was neere at hand
By all forerunning signes) that on the Easterne Strand,
If * *Parret* stood not fast vpon the English side,
They all should be suppress't: and by the *British* pride
In cunning ouer-come; for why, impartiall Fate
(Yet constant alwaies to the *Britains* crazed state)

* A supposed
prophetic vpd
Parret.

Forbad

Forbad they yet should fall; by whom the meane to shewe
 How much the present Age, and after-times should owe
 Vnto the line of *Brute*. Cleere *Parret* therefore prest
 Her tributarie Streames, and whollie her addrest
 Against the ancient Foe: First, calling to her ayde
 Two Riuer of * one name; which seeme as though they stayd
 Their Empreſſe as she went, her either hand that take.
 The first vpon the right, as from her source, doth make
 Large *Muchelney* an Ile, and vnto *Iuell* lends
 Her hardlie-rendred name: That on her left, descends
 From *Neroch's* neighboring woods; which, of that *Forest borne*,
 Her riuals proffered grace opprobriously doth scorne.
 Shee by her wandering courſe doth *Athelney* in-Ile:
 And for the greater state, her selfe she doth instile
 §. The nearest neighbouring flood to *Arthurs* ancient seat,
 Which made the *Britaines* name through all the world so great.
 Like *Camelot*, what place, was euer yet renownd?
 VWhere, as at *Carlion*, oft, hee kept the *Table-round*,
 Most famous for the sports at *Pentecost* so long,
 From whence all Knightlie deeds, and braue atchievements sprong.
 As some soft-sliding Rill, which from a lesser head
 (Yet in his going forth, by many a Fountaine fed)
 Extends it selfe at length vnto a goodly streame:
 So, almost through the world his fame flew from this Realme;
 That iustlie I may charge those ancient *Bards* of wrong,
 So idly to neglect his glorie in their Song.
 For some abundant braine, o there had been a storie
 Beyond the * *Blind-mans* might to haue in hanc't our glorie.
 Tow'rdsthe *Sabrinian* Sea then *Parret* letting on,
 To her attendance next comes in the beaution *Tone*,
 Crown'd with embroïdred banks, and gorgeously arraid
 With all th'enamild flowers of manie a goodly Mead:
 In Orchards richly clad; whose proud aspyring boughes
 Euen of the tallest woods doe scorne a iere to loose,
 Though *Selwoods* mighty selfe and *Neroch* startling by:
 The sweetnes of her soyle through euery Coast doth fly.
 What care so empty is, that hath not heard the sound
 Of *Tauntons* fruitfull * *Deane*? not matcht by any ground;
 By ^b *Athelney* ador'd, a neighbourer to her Land:
 Whereas those higher hills to view faire *Tone* that stand,
 Her coadiuting Springs with much content behold:
 Where Sea-ward *Quantock* stands as *Neptune* he controlld,
 And *Blackdown* In-land borne, a Mountain and a Mound,
 As though he stood to look about the Country round:
 But *Parret* as a Prince, attended heere the while,
 Inricht with euery Moore, and euery In-land Ile,

Vpon

nd from
 ich, the
 on Iwell is
 dominated.

* *Homer*.

* One of the
 fruitfull places
 of this Land.
^b Interpreted
 the noble Ile.

Vpon her taketh State, well forward tow'rd's her fall;
Whom lastly yet to grace, and not the least of all;
Comes in the liuely *Carre*, a Nymph, most louely cleere,
From *Somerſet* ſent downe the Soueraigne of the Sheere;
Which makes our *Parret* proude. And wallowing in exceſſe,
Whilst like a Prince ſhe vaunts amid the watry preſſe,
The breathleſſe Muſe awhile her wearied wings ſhall caſe,
To get her ſtrength to ſtem the rough *Sabrinian* Seas.

Illustrations.

Diſcontinuing her firſt courſe, the Muſe returns to *Somerſet* and *Wiltſhire*, which lie twixt the *Senerne* and *Hantsſhire*, as the Song here ioyneſ them :

From Sarum thū we ſet, remou'd from whence it flood.

Old *Salisbury* ſeated Northeaſt from the now famous *Salisbury*, ſome mile diſtant, about *Richard Cœur de Lion*'s time had her name and inhabitants, hither tranſlated, vpon the meeting of *Anon* and *Aderborn*; where not long after the enioy'd, among other, that glorious title of admiration for her ſumptuous Church-buildings. Of that, one of my Authors thus:

In the yeare of grace
Twelſ hundred and to and twenty in the baire place
Of the noble Countie of Saltsburie he leide the beſte ſtone
That me not in Chriſtendom vntroie woꝝk non.
Ther was Wandilſ the Legat, and as bept of echon,
He leide vnto the beſte ſtones; as voꝝ die Pope put on,
The other voꝝ be * ponge laing, the thidde as me ſcepe
Was the gode Erle of Salisburie William * the Longſpet,
The berth voꝝ the Conteſſe, the biſte he leide the
Was the * Biſhop of Saltsburie, and he ne leide na mo.

Rob. Gloceſtre.

* Hen. III.
* Willielm. de Longſpeth.
* Richard Poore.

This worke then began, was by *Robert of Bingham*, next ſucceeding Biſhop to that excellencie, proſecuted.

Hath worthily obtain'd that Stonehenge there ſhould ſtand.

Vpon *Salisbury* plaine ſtones of huge waight and greatnes, ſome in the earth pitcht, and in forme erected, as it were circular, others lying crolle ouer them, as if their owne poize did no leſſe then their ſupporters giue them that proper place, haue this name of *Stone-henge*;

But ſo confus'd that weyther any eye
Can count them, liſt, nor reaſon reaſon try,
What force brought them to ſo vnlukely ground.

As the noble * *Sidney* of them.

No man knowes, ſaith * *Huntingdon* (making them the firſt wonder of this Land, as the Authour doth) how, or why they came here. The cauſe muſt take from the *Britiſh* ſtorie: *Hengiſt* vnder colour of a friendly treaty with *Vortigern* at *Amesbury*, his ſallhoods watchword to his *Saxons* (provid'd there priu-

* In his Sonets.
* Hiſtor. lib. I.

• Take your
words.

• Gerald Cam-
brensis Topo-
graph. Hib. dist.
2. cap. 18.
Clavus gigan-
teus.

• Not one of
the stones but
is good for
somewhat in
Physique.

• Apud Mon-
asterium Deuter. 3.
It among them
there be a
White stone, let
the Jew haue it.

• Toward lib.
2. cap. 9. Gerald.
Itinerary.

• Aristot. de
Anim. d. 2. q. 1.
• Aristot. de
Anim. d. 2. q. 1.

• Ad Germ.
Tert.
Woden or
Wodden.

• Immut. full.
San. Mercur.
Adam Eremit.
cap. 5. Hence
Immut. Eremit.
• Pausan. Sapient.
• Thucyd. 2. 6.
• 2. 8.

ly with long knives) being * Nimeþyoun rexer, the trayterously flew co. 1x. noble Britons, and kept the King prisoner. Some xxx. yeares after K. Ambros (to honour with one monument the name of so many mured Worthies) by helpe of *Vter-pen-dragons* forces and *Merlins* magique, got them transported from off a plaine (others say a hill) neere * *Nasu* in *Kildare* in *Ireland*, hither, to remain as a trophy, not of victory, but of wronged Innocence. This *Merlin* perswaded the King that they were medicinall, and first brought out of the remotest parts of *Africke* by Giants which thence came to inhabit *Ireland*, * *Non est il lap: qui medicamento caret*, as in *Merlins* person *Geffrey of Monmouth* speakes; whose authority in this treacherous slaughter of the Britons, I respect not so much as *Nennius*, *Malmesbury*, *Sigebert*, *Matthew of Westminster*, and others, who report it as I deliuer. Whether they be naturally solid or with cement artificially compos'd, I will not dispute. Although the last be of easier credit, yet I would, with our late Historian *White*, beleeue the first sooner, then that *Vlisses* ship was by *Neptune* turn'd into one stone, as it is in the *Olysses*, and that the *Egyptian* King *Amasis* had a house cut out in one marble (which, by *Herodotus* description, could not after the workmanship haue lesse content then cto. cto. ccc. xciv. solid cubits, if my Geometry faile me not) or that which the *Iewes* are not ashamed to affirme of a stone, with which K. *Og* at one throw from his head purpos'd to haue crush'd all the *Israelites*, had not a Lapwing strangely peck'd such a hole through it, that it fell on his shoulders, and by miracle his vpper-teeth suddainly extended, kept it there fast from motion. It is possible they may be of some such earthy dust as that of *Puzzolo*, and by *Etna*, which cast into the water turnes stonie, as *Pliny* after *Strabo* of them and others like remembers. And for certain I find it reported, that in *Cairnarnan* vpon *Snordon* hills is a stone (which miraculously somewhat more then 1x. yeares since, rais'd it selfe out of a lake at the hills foot) equalling a large house in greatness, and suppos'd not moueable by a m. yoke of Oxen. For the forme of bringing them, your opinion may take freedom. That great one which *Hercules* is wondred at for the carriage was but * a Cartload, which he left for a monument in *Orranto* of *Italy* and except *Geffrey of Monmouth*, with some which follow him, scarce any affirme or speake of it. nor *Nennius*, nor *Malmesbury*, the first living somewhat neere the supposed time.

Betweenst the Mercian rule, and the West-Saxons raigne.

So thinkes our Antiquary and Light of this Kingdome; that, to be a limit of those two ancient states, sometime diuided by *Anon*, which falls into *Seuerne*, *Wansike* crossing the shire Wellward over the plaine was first call'd *Woden-sike*, the old name is supposed from *Woden*, of no lesse (if not greater) esteeme to the Saxons, then *Arfuces*, *Pelops*, *Cadmus*, and others such to their posterity; but so, that, I guesse it went but for their greatest God *Mercury* (he is called rather *Woden* from *Win*, that is, gaine by * *Lipinus*) as the German and English antiquities discover. And very likely, when this limit was made, that in honor of him being by name president of wayes, and by his office of Heraldship *Pacificus*, Peacemaker, as an old stamp testifies him, they call'd it *Woden-sike*; as not onely the *Greeks*, had their *ἑλισβεῖον* (statues erected) for limits and direction of wayes, and the *Latines* their *Terminii*, but the ancient *Iewes* also, as vpon interpretation of *צבצב* in the Proverbs, *into a heape of Mercury* (in the vulgar) for a heape of stones in that sense, *Goropius* in his hieroglyphiques affirms, somewhat boldly deliuing *Mercury* from *Spere*, which signifies a limit in his and our tongue, and to fit this place in name and nature. *Stranberge* and it not improperly contend, being severall workes of two severall nations

the third Song.

51

tions anciently hatefull to each other; Britons and Saxons.

To beare two cristall floods to court her, which apply

Willbourne (by the old name the Author calls her *Will*) derived from neere *Selwood* by *Warrminster*, with her creekie passage, crossing to *Wilton*, naming both that town and the shire, and on the other side *Avon* taking her course out of *Saunak* by *Marlborough* through the shire Southward, washing *Ambresbury* and the *Salisbury* (new *Salisbury* being her Episcopall sine) both watering the plaine, and furnishe with these reasons, are fitly thus personated, striving to endear themselves in her love: & prosecuting this fiction, the Muse thus addes,

How that Bathe's Avon waxt imperious through her fame.

Diuers rivers of that name haue we; but two of eminent note in *Wiltshire* one is next before shew'd you, which falls through *Dorset* into the Ocean; the other here mentioned hath her head in the edge of *Glocester*: and with her sinakie course, visiting *Malmesbury*, *Chippenham*, *Bradford*, and diuers townes of slight note, turns into *Somerset*, passes *Bath*, and calls herself into *Sueme* at *Brillow*. This compendious contention (whose proportionall example is a speciall elegancie for the expressing of diuinity, as in the Pastorals of *Theocritus* and *Virgil*) is aptly concluded with that point of ancient politique^a obseruation, that *Outward common scare is the surest band of friendship*.

^a In *Theocritid.*
in *Lia.*

To Greeklade whose great name yet wants that learned tong.

The History of *Oxford* in the Proctors booke, and certaine old verses,^b kept somewhere in this tract, affirme, that with *Brute* came hither certaine *Greeke* Philosophers, from whose name and profession here it was thus called, and as an Vniuersity afterward translated to *Oxford* (vpon like notation a company of Physitians retiring to ^c*Lechlade* in this shire, gaue that its title, as *I. Rem* addes in his story to *Hen. VII.*) But *Godwine* and a very old *Anonymus*, cited by *Br. Twine*, referre it to *Theodore* of *Tarsus* in *Cilicia* (made Archbishop of *Canterbury* by *P. Vitalian* vnder *Egbert* King of *Kent*) very skillful in both tongues, and an extraordinary restorer of learning to the *English-Saxons*; That he had (among other) *Greeke* schooles, is certaine by *Bede*s affirmation that some of his scholers vnderstood both *Greeke* and *Latin* as their mother language. *Richard* of the *Vies* will that *Penda*, K. of *Mercia*, first deduced a colony of *Cambridge* men hither and calls it *Grekelaide*, as other *Kirklaide* with variety of names: but I suspect all; as well for omission of it in best authorities, as also that the name is so different in it selfe. *Grecolade* was neuer honoured with *Greeke* schooles, as the ignorant multitude thinke, saith ^d*Leland*, affirming it should be rather *Grecelade*, *Lechelade*, or *Lathlade*. Nor methinks (of all) stands it with the *British* story, making the tongue then a kind of *Greeke* (a matter, that way reasonable enough, seeing it is questionles that colonies anciently deriued out of the *Western Asia*, *Peloponnesus*, *Hellas*, and thole continents into the coast whence *Brute* came, transported the *Greeke* with them) that profession of *Gracians* should make this so particular a name.

^b *Leland* ad *ex.*
cant. in *Spda.*

^c The *Physi-*
tians lake.

^d *Apud. Col. de*
antig. Cantab-
rig. ubi. s. &
Cod. Dig. Cam-
tabrig. apud ant.
asser. antig.
Unon.
^e *Ad Cyp. Cant.*
in Spda. & Spd.
rad.
Curios. Gracian
sermo B. Mann.
Golfred. Monum.
ment. lib. 1.

Ascrib'd to that high skill which learned *Bladud* brought

You are now in *Somersetshire*. I doubt not but the true cause is that, which is ordinary of other hot springs; not the sunnes heat (sauiing the authors opinion,

F 2

which

* *Somer. Natu-
ral quest. lib. 3.
cap. 24.*
† *Pyndar. Tysh.*
a.

* *Ex antiq.
schol.*

which hath warrant enough in others) or agitation of wind, as some will, but eyther passage through metallique, bituminous, and sulphurous veins, or rather a reall subterranean fire, as *Empedocles* first thought, and with most witty arguments (according to the Poeticall conceit of *Typhon*¹, buried in *Prochyta*, wherto *Strabo* referres the best Bathes in *Italy*) my learned and kind friend M^r. *Lydiat*, that accurat Chronologer, in his ingenious Philosophy, hath lately disputed. But, as the Authortels you, some *British* vanity imputes it to *Bladud*: art, which in a very ancient fragment² of rimes I found exprest: and if you can endure the language and fiction you may reade it, and then laugh at it.

Two turne there beth of bras,
And other two imaked of glas
Ske seats there beth inne
And other thing unaked with gurne:
Quick bymistion in them also,
With wild fier imaked thereto:
Sal gemmæ and sal petræ,
Sal armonak there is the
Sal albrod and sal alkinæ
Sal Gemmæ is minged with him,
Sal Comin and sal almetre bright
That boyneth both day and night,
Al this is in the tonne ido
And other things many mo,
And boyneth both night and day
That neuer quench it ne may
In four wellspringe the tonnes liggeth
As the Philosophers do siggeth
The hete within, the water without,
Maketh it hot al about
The two wellspringe earnestly mere
And the other two beth inner clere.
There is maketh full twis
That Kings bath icluped is.
The rich King Bladud
The Kings sonne Lud
And when he maketh that bath hot
And him faileth ought
Of that that should thereto,
Yerkeneth what he would do
From Bath to London he would go
And thulke day selfe againe be
And fetch that thereto biel,
He was quicke, and swith fell
Tho the master was ded
And is soule wend to the Quee
For god he was not ynt phoze
Nor beth sufferd him buoze.

I will as soone beleue all this, as that S.^t *Dionysius* or *Julius Caesar* (who neuer came neere it) was author of it, or that he made Knights of the Bath. They are now wanting which haue durst say so.

When on this point of earth he bends his greatest force.

From eight in the morning till three (within which time the Sunne beame make their strongest angles of incidence) it purges it selfe (as boyling) of vnclean

See the Au-
thors & Song.

* *Ed. 1598. 1.*
† *Malmesbury
lib. 2. Pontific.*

circane excrements, nor then doth any enter it; which the Mule here expresse in a fervent sympathy of loue twixt the Water and the Sun, and the more properly because it had the name of * *Aqua Solis*.

With th' wonders of the Ile that she should not be plac'd.

* *Wockey hole* (so call'd in my conceit, from poe 3^b, which is the same with pic, signifying a hollow or creek passage) in *Asendup hills* by *Welles*, for her spacious vaults, stonewalles, creeping Labyrinths, vnimaginable cause of posture in the earth, and hir neighbours report (all which almost equall her to that *Grotto de la Sibylla* in the *Apennin* of *Marca Ausoniana*, and the Dutch song of little *Daniel*) might well wonder she had not place among her country wonders. One that seemes to encrease *Samuel Beaulan* vpon *Nernini*, reckons xiii. by that name, but with vaine and false reports (as that of the *Babto* be both hot and cold, according to the desire of him that wathes) and in some the Author of *Polychronicon* followes him, neyther speaking of this. But the last, and *Henry of Huntingdon* reckon onely foure remarqueable, the *Peake*, *Stonbenge* *Checherbole*, and a hill cut of which it raines. That wonder of human excellence, *Sir Philip Sidney*, to fit his Sonnet, makes six, and to fit that number conceitedly addes a froward, but chaff, Lady for the seuenth. And the Author here tels you the chiefest.

*— that Froome for her disgrace,
Since scarcely euer washt the Cole sleek from her face.*

Out of *Wendp hills* *Froome* springeth, and through the *Colepits* after a short course Eastward turnes vpwart to *Barbes Avon*. The fiction of her besmea'd face happens the better, in that *Froome*, after our old mother language, signifies faire, as that paradoxall *Becanus*⁴, in exposition of the *Egyptian Pyromis* in *Herodotus*,⁵ would by notation teach vs.

And Chedder for meere griefe his teene he could not wreake.

Neere *Axbridge*, *Chedder cleenes*, rockey and vaulted, by continual distilling, is the fountain of a forcible stream (driving xii. Miles within a miles quarter of its head) which runnes into *Ax* deriued out of *Wockey*.

When not great Arthurs Tombe, nor holy Iosephs Graue

Henry the second in his expedition towards *Ireland* entertayned by the way in *Wals* with *Bards* songs, wherein he heard it affirmed that in *Glastenbury* (made almost an Ile by the Riuer's embracements). *Irisbur* was buried twixt two pillars, gaue commandement to *Henry* of *Blois* then Abbot, to make search for the corpse which was found in a wooden coffin (*Girald* saith *Oken*, *Leland* thinks *Alder*) some sixteen foote deepe, but after they had digged nine foot, they found a stone on whose lower side was fixt a leaden crosse (Crosse fixt vpon the Tombs of old Christians were in all places ordinary) with his name inscribed, and the letter side of it turn'd to the stone. He was then honored with a sumptuous monument, and afterward the sculls of him and his wife *Guineuer* were taken out (to remaine as separat reliques and spectacles) by *Edward Longshanks* and *Elianaor*. Of this, *Girald*, *Leland*, *Prise*, diuers others (although *Polydore* make slight of it) haue more copious testimony. The *Bards* Songe suppose, that after the battell of *Camlan* in *Cornwall*, where trayterous *Mordred*

* *Ant. monum. in Itinerary.*
* *Waters of the Suane.*

* *Or, Dely.*
* *Beat. K. h. man. lib. 2. ser. Germanic.*

* *Orestes slain.*
* *The wonders of England.*

* *Herodotus.*
* *ib. 5.*
* *Herodotus.*

* *Chronicon.*
* *Glastenbury.*

Defens. 107.

English in meter for me thus by the Author:

The same also in effect, an excellent ^b Poet of his time thus singing it.

Worthily famous was the Abbey also from *Joseph of Arimathea* (that, ^{as} *Bartholomaeus*, as *S. Mark* calls him) here buried, which gives proof of *Christianity* in the Isle before our *LUCINS*. Hence in a Charter of liberties by *Hen. II.* to the Abbey (made in presence of *Heraclius* Patriarch of *Jerusalem*, and others) I read, ¹ *Olim à quibusdam mater sanctorum dicta est, ab alijs simulacrum sanctorum, quam ab ipsis discipulis Domini edificatam & ab ipso Domino dedicatam primum fuisse venerabilis habet antiquorum autoritas.* It goes for currant truth that a *Hawthorne* thereby on *Chrillmas* day alwayes blissemeth: which the Author tels you in that, *Trees yet in winter &c.* You may cast this into the account of your greatest wonders.

Embrac't by Selwoods sonne her flood the lonely Bry.

Selwood sends forth *Bry*, which after a winding course from *Bruton*, (so called of the River) through part of *Sedgemoor*, and *Andremore*, comes to *Glaftenbury*, & almost insles it; thence to *Gedney Moore*, & out of *Brent marsh* into *Senerne*.

The neereſt neighbouring floods to Arthurs ancient ſeat.

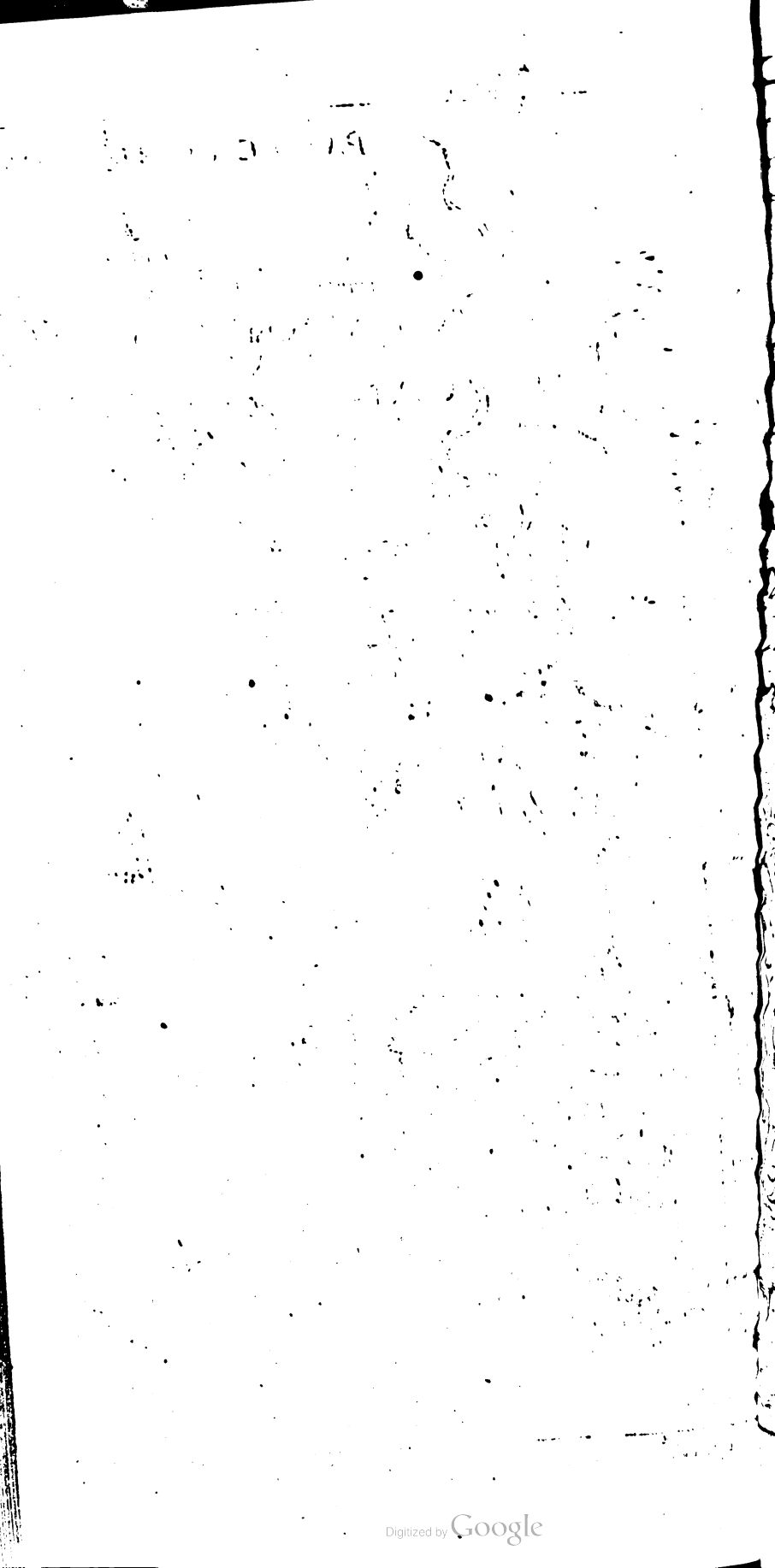
By South Cadbury is that *Camelot*, a hill of a mile compass at the top, four trenches circling it, and twixt euery of them an earthen wall; the content of it, within, about xx. acres, full of ruines and reliques of old buildings. Among Roman coines there found, and other workes of antiquity, *Stow* sprakes of a til-
 uet I forſiſhew there digged vp in the memory of our fathers: * *Dij boni* (ſaith Leland) *quos hic profundus, ſummarum ſoffarum? quos hic egeſta terra valla? quæ de-
 mum præcipitia? atq; ut paucis ſiniam, videtur mihi quid in eſſe & Atis & Naturæ miraculum.* Antique report makes this one of *Arthurs* places of his Round Table, as the Muſe here ſings. But of this more in the next Canto.

TIPS

Deo Lidgat.
18. vers. Boc-
1. cap. 14.
am. ad has
fert Aianade
volumine
ser. 10. vatic-
um. Exi. eius
ubius est.

* *Hic locust Av-*
horum ven quon-
iam Rexque su-
um est.
 * Noble Coun-
 teller.
 First Christiani-
 tie in Britain :
 but see the VIII.
 Song.
 * It was called
 the mother and
 tomb of the
 Saints.
 A Hawthorne
 blooming in
 Winter.

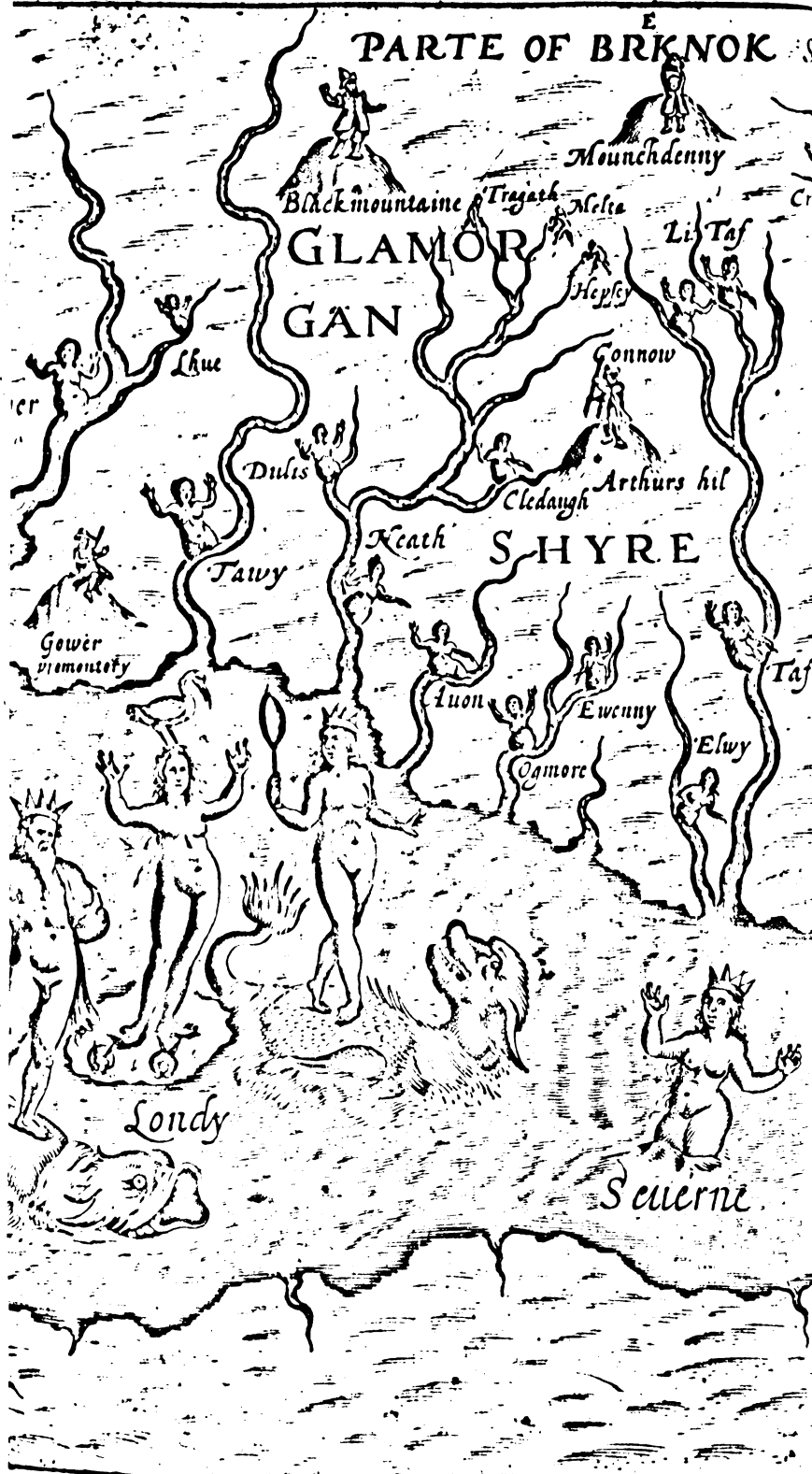
* The work-
manship of the
Ditches, Walls,
and strange
Sleepers of
them, makes it
seeme a wonder
of Art and
Nature.

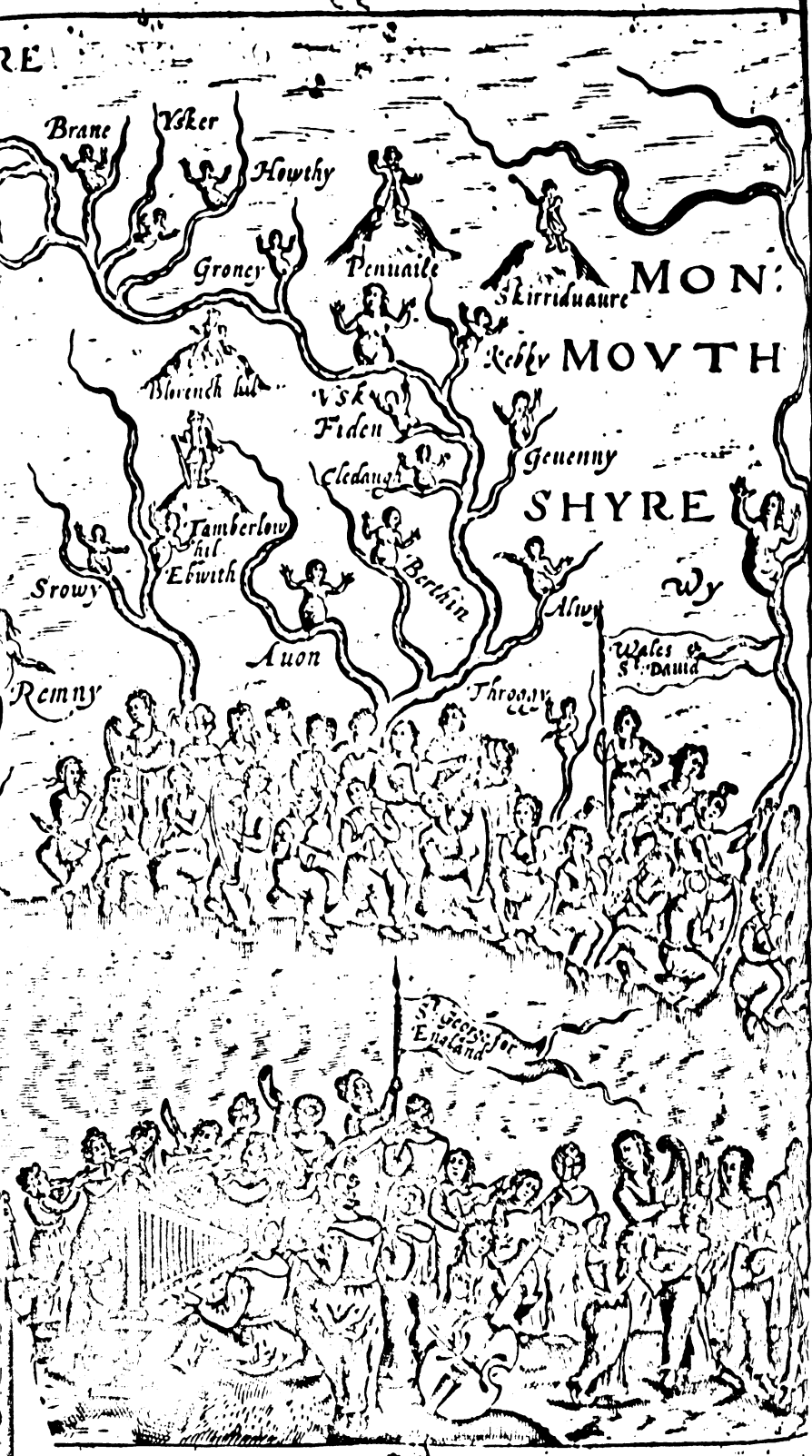


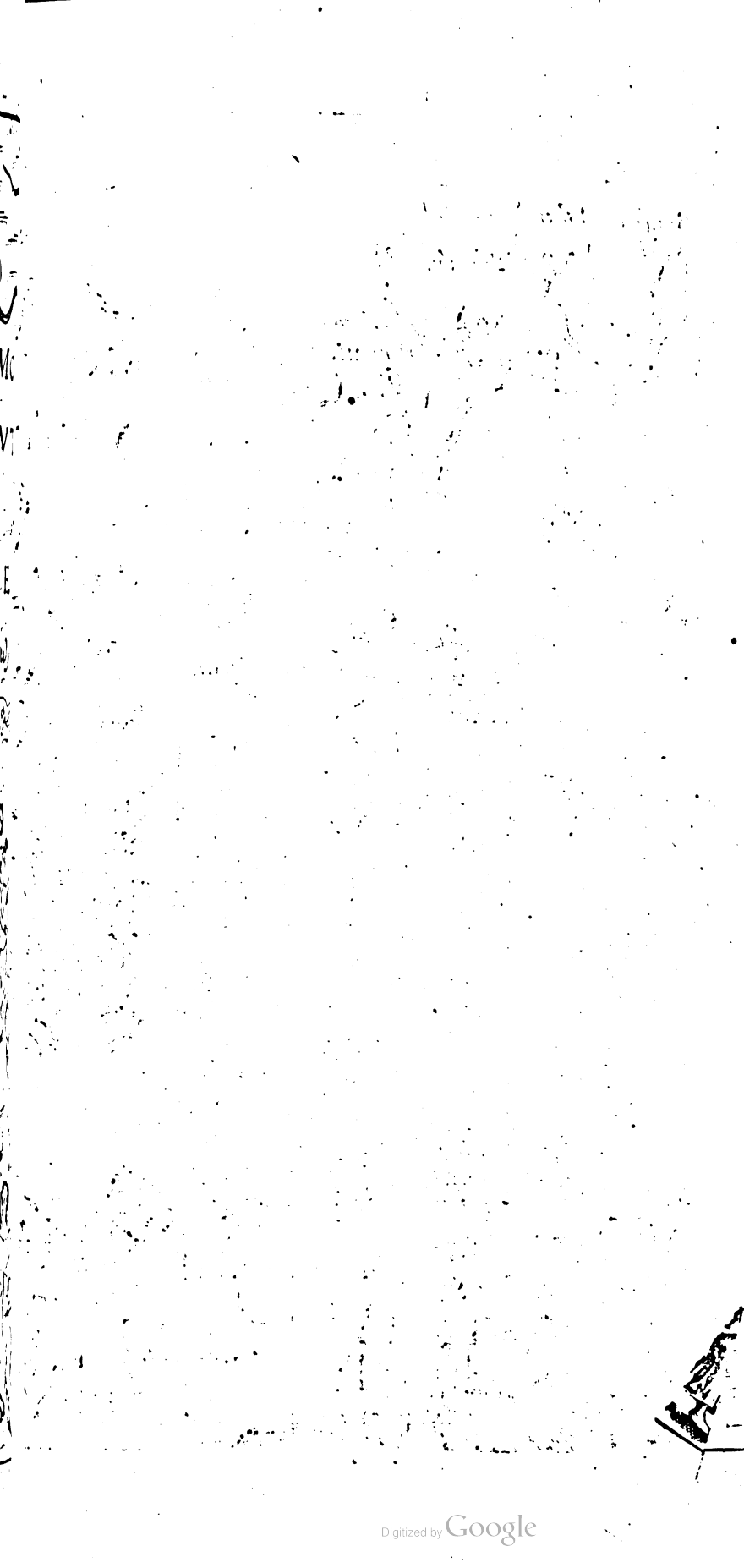
PARTE OF BRKNOK

GLAMORGAN

SHYRE









3 The fourth Song.

* THE ARGUMENT.

England and Wales strine, in this Song,
 To whether, Lundy doth belong:
 When eithers Nymphs, to cleere the doubt,
 By Musick meane to try it out.
 Of mightie Neptune leane they aske:
 Each one betakes her to her taske;
 The Brittaines, with the Harpe and Crowd;
 The English, both with still and loud.
 The Brittaines chaunt King Arthurs glory
 The English sing their Saxons storie.
 The Hills of Wales their weapons take,
 And are an uprore like to make,
 To keepe the English part in awe.
 There's heave, and shove, and hold, and draw;
 That Severne can them scarce divide,
 Till Iudgment may the Cause decide.



His while in *Sabrin's* Court strong factions strangely grew,
 Since *Cernwall* for her owne, and as her proper due,
 Claim'd *Lundy*, which was said to *Cambria* to belong,
 Who oft had sought redresse for that her ancient wrong:

But her inveterate Foe, borne-out by *Englands* might,
 O're-swaies her weaker power; that (now in eithers right)
 As *Severne* finds no Flood so great, nor poorelie meane,
 But that the naturall Spring (her force which doth maintaine)
 From this or that shee takes; so from this Faction free
 (Begun about this Ile) not one was like to bee.

This *Lundy* is a Nymph to idletoyes inclin'd;
 And, all on pleasure set, doth whollie giue her mind
 To see vpon her shores her Fowle and Conies fed,
 &c. And wantonlie to hatch the Birds of *Ganimed*.
 Of trafique or returne shee neuer taketh care:
 Not prouident of pelfe, as many Ilands are:

* From Eng-
 land or Wales.

A

A lustie black-brow'd Girle, with forehead broad and hie,
That often had bewicht the Sea-gods with her eye.
Of all the In-laid Iles her Soueraigne *Seuerne* keeps,
That bathe their amorous breasts within her secret Deepes
(To loue her ^a *Barry* much and *Silly* though thee seeme,
The *Flat Holme* and the *Steepe* as likewise to esteeme)
This noblest *British* ^a Nymph yet likes her *Lundy* best,
And to great *Neptunes* grace preferres before the rest.

Thus, ^b *Cambria* to her right that would her selfe restore,
And rather then to lose ^c *Loegria*, looks for more;
The Nymphs of either part, whom palsion doth invade,
To triall straight will goe, though *Neptune* should disswade:
But of the weaker sex, the most part full of spleene,
And onely wanting strength to wreake their angry teene,
For skill their challenge make, which euerie one protest,
And in the learned Arts (of knowledges the best,
And to th'he: oïck spirit most pleasing vnder skie)
Sweet Musick, rightlie matcht with heauenlie Poësie,
In which they all exceed: and in this kind alone
They Conquerers vow to be, or lastlie ouerthrowne.

Which when faire *Sabrine* saw (as shee is wondrous wife)
And that it were in vaine them better to aduise,
Sith this contention sprang from Countries like allid,
That shee would not be found t'incline to either side,
To mightie *Neptune* sues to haue his free consent
Due triall they might make: When he in conuient
His *Trytuns* sendeth out the challenge to proclame.

No sooner that divulg'd in his so dreadfull name,
But such a shout was sent from euerie neighboring Spring,
That the report was heard through all his Court to ring:
And from the largest Streame vnto the lesser Brooke,
Them to this wondrous taske they seriouſlie betooke:
They curl their Ivory fronts; and not the smallest Beck
But with white Pebles makes her Tawdries for her neck;
Lay forth their amorous breasts vnto the publique view,
Enamiling the white, with veines that were as blew;
Each Moore, each Marsh, each Mead, preparing rich array
To set their Riuers forth against this generall day.
Mongst Forreſts, Hills, and Floods, was ne're such heauē and shoue
Since ^d *Albion* weelded Armes against the sonne of *Ioue*.

When as the English part their courage to declare,
Them to th'appointed place immediatly prepare.
A troupe of stately Nymphs proud *Avon* with her brings
(As shee that hath the charge of wife ^e *Mineruas* Springs)
From *Stendip* tripping downe, about the tinny Mine.
And *Ax*, no lesse imploy'd about this great designe,

Leads

Certaine little
les lying with
Seuerne.

Seuerne.

^b Wales.

^c England.

^d *Albion*, *Neptunus* son, warred with *Hercules*.

^e The Bathen. All these Ri- uers you may see in the third Song.

Leads forth a lustie Rout; when *Bry*, with all her throng
(With very madnes swolne that she had staid so long)
Comes from the boggie Mears and queachy fens below;
That *Parret* (highly pleas'd to see the gallant show)
Set out with such a traine as bore so great a way,
The soyle but scarcely serues to giue her hugenelle way.

Then the *Denonian Tawe*, from *Dertmore* deckt with pearle,
Vnto the conflict comes: with her that gallant Girle
§. *Cleere Towridge*, whom they fear'd would haue estrang'd her fall;
Whose comming, lastlie, bred such courage in them all,
As drew downe many a Nymph from the *Cornubian* shore,
That paint their goodlie breasts with sundrie sorts of Ore.

The *British*, that this while had stood a view to take
What to her vtmost power the publique Foe could make,
But slightlie weigh their strength: for, by her naturall kind,
As still the *Britan* beares a braue and noble mind;
So, trusting to their skill, and goodnes of their Cause,
For speedie Triall call, and for indifferent Lawes.

At length, by both allow'd, it to this issue grew;
To make a likely choise of some most expert crew,
Whose number comming neere vnto the others dowre,
The *English* should not vrge they were o're-borne by powre.

§. Yet hardlie vpon *Powse* they dare their hopes to lay,
For that shee hath commerce with *England* euery day:
§. Nor *Rosse*; for that too much shee Aliens doth respect;
And following them, forgoes her ancient Dialect.

The * *Venedotian* Floods, that ancient *Britans* were,
The Mountaines kept them backe, and shut them in the Reare:
But *Brecknock*, long time knowne a Country of much worth,
Vnto this conflict brings her goodly Fountaines forth:

For almost not a Brooke of ^b *Morgany*, nor *Gwent*,
But from her fruitfull wombe doe fetch their hie descent.
For *Breccan*, was a Prince once fortunate and great
(Who dying, lent his name to that his nobler seat)
With * twice twelue daughters blest, by one and onely wife:

Who for their beauties rare, and sanctitie of life,
To Riuer were transform'd; whose purencis doth declare
How excellent they were, by beeing what they are:
Who dying virgins all, and Riuer now by Fate,
To tell their former loue to the vnmarried state,
To *Senerne* shape their course, which now their forme doth beare;
Ere shee was made a flood, a virgine as they were.

And from the *Irish* seas with feare they still doe flie:
So much they yet delight in maydest companie.

Then most renowned *Wales*, thou famous ancient place,
Which still hast been the Nurse of all the *British* race,

Since

* Floods of North-wales.

* *Glamorgan* & *Ad Smoolt* / *Arms*.

* A supposed metamorphosis of *Breccan* daughters.

Since Nature thee denies that purple-cluster'd Vine,
Which others Temples chafes with fragrant sparkling Wine;
And being now in hand, to write thy glorious praise;
Fill me a bowle of *Meath*, my working spirit to raise:
And ere scuen Bookes haue end, I'll strike so high a string,
Thy *Bards* shall stand amaz'd with wonder, whilst I sing;
§. That *Talieffen*, once which made the Riuers dance,
And in his rapture raiz'd the Mountaines from their trance,
Shall tremble at my Verse, rebounding from the skies;
Which like an earth-quake shakes the Tomb wherein he lies.

First our triumphing Muse of sprightly *Vsike* shall tell,
And what to euery Nymph attending her, befell:
VVhich *Cray* and *Camlas* first for Pages doth reteane;
VVith whom the next in place comes in the tripping *Breane*,
VVith *Isker*; and with her comes *Hodny* fine and cleere,
Of *Brecknock* best belov'd, the Soueraigne of the Sheere:
And *Grony*, at an inch, waits on her Mistris heeles.
But entring (at the last) the *Monumethian* fields,
Small *Fidan*, with *Cledaugh*, increase her goodly Menie,
Short *Kelby*, and the Brooke that christneth *Abergeny*.

VVith all her watry traine, when now at last she came
Vnto that happie Towne which beares her * onely name,
Bright *Birthin*, with her friend faire *Olwy*, kindly meet her;
VVhich for her present haste, haue scarcely time to greet her:
But earnest on her way, she needfly will be gone;
So much she longs to see the ancient *Carleon*.

When *Avon* commeth in, then which amongst them all
A finer is not found betwixt her head and fall.

Then *Ebwith*, and with her slides *Srowy*; which forelay
Her progresse, and for *Vsike* keepe entrance to the Sea.

When *Munno*, all this while, that (for her owne behoofe)
From this their great recourse had strangely stood aloofe,
Made proude by *Monmouths* name appointed her by Fate,
Of all the rest herein obserued speciall state.

For once the *Bards* foretold she should produce a * King,
VVhich euerslasting praise to her great name should bring,
VVho by his conquering sword should all the land surpris,
Which twixt the *Penmenmaur* and the *Pyreni* lies:

She therefore is allow'd her leasure; and by her

They winne the goodly *Wye*, whome strongly she doth stirre:

Her powerfull helpe to lend: which else she had denide,

Because her selfe so oft to *England* she allyed:

But b'ing by *Munno* made for *Wales*, away she goes.

Which when as *Throggy* sees, her selfe she headlong throwes

Into the watry throng, with many another Rill,

Repairing to the Welch, their number vp to fill.

That

* Monmouth.

* Henry the 5th,
slew at Monmouth.

* A maritime
hill in Carmarthen
Shire.
* Hills diuiding
Spain and
France.

the fourth Song.

54

That *Renny* when she saw, these gallant Nymphs of *Gwent*,
On this appointed match, were all so hottie bent,
Where shee of ancient time had parted, as a Mound
The *Nonnetbian* fields, and *Glamorganian* ground,
Intreats the *Tasse* along, as gray as any glaife:
With whom cleere *Cunno* comes, a lustie *Cambrian* Lasse:
Then *Elwy*, and with her *Exenny* holds her way,
And *Ogmere*, that would yet be there as soone as they,
By *Avon* called in: when nimble *Neasbanon*
(To all the neighbouring Nymphs for her rare beauties knowne;
Besides her double head, to helpe her streame that hath
Her handmaids, *Melta* sweet, cleere *Hepsey*, and *Tragath*)
From *Brecknock* forth doth breake; then *Dulas* and *Cledaugh*,
By * *Morgany* doe driue her through her watry * laugh;
With *Tary*, taking part i' a lilt the *Cambrian* power:
§. Then *Lhu* and *Zogor*, giuen to strengthen them by *Gowr*.

* *Glamorgan*,
* A kind of
Trench.

Mongst whom, some *Bards* there were, that in their sacred rage
Recorded the Descents, and acts of euerie Age.
Some with their nimble ioynts that strooke the warbling string;
In fingering some vnskil, but onelie vs'd to sing
Vnto the others Harpe: of which you both might find
Great plentie, and of both excellling in their kind,
§. That at the *Stethus* oft obtain'd a Victors praise,
Had wonne the *Siluer Harpe*, and worne *Apollos* Bayes:
Whose Verses they deduct from those first golden times,
Of sundry sorts of Feet, and sundry sutes of Rimes.
In ^b *Englins* some there were that on their subiect straine;
Some Makers that againe affect the lostier vaine,
Rehearse their high conceits in *Cowiths*: other some
In *Owdells* theirs expresse, as matter haps to come;
So varying still their Moods, obseruing yet in all
Their Quantities, their Rests, their Ceasures metricall:
For to that sacred skill they most themselves apply;
Addicted from their births so much to Poësie,
That in the Mountaines those who scarce haue scene a *Booke*,
Most skilfully will * make, as though from Art they tooke.

^b *Englins*,
Coonts, and
Abdells,
Breath turnes
of verses. See
the Illustra-
ons.

* A word, vied
by the Anci-
ents, signify-
ing to variely.

And as *Loegria* spares not any thing of worth
That any way might set her goodly Rivers forth,
As stones by nature cut from the *Cornubian* Strond;
Her *Dertmore* sends them Pearle; *Rock-vincent*, Diamond;
So *Cambria*, of her Nymphs especiall care will haue.
For *Conny* sends them Pearle to make them wondrous braues;
The sacred * *Virgins-uuell*, her mosse most sweet and rare,
Against infectious damps for Pomander to weare:
And ^d *Goldcliff* of his Ore in plentious sort allowes,
To spangle their attyers, and deck their amorous browes.

* *Salon Wind-
frids Well*,
^d A glistening
Rock in *Mon-
mouthshire*.

And

see the eight
page.

In Monmouth
shire.

And lastlie, holie *Dee* (whose pray'rs were highly priz'd,
As one in heauenlie things deuoutlie exercis'd:
Who,* changing of his Foards, by divination had
Fore-told the neighboring folke of fortune good or bad)
In their intended course sith needs they will proceed,
His Benediction sends in way of happy speed.
And though there were such haste vnto this long-lookt howre,
Yet let they not to call vpon th'Eternall Power.
For, who will haue his worke his wished end to winne,
Let him with hartie prayer religiouse beginne.
Wherefore the *English* part, with full deuout intent,
In meet and godlie sort to *Glastenbury* sent,
Beseeching of the Saints in *Avalen* that were,
There offering at their Tombes for euerie one a teare,
S. And humblie to Saint *George* their Countries Patron pray,
To prosper their designe now in this mightie day.

The *Britans*, like deuout, their Messengers direct
To *David*, that he would their ancient right protect.
Mongst *Hatterills* loftie hills, that with the cloudes are crown'd,
The Vally ^b *Enias* lies, immur'd so deep and round,
As they belowe that see the Mountaines rile so lie,
Might thinke the stragling Heards were grazing in the skie:
Which in it such a shape of solitude doth beare,
As Nature at the first appointed it for pray'r:
VWhere, in an aged Cell, with mosse and lvie growne,
In which, not to this day the Sunne hath euer showne,
That reuerent *British* Saint in zealous Ages past,
To contemplation liu'd; and did so trulie fast,
As he did onelie drinke what crysell *Hodney* yeelds,
And led vpon the Lecks he gather'd in the fields.
In memorie of whom, in the reuoluing yeere
The Welch-men on his day that sacred herbe doe weare:
Where, of that holie man, as humblie they doe craue,
That in their iust defence they might his furtherance haue.

Thus eicher, well prepard the others power before,
Conuenientlie be'ing plac't vpon their equall shore;
The *Britans*, to whose lot the Onset doth belong,
Giue signall to the l'oe for silence to their Song.

To tell each various Straine and turning of their Rimes,
How this in compasse falls, or that in sharpenel climes
(As where they rest and rile, how take it one from one,
As euery leuerall Chord hath a peculiar Tone)
Euen Memorie her selfe, though strining, would come short:
But the materiall things Muse helpe me to report.

As first, t'assront the Foe, in th'ancient *Britans* right,
With *Arthur* they begin, their most renowned Knight;

The

the fourth Song.

61

* Archer, one
of the nine
Worthies.

* E. Arthur.

As

The richness of the Armes their well-made * Worthie wore,
The temper of his sword the (try'd *Escalaboure*)
The bignes and the length of *Rone*, his noble Speare;
With *Pridwin* his great Shield, and what the prooffe could beare;
His Baudrick how adorn'd with stones of wondrous price,
§. The sacred Virgins shape he bore for his deuice;
These monuments of worth, the ancient *Britans* song.

Now, doubting least these things might hold them but too long,
His warres they tooke to task; the Land then ouer-layd
With those proud *German* powers: when, calling to his ayde
His kinsman *Howell*, brought from *Britany* the lefle,
Their Armies they vnite, both swearing to suppressle
The *Saxon*, hee that fought through conquest all to gaine.

On whom he chanc't to light at *Lincolne*: where the Plaine
Each where from side to side lay scatter'd with the dead.
And when the conquer'd Foe, that from the conflict fled,
Berooke them to the woods, hee neuer left them there
Vntill the *British* earth he forc't them to forswear.
And as his actions role, so raile they still their veine,
In words, whose weight best fite a sublimated Straine.

§. They sung how he, him selfe at *Baden* bore that day,
When at the glorious Gole his *British* Scepter lay:
Two daies together how the battell stronglie stood:
b *Pendragons* worthie sonne who waded there in blood,
Three hundred *Saxons* slew with his owne valiant hand.

And after (cald, the *Piſt*, and *Irish* to withstand)
How he, by force of Armes *Albania* ouer-ran,
Pursuing of the *Piſt* beyond Mount *Calidon*:
There strongly shut them vp whom stoutly he subdu'd.

How *Gillamore* againe to *Ireland* he persui'd
So oft as he presum'd the envious *Piſt* to ayde:
And hauing slaine the King, the Country waste hee laid.

To *Goth-land* how againe this Conqueror maketh forth
With his so prosperous powers into the furthest North:
Where, *Island* first he wonne, and *Orkney* after got.

To *Norway* sayling next with his deere Nephew *Lot*,
By deadlie dint of sword did *Ricoll* there defeat:
And hauing plac't the Prince on that *Norwegian* seat,
How this courageous King did *Denmarke* then controule:
That scarcelie there was found a Countrie to the Pole
That dreaded not his deeds, too long that were to tell.

And after these, in *France* th'adventures him befell
At *Paris*, in the Lists, where he with *Flollie* fought;
The Emperor *Leons* power to raile his Siege that brought.

Then brauelie set they forth, in combat how these Knights
On horseback and on foote perform'd their severall fights:

G

As with what maruailous force each other they assaild,
How mighty *Flollie* first, how *Arthur* then prevail'd;
For best advantage how they trauerfed their grounds,
The horrid blowes they lent, the world-amazing wounds,
Vntill the Tribune, tyr'd, sanke vnder *Arthurs* sword.

Then sing they how hee first ordain'd the Circled-board,
The Knights whose martiall deeds farre fam'd that *Table-round*;
Which, truest in their loues; which, most in Armes renown'd:
The Lawes, which long vp-held that Order, they report;
§. The *Pentecosts* prepar'd at *Carleon* in his Court,
That Tables ancient leate; her Temples and her Groues,
Her Palaces, her Walks, Baths, Theaters, and Stoues:
Her Academie, then, as likewise they prefer:
Of *Camilot* they sing, and then of *Winchester*.

The feasts that vnder-ground the Faërie did him make,
And there how he enioyd the Lady of the Lake.

Then told they, how him selfe great *Arthur* did advance,
To meet (with his Allies) that puissant force in *France*,
By *Lucius* thither led; those Armies that while-ere
Affrighted all the world, by him strooke dead with feare:
Th report of his great Acts that ouer Europe ran,
In that most famous Field he with the Emperor wan:
As how great *Rythons* selfe hee slew in his repaire,
Who rauisht *Howells* Neece, young *Hellens* the faire;
And for a Trophy brought the Giants coat away
Made of the beards of Kings. Then brauelie chanted they
The seuerall twelue pitcht Fields he with the *Saxons* fought:
The certaine day and place to memorie they brought;
Then by false *Mordreds* hand how last hee chanc't to fall,
The howre of his decease, his place of buriall.

When out the *English* cry'd, to interrupt their Song:
But they, which knew to this more matter must belong,
Not out at all for that, nor any whit disinay'd,
But to their well-tun'd Harps their fingers closelie laid:
Twixt euery one of which they plac't their Countries Crowd,
And with courageous spirits thus boldly sang aloud;
How *Merlin* by his skill, and Magiques wondrous might,
From *Ireland* hither brought the *Stonendge* in a night:
§. And for *Carmar dens* sake, would faine haue brought to passe,
About it to haue built a vvall of solid Brasse:
And set his Fiends to work vpon the mightie frame;
Some to the Anvile: some, that still inforc't the flame:
But whilst it was in hand, by louing of an Elfe
(For all his wondrous skill) was coosned by him selfe.
For, walking with his *Fay*, her to the Rocke hee brought,
In which hee oft before his Nigromancies wrought:

And

And going in thereat his Magiques to haue showne,
 Shee stopt the Cauerns mouth with an enchanted stone:
 Whose cunning strongly crost, amaz'd whilst he did stand,
 Shee captiue him convey'd vnto the *Fairie Land*.

Then, how the laboring spirits, to Rocks by setters bound,
 With bellowes rumbling groanes, and hammers thundring sound,
 A fearefull horrid dinne still in the Earth doe keepe,
 Their Master to awake, suppos'd by them to sleepe;
 As at their work how still the griued spirits repine,
 Tormented in the Fire, and tyred at the Mine.

VVhen now the *British* side scarce finished their Song,
 But th'*English* that repyn'd to be delay'd so long,
 All quicklie at the hint, as with one free consent,
 Strooke vp at once and sung each to the Instrument;
 (Of sundry sorts that were, as the Musician likes)
 On which the practic'd hand with perfect st fingring strikes,
 Whereby their height of skill might liueliest be exprest.
 The trembling Lute some touch, some straine the Violl best
 In sets which there were scene, the musick wondrous choice:
 Some likewise there affect the Gamba with the voice,
 To shew that *England* could varietie afford.

Some that delight to touch the sterner wyerie Chord,
 The Cythron, the Pandore, and the Theorbo strike:
 The Gittern and the Kit the wandring Fidlers like.
 So werethere some againe, in this their learned strife
 Loud Instruments that lov'd; the Cornet and the Phise,
 The Hoboy, Sagbut deepe, Recorder, and the Flute:
 Euen from the shrillest Shawme vnto the Cornamute.
 Some blowe the Bagpipe vp, that plaies the Country-round:
 The Taber and the Pipe, some take delight to sound.

Of *Germanie* they sung the long and ancient fame,
 From whence their noble Sires the valiant *Saxons* came,
 Who sought by Sea and Land Adventures farre and neere;
 And seizing at the last vpon the *Britans* heere,
 Surpriz'd the spacious Ile, which still for theirs they hold:
 As in that Countries praise how in those times of old,
 S. *Tuisco*, *Gomers* sonne, from * vnbuile *Babell* brought
 His people to that place, with most high knowledge fraught,
 And vnder wholsome Lawes establisht their abroad;
 Whom his *Tudesks* since haue honor'd as a God:
 Whole cleare creation made them absolute in all,
 Retaining till this time their pure Originall.
 And as they boast themselves the Nation most vnmixt,
 Their language as at first, their ancient customes fixt,
 The people of the world most hardie, wise and strong;
 So gloriously they show, that all the rest among

The sundry
 Musiques of
 England.

* Gen. 11.32.

The *Saxons* of her sorts the very noblest were:
 And of those crooked Skaines they vs'd in vvarre to beare,
 Which in their thundring tongue, the *Germans*, *Handseax* name,
 §. They *Saxons* first were call'd: whose farre extended fame
 For hardinels in warre, whom danger neuer fraid,
 Allur'd the *Britans* here to call them to their ayde:
 From whom they after rest *Loegria* as their own,
Brutes of spring then too weake to keepe it beeing grown.

This told: the Nymphs againe, in nimbler straines of wit,
 Next nearly come about, the *Englismen* to quit
 Of that inglorious blot by *Bastard William* brought
 Vpon this conquered Ile: then which Fate neuer wrought
 A fitter meane (say they) great *Germany* to grace;
 To graft againe in one, two Remnants of her race:
 Vpon their seuerall waies, two seuerall times that went
 To forrage for themselves. The first of which shew sent
 §. To get their seat in *Gaul*: which on *Nuestria* light,
 And (in a famous warre the *Frenchmen* put to flight)
 Possess that fruitfull place, where onely from their name
 §. Call'd *North-men* (from the North of *Germanie* that came,
 Who thence expeld the *Gaules*, and did their roomes supply)
 This, first *Nuestria* nam'd, was then call'd *Normandy*.
 That by this meanes, the lesse (in conquering of the great)
 Be'ing drawne from their late home vnto this ampler seat,
 Resyding heere, resign'd what they before had wonne;
 §. That as the Conquerors blood, did to the conquered runne:
 So kindlie beeing mixt, and vp together growne,
 As seuered, they were hers; vnited, stil her owne.

But these mysterious things desisting now to show
 (The secret works of heauen) to long Descents they goe:
 How *Egelred* (the Sire of *Edward* the last King
 Of th'English *Saxon* Line) by nobly marrying
 With hardie *Richards* heire, the *Norman Emma*, bred
 Alliance in their bloods. Like Brooks that from one head
 Beare seuerall waies (as though to sundry Seas to hast)
 But by the varying foyle, int'one againe are cast:
 So chanced it in this the neernes of their blood.
 For when as *Englands* right in question after stood,
 Proud *Harould*, *Goodwins* heire, the Scepter hauing wonne
 From *Edgar Etheling* young, the outlaw'd *Edwards* sonne;
 The valiant *Bastard* this his onelie colour made,
 With his braue *Norman* powers this kingdome to invade.
 Which leauing, they proceed to Pedigrees againe,
 Their after-Kings to fetch from that old *Saxon* straine;
 From *Margarit* that was made the *Scottish Malcoms* Bride,
 Who to her Grandfire had courageous *Ironside*:

Which

The Normans
and the Saxons
of one blood.

The Normans
lost that name
and became
English.

Which out-law'd *Edward* left; whole wife to him did bring
 This *Margarit* Queene of *Scots*, and *Edgar* *Esbeling*;
 That *Margarit* brought forth *Maud*; which gracious *Matolme* gaue
 To *Henry* *Benclarks* bed (so Fate it pleas'd to haue)
 §. Who him a daughter brought; which heauen did strangely spare:
 And for the speciall loue he to the mother bare,
 Her *Mau*de againe he nam'd, to th' *Almain* Emperor wed:
 Whose Dowager whilst shee liu'd (her puissant *Cesar* dead)
 She th' Earle of *Anion* next to husband doth prefer.
 The second *Henry* then by him begot of her,
 Into the *Saxon* Line the Scepter thus doth bring.

Then presently againe prepare themselues to sing
 The sundry foraine Fields the *Engl'sh* men had fought.
 Which when the Mountaines sawe (and not in vaine) they thought
 That if they still went on as thus they had begon,
 Then from the *Cambrian* Nymphs (sure) *Lundy* would be won.
 And therefore from their first they challeng'd them to flie;
 And (idly running on with vaine prolixitie)
 A larger subiect tooke then it was fit they should.

But, whilst those would proceed, these threatening them to hold,
 * *Black-Mountaine* for the loue he to his Country bare,
 As to the beaurious *Eske*, his ioy and onely care
 (In whose defence appeare more sterne and full of dread)
 Put on a Helme of clouds vpon his rugged head.
Mounchdeny doth the like for his beloued *Tawe*:
 VVhich quicklie all the rest by their example drawe:
 As *Hatterell* in the right of ancient *Wales* will stand.

To these three Mountaines, first of the *Erekinnian* Band,
 The *Monumethian* Hills, like insolent and stout,
 On loffie tip-toes then began to looke about;
 That *Skeridvaur* at last (a Mountaine much in might,
 In hunting that had set his absolute delight)
 Caught vp his * Country Hooke; nor cares for future harmes,
 But irefully enrag'd, would needs to open Armes:

Which quicklie put ^b *Pewayle* in such outrageous heat;
 That whilst for verie teene his hairelesse scalpe doth sweat,
 The *Blorench* looketh bigge vpon his bared crowne:
 And tall *Tomberlow* seemes to terribly to frowne,
 That where it was suppos'd with small adoe or none
 Th'euent of this debate would easely haue been known,
 Such strange tumultuous stirres vpon this strife enſue,
 As where all griefes should end, old sorrowes still reneue:
 That *Severne* thus forewarn'd to looke vnto the worst
 (And findes the latter ill more dangerous then the first)
 The doome she should pronounce, yet for a while delay'd,
 Till these rebellious routs by iustice might be stay'd.

* These & the
 rest following
 the famousst
 Hills in Brei-
 work, Glamer-
 gen, and Mon-
 mouth.

* Welch-hooke.

^b So named of
 his bald head.

A period that doth put to my Discourse so long,
To finish this debate the next ensuing Song.

Illustrations.

OVER *Seuerne* (but visiting *Lundy*, a little Ile twixt *Hartland* and *Gowen* point) you are transported into *Wales*. Your travels with the Mufe are most of all in *Monmouth*, *Glamorgan*, and the South maritime shires.

And wantonly to hatch the Birds of Ganymed.

Walter Baker a Canon of *Osney* (Interpreter of *Thomas de la Moeres* life of *Edward the II.*) affirms, that it commonly breeds Conies, Pigeons, & *Strucanagros* vocat *Alexander Nechamus* (so you must read, * not *Nechristum*, as the *Francfort* print senselessly mistooke with *Conday*, for *Lundy*) *Ganymedis* aves. What he means by his Birds of *Ganymed*, out of the name, vniuersally Eagles or Ostriches (as the common fiction of the *Catamites* saithment, and this French Latine word of the Translator would) I collect not. But rather read also *Palamedis* aves, Cranes of which * *Necham* indeed hath a whole Chapter: what the other should be, or whence reason of the name comes, I confesse I am ignorant.

Cleare Towridge whom they feared would haue estrang'd her fall.

For the rising neere *Hartland*, wantonly runnes to *Hauberlay* in *Denon*, as if she would to the Southerne Ocean, but returniug, there at last is discharged into the *Seuerne* Sea.

Yet hardly vpon Powle they dare their hopes to lay.

Wales had * her three parts, *Northwales*, *Southwales*, and *Powis*. The last, as the middle twixt the other, extended from *Cardigan* to *Shropshire*, and on the English side from *Chester* to *Hereford* (being the portion of *Anarawd*, sonneto great *Roderique*) beares this accusation, because it comprehends, for the most, both Nations and both tongues. But see for this diuision to the *VII.* Song.

Nor Rosse for that too much she aliens doth respect.

Vnder *Henry I* a Colony of *Flemings* driuen out of their country by inundation, and kindly receiued here in respect of that alliance which the K. had with their Earle (for his mother *Maud* wife to the Conqueror, was daughter to *Baldwin* Earle of *Flanders*) afterward vpon difference twixt the K. and Earle *Robert*, were out of diuers parts, but especially *Northumberland*, where they most of all (as it seemes by *Houeden*) had residence, constrained into *Rosse* * in *Penbroke*, which retaines yet in name and tongue expresse notes of being aliens to the *Cambro-Britains*. See the Author in his next Song.

That Taliesin once which made the Rixers dance.

Taliesin (not *Telefin*, as *Bale* calls him) a learned Bard, stiled * *Ben Beirdd*, i. the chiefe of the Bards, Master to *Merlin Syluester*, liued about *Arthurs* reigne, whose acts his Mufe hath celebrated.

* *Thodela*
Moore owns-
dotes.

* *Deruon* no-
tural lib. 1.

Tripartit di-
uision of
Wales.
* *Gerald* descrips
cap. 2. of *Powel*
and *Coradoc*.
Lancharnan.

* So called per-
haps because it
is almost in-
closed within the
Sea, and *Uloger*
as *Rosay* in
Scotland, ex-
pressing almost
an Ile. *Buchan*
an *Ile*. *John*
Engleme 4.
* *Pris.* in de-
scrips. *Wallas*.

W. 17. 17. 17.

With Lhm and Lhogor given, so strengthen them by Gower.

Twice Nerb and Lhogor in Glamorgan is this Gower, a little province, extended into the Sea as a Chetronelle, out of it on the West, rise these two Rivers meant by the Author.

That at the Stechua oft obtained a Victors praise.

Understand this *Steichua* to be the meeting of the British Poets and Minstrels, for tryall of their Poems and Musique sufficiencies, where the best had his reward, a Silver Harpe. Some examples of it vnder *Rees ap Griffith*, Prince of *South Wales*, in the yeare 1150. c. 115. v. 1. A custome so good, that, had it bene ludiciously obserued, truth of Storie had not bene so vncertain: for there was, by supposse, a correction of what was faulty in forme or matter or at least a censure of the hearers vpon what was recited. As (according to the Roman vse, it is noted, that *Girald of Cambria*, when he had written his *Topograpby* of Ireland, made at three severall dayes severall recitals of his 112. distinctions in Oxford, of which course some haue wisht a recontinuance, that cyther amendment of opinion or change of purpose in publishing, might preuent blazoned errors. The sorts of these Poets and Minstrels out of Doctor *Porells* interinserted annotations vpon *Caradoc Llancarnan*, I note to you, first *Reidrhi*, otherwise *Prydnids* (called in *Athenians*, *Lucan* & others, *Rardi*) who, somewhat like the *Pagani* among the *Gresks*, * *sortia virorum illu'strum salu' heracis composita versibus cum dulcibus lyra modulis cantabant*, which was the chiefest forme of the ancientest musique among the Gentiles, as *Zarlino* hath fully collected. Their charge also as Heraults, was to describe and preferue pedegrees, wherein their line ascendent went from the *Petrucius* to *B. M.* thence to *Syllius* and *Acaninus*, from them to *Alam*. Thus *Girald* reporting, hath his *B. M.* in some copies by transcription of ignorant Monkes (forgetting their tenent of perpetuall virginity, and that relation of *Tradesman*) turned into *Beata Maria*, whereas it stands for *Belinum Alagnum* (that was *Ieli*, in their writers, father to *Lud* and *Casibelin*) to whom their genealogies had alwayes reference. The second are which play on the Harp and *Crowd*, their musique for the most part came out of Ireland with *Gruffith ap Conan* Pr. of *North Wales*, about K. *Steph.* time. This *Gruffith* reformed the abuses of those Minstrels by a particular statut, extant to this day. The third are called *Ateneaid*, they sing to instruments playd on by others. For the English, *Cpsdhs* and *Adls*, the first are couplets interchanged of XVI. & XIII. feet calld *Paladitris* & *Pensels*, the second of equall tetrameters, the third of variety in both rime and quantity. Subdiuision of them, and better information may be had in the laborat imitations of the *Cymraeg* language by *David ap Rees*. Of their musique anciently, out of an old writer read this: *Non uniformiter, ut alibi, sed multipliciter multisq; modis & modulis cantilenas emittunt, adeo ut, turbâ canentium, quorū videas capitatos audias carmina, discriminaq; vocum varia, in vnam deniq; sub B. molis dulcedine blanda, consonantiam & organicam conuenientia melodiam*. A good Musician will better vnderstand it, then I that transcribe it. But by it you see they especially affected the mind composing *Dorique* (which is shewed in that of an old author, affirming that *it was the* Western people of the world constituted vse of musique in their assemblies, though the *Irish* (from whence they learned) were wholly for the sprightfull *Pbrygian*. See the next Canto.

And

* *Antiquis hinc
et modis canen-
tis multisq; docti-
mus & scholasticis.*
* *Antiphona & hinc
Cyprianus fons
de Alator.*
* *Censura vpon
boukes publi-
shed.*
* *Cant in Epif.
Fol. om. Grouis.*
* *ad old. Anglit.*
* *Norm. & c.*
* *Did sing the
vibrant de eds of
famous men
to the sweet
melody of the
Harp.*
* *Amian Mar-
celin. lib. 1. c. 9.*
* *Parte secunda
cap. 4. & 9.*
* *Dan. Pouch. ad
Girald. de script.*
* *cap. 9.*
* *Sand. in l. 1.*
* *S. Mary.*
* *For the Harp
and other mu-
sique instru-
ments, their
forme and an-
tiquity, see to the
V. 1. Song 1
whether a spe-
ciall occasion
compeld it.*
* *Quantity of
the Bards
verses.*
* *Forme of the
British musique.*
* *Marian.*
* *Hieracius. ad
magis p. 1.*
* *To make
them gentle
natured.*
* *Girald. Topog.
lib. 3. cap. 11.*

And humbly to S. George their Countries Patron pray.

Our Author (a iudgement day thus appointed twice the Water-Nymphs) seems to allude to the course vs'd of old with vs, that those which were to end their cause by combat, were sent to Icturall Saints for Inuocation, as in our Law-annals appeares. For *S. George, that he is patron to the English, as S. Denis, S. James, S. Patrique, S. Andrew, S. Antony, S. Mark, to the French, Spanish, Irish, Scottish, Italian, Venetian, scarce any is, that knows not. Who he was & when the English tooke him, is not so manifest. The old Martyrologies giue, with vs, to the honor of his birth the XXIII. of April. His passion is supposed in Diocletian's persecution. His country Cappadocia. His acts are diuers and strange, reported by his seruant Paficates, Symeon Metaphrastes, and lately collected by Surius. As for his Knightly forme, and the dragon vnder him, as he is pictured in Reryb & Citie of Cyprus, with a yong maide kneeling to him, an vnwarrantable report goes that it was for his martiall deliuey of the Kings daughter from the Dragon, as Hefione and Andromeda were from the Whales by Hercules and Perseus. Your more neat iudgements, finding no such matter in true antiquity, rather make it symbolical then truly proper. So that some account him an allegory of our Saviour Christ, and our admired *Spencer hath made him an embleme of Religion. So Chancer to the Knights of that order.

— but for Gods pleasure
And his mother, and his signifiante
That he ben of S. Georges luerie
Doth him seruence and brightly obeisance
For Christs cause is his, well known pee.

Others interpret that picture of him as some country or Citie (signified by the Virgin) imploring his aide against the Diuell, charactered in the Dragon. Of him you may particularly see, especially in *Vguards* martyrologie, and *Baronius* his annotations vpon the *Roman* Calendar, with *Erhard Celty* his description of *Frederique* Duke of *Wittembergs* installation in the Garter, by fauour of our present Soueraigne. But what is deliuered of him in the Legend, euen the Church of *Rome* hath disallowed in these words; *That not so made as any scandal may rise in the holy Roman Church, the passions of S. George, and such like, supposed to be written by heretiques, are not read in it.* But you may better believe the Legend, then that he was a *Concuntry* man borne, with his *Caleis* Lady of the woods, or that he descended from the *Saxon* race, and such like, which some English fictions deuier. His name (as generally * also *S. Maurice* and *S. Sebastian*) was anciently cald on by Christians as an aduocat of victory (when in the Church that kind of doctrine was) so that our particular right to him (although they say * *K. Arthur* bare him in one of his Banners) appears not vntill *Ed. III* consecrated to S. George the Knightly order of the Garter, * tooone after the victory at *Caleis* against the *French*, in which his Inuocation was. *Pa. S. Edward*, *Pa. S. George*. Some authority referres this to *Richard Cœur de Lion*, who supposed himself comforted by S. George in his warres against the *Turkes* and *Harems*. But how soeuer, since that he hath bene a Patron among others, as in that of *Frederique* the thirds institution of the quadripartite society of S. Georges shield, and more of that nature, you finde. And vnder *Hen VII* it was enacted, that the *Irish* should leaue their *Cramab* and *Builcrab* words of vnlawfull patronage, and name themselves as vnder S. George, an true King of England. More proper is *S. Deny* (we call him *S. David*) to the *Welsh*. Reports of him affirm that he was of that country, vncle to *K. Arthur* (Bale and others say, gotten vpon *Melaria a Nuanne*, by *Xintus Prince of Cardigan*) and succellor to *Dulrice* Archi-

Ed. 3. M.
opelophon
in uenulo
Grace apud
romano, fute
pulois, fute
rom exlois,
ad n. Tropo
dormo?

Perry Q lib.

C. Sancta Rem.
reclaf. 3. d. 11. 15.
Gelafius PP.
Ord. Rom. de
dind. off. 11. 15.
apud Baronium
in martyrolog.
Harding cap.
73.
Th. de Walsing.
A.M. CCCL. &
XXIV. E.D. 111.
Fabian punit
before this
yeare. but circo-
ritiously.
Ex antiq. m. s.
ap. Camd. in
Berk. Gir.
CCCL. CD.
XXCVIII.
Die ge
stelt schaff. S.
Georgen
schilt.
Martin. Cruf.
annal. Seculo.
part. 2. lib. 9.
S. Hen. 8. in
statutis Hiberni-
is.

Archbishop of *Caerleon* upon *Vike* (whereto a long time the *British* Bishops-
riques as to their Metropolitique See were subiect) and thence translated with
his nephewes consent the Primacie to *Menenia*, which is now *S. Denies* in
Pembroke. He was a strong oppugner of the *Pelagian* heresie. To him our
country Calendars giue the 1. of March, but in the old Martyrologies I finde
him not remembred: yet I read that *Calixtus* II. first canonized him. See him
in the next Canto.

* *Polydore*.
lib. 2. cap. 14.

* *Bede*. lib. 1.

The sacred Virgins shape he bare for his denice.

Arthurs shield *Pride* (or his Banner) had in it the picture of our *Lady* and
his Helme an ingrauen *Dragon*. From the like forme was his father called *V.*
ter-pen-dragon. To haue terrible crests or ingrauen bealls of rapine (*Herodorus*
and *Strabo* fetch the beginning of them, and the bearing of armes from the *Ca-*
rians) hath been from inmost antiquity continued, as appears in that Epithet
of *royal*, proper to *Athena*, but applyed to others in *Aristophanes*, and also
in the *Theban* warre. Either hence may you deriue the *English* Dragon now
as a supporter, and vsually pitcht in fields by the *Saxon*, *English*, and *Norman*
Kings for their Standard (which is frequent in *Hocden*, *Matthew Paris*, and
Floris) or from the *Romanes*, who alter the *Minotaur*, *Horse*, *Eagle*, and o-
ther their antique ensignes took this beast; or else imagine that our Kings loy-
ned in that generall consent, whereby so many nations bare it. For by plaine
and good authority, collected by a great critique, you may finde it affirm'd of
the *Affyrians*, *Indians*, *Scythians*, *Persians*, *Dacians*, *Romanes*, and of the *Greekes*
too for their shields, and otherwise: wherein *Lipsius* vniustly findes fault with *I-*
sidore, but forgets that in a number of Greeke authors is copious witnes of as
much.

* *Herodorus*.
lib. 2. cap. 14.

* *Strabo*.
lib. 2. cap. 2.

* *Aristophanes*.
lib. 2. cap. 14.

* *Floris*.
lib. 2. cap. 14.

* *Lipsius*.
lib. 2. cap. 14.

* *Isidore*.
lib. 2. cap. 14.

They sing how he himselfe at *Badon* bare the day.

That is *Bansted* downe in *Somerset* (not *Blackmore* in *Yorkshire*, as *Polydore* mis-
takes) as is expressly proued out of a *ms. Gildas*, different from that published
by *Iosselin*.

* *Polydore*.
lib. 2. cap. 14.

* *Iosselin*.
lib. 2. cap. 14.

That scarcely there was found a country to the pole.

Some, too hyperbolique, stories make him a large conqueror on euery ad-
iacent country, as the Muse recites: and his scale, which *Leland* sayes he saw in
Westminster Abbey, of redde wax pictur'd with a Mound, bearing a crosse in his
left hand (which was first *Justinians* deuice; and surely, in later time, with the
scale counterfeited and applied to *Arthur*: no King of this Land, except the
Confessor, before the Conquest euer vsing in their Charters more then
subscription of name and crosses) and a Scepter scury in his right, calls him *Br-*
tannia, *Gallia*, *Germania*, *Dacia* *Imperator*. The *Bards* songs haue, with this kind
of vnlimited attribut so loaden him, that you can hardly guesse what is true of
him. Such indulgence to false report hath wrong'd many Worthies, and among
them euen that great *Alexander* in prodigious suppositions (like *Strabo*'s his
Geography, laying *Pontus* in *Arabia*) as *Strabo* often complains; & some idle
Monke of middle time is so impudent to affirme, that at *Babylon* hee erected a
columnne, incribed with *Latine* and *Greek* verses, as notes of his victory; of
them you shall talke in these two:

* *Justinian*.
lib. 2. cap. 14.

* *Leland*.
lib. 2. cap. 14.

* *Strabo*.
lib. 2. cap. 14.

* *Alexander*.
lib. 2. cap. 14.

* *Strabo*.
lib. 2. cap. 14.

Anglicus & Scotus Britonum superq; caterna
Irlandus, Flander, Cornwallis & quog; Norguey.

Only

Onely but that *Alexander* and his followers were no good Latinists (wherein, when you haue done laughing, you may wonder at the *de-corum*.) I should censure my lubberly versifier to no lesse punishment then *Maryas* his excommunication. But for *Arthur*, you shall best know him in this elogic. *This is that Arthur of whom the Brittons euen to this day speak so idly, a man right worthy to haue been celebrated by true storie, not false tales, seeing it was he that long time upheld his declining country and euen inspired martiall courage into his country men, as the Monke of Malmesbury, of him:*

The Pentecost prepar'd at Caer-leon in his Court.

At *Caer-leon* in *Monmouth*, after his victories, a pompeous celebration was at *Whitsontide*, whether were inuited diuers Kings and Princes of the neighbouring coasts, he with them, and his Queene *Guineuer*, with the Ladies keeping those solemnities in their severall conclaves. For so the *British* storie makes it according to the *Troian* custome, that in festiuall solemnities, both sexes should not sit together. Of the *Troians* I remember no warrant for it: but among the *Greekes* one *Sphyromachus* first instituted it. Torneaments and Iousts were their exercises, nor vouchsafed any Lady to bestow her fauour on him, which had not bene thrice crown'd with fame of martiall performance. For this order (which herein is delineated) know, that the old *Gauls* (whose customes and the *British* were neere the same) had their Orbicular tables to auoyd controuersie of prefedency (a forme much commended by a late writer for the like distance of all from the Sale, being center, first, and last of the furniture) and at them every Knight attended by his Esquire (* *iniquissime Albenaw* calls them) holding his shield. Of the like in *Hen. III.* *Matthieu Paris*, of *Mortimers* at *Kelingworth*, vnder *Ed. I.* and that of *Windfor*, celebrated by *Edw. III.* *Walsingham* speaks: Of the *Arthurian* our Histories haue scarce mention. But *Hamillan's Archibrenin*, *Robert of Glocester*, *John Lidgeat Monke of Bury*, and English rimes in diuers hands sing it. It is remembred by *Leland*, *Camden*, *Volateran*, *Philip of Bergamo*, *Lily*, *Aubert Mirae*, others, but very diuersly. *White of Basingstoke* defends it, and imagines the originall from an election by *Arthur* and *Howell K. of Armorique Britaine* of six of each of their worthiest Peeres to be alwayes assistant in counsell. The antiquity of the Earledome of *Manisfeld* in old *Saxony* is hence affirmed, because *Hger Earle* thereof was honored in *Arthurs Court* with this order; places of name for residence of him and his Knights were this *Caer-leon*, *Winchester* (where his Table is yet supposed to be, but that seemes of later date) and *Camelos* in *Somerset*. Some put his number XII. I haue seene them anciently pictur'd XXIV. in a Poeticall storie of him, and in *Denbighshire*, *Stowtels* vs. in the parish of *Lansannan* on the side of a stonie hill is a circular plaine, cut out of a maine rocke, with some XXIV. seats vnequall, which they call *Arthurs Round Table*. Some Catalogues of armes haue the coats of the Knights, blazoned; but I thinke with as good warrant as *Rablais* can iustifie, that *Sir Lancelot du Lac* rostes horses in hell, and that *Tous les cheualiers de la Table ronde estoient pourres gaigne-deniers tirans la rame par passer les riuers de Coccyte, Phlegeton, Styx, Achéron, & Lethe quand Mesieurs les diables se veulent esbatre sur l'eau comme font les Basseliers de Lyon et gondoliers de Venise. Mais pour chacune passade ils n'ont qu'un Nazarde & sur le soir quelque morcean de pain chaumeny.* Of them, their number, exploits, and prodigious performances you may read *Caxtons* published volume, digested by him into XXI. bookes, out of diuers French and Italian tables. From such I abstaine, as I may.

And

Two^b *Merlins* have our Stories: One of *Scotland* and commonly titled *Syluester*, or *Caledonius* living vnder *Arthure*; the other *Ambrosius* (of whom before) borne of a Nunne (daughterto the K. of *Southwales*) in *Caermarubin*, not naming the place (for rather in *Brutts* his name is *Merddin*) but the place (which in *Ptolemy* is *Mars-innum*) naming him; begotten, as the vulgar, by an *Incubus*. For his buriall (in supposition as vncertaine as his birth, actions, and all of those too fabulously mixt stories) and his *Lady of the Lake* it is by liberty of profession laide in *France* by that *Italian* *Aristo*: which perhaps is as credible as som more of his attributes, seeing no perswading authority, in any of them, rectifies the vncertainty. But for his birth see the next Song, and, to it, more.

According to the¹ text, the Jews affirm that *All the sonnes of Noah were dispersed throughout the earth, and every ones name left to the land which he possessed*. Vpon this tradition, and false *Berosus* testimony, it is affirmed that *Tuisco* (sonne of *Noah*, gotten with others after the¹ flood vpon his wife *Arctia*) tooke to his part the coast about *Rhine*, and that thence came the name of *Tentschland* and *Tentsch*, which we call *Dutch*, through *Germany*.¹ Some make him the same with *Gomer*, eldest sonne to *Japhet* (by whom these parts of *Europe* were peopled) out of notation of his name, deriuing *Tuiscon* or *Tuislon* (for so *Tacitus* calls him) from *Ebe-hoodt* son. i. the eldest sonne. Others (as the author here) suppose him sonne to *Gomer*, and take¹ him for *Aschenaz* (remembered by *Moses* as first sonne to *Gomer*, and from whom the *Hebrewes* call the *Germans* *Ajchenazim*) whose reliques probably indeed seeme to be in *Tuisco*, which hath beene made of *Aschen* either by the *Dutch* prepositiue article *Die* or *de*, as our the (according to *Derceto* for¹ *Atergatis*, which should be *Adargada* in *Ctesias*, and *Danubius* for *Adubenis* in *Festus*, perhaps therein corrupted, as *Ioseph Scaliger* obserues, as *Theuabald* for *Huabaldin* *Procopius*, and *Diceneus* for *Ceneus* among the *Geter*) or through mistaking of *n* for *o* or *u* in the Hebrew, as in *Rhoianim* for¹ *n* being *Dodanim*, and in *Chalibes* and *Alzhes* for *Tialzhes* from *Tubal* by taking *n* or¹ for *u*, for in ruder manuscripts by an imperfect Reader, the first mistaking might be as soone as the rest. I coniecture it the rather, for that in most Histories diuersity with affinity twixt the same meant proper names (especially Eastern as this was) is ordinary, as *Agagabymus* in *Ctesias* is *Racaba*, in *Isidore*, who calls *Aaron*, *Aras*, and *Herodotus* his *Smerdis*, *Megides*, *Asarbalon*, *Coras* and *Ishtar* in the Scriptures are thus *Sardanapalus*, *Cyrus*, & *Ameles* in the Greek Histories, *Eporodorus*, *Ambiorix*, *Arminius*, in *Cesar* and *Sueton*, supposed to haue beene *Frederique*, *Henry*, *Herman*; diuers like examples occurre; and in comparison of *Arrian* with *Quintus* very many; like as also in the life of *S. Iohn* the Euangelist, anciently written in *Arabique* you haue *Asubasiannus*, *Thibimse*, *Damibiannus* for *Vespasian*, *Titus*, *Domitian*, and in our stories *Androgens* for *Cesars* *Mandabratins*. From *Tuisco* is our name of Tuesday; and in that too, taking the place of *Mars* (the most fiery Starre, and obserued withall that against the vulgar opinion the planetary account of dayes is very¹ ancient) discouers affinity with *Aschenaz*, in whose notation (as¹ some body obserues) *n* signifies fire,

They

* *Orlando. Forst.*
cont. 3.
See *Spruce*
Facly Q. 14,
cont. 2.

* *Manfred* Conf.
lib. 2.
* *Coropias* in
Indo: cathic.

8 Jodoc. Willib.
 comen. ad Tark.
 Germaniam. &
 Pansalcom lib.
 2. p. topograph.
 1 Elias Lemm
 Thib. Arian
 Mon. in Prig.
 1 Strabalin. l. h.
 & c. de alijs
 qua luc. co. gith.
 vms.
 1 Cronicon in
 concen. gesl.

¹ Pet. Kirilskoi
Grammatica
Arabica sub-
iuncta.
^m Scalig. In pro-
legom. ad emen-
dat. temp.
ⁿ Melancthon
ap. Bezan. in
Indo cyclo.

They Saxons first were call'd

So a Latine rime in *Engelbuse* also;
Quippe brevis gladius apud illos Saxa vocatur,
Vnde sibi Saxo nomen traxisse putatur.

Although from the *Sacans* or *Sagans* a populous nation in *Asia* (which were also *Scythians*, and of whom an old Poet, as most others in their Epithets and passages of the *Scythians*,

* Τῶν Σάκων, οὗτοι δ' αὖτις ἀνὰ τὸν Ὀκεανόν
 Τόξοις, ἡ γὰρ οὖν βίητις ἀντιπάλαι βέλονται.

A faculty for which the *English* haue had no small honor in their later warres with the *French*) both *Gorepinus* with long argument in his *Becejelana*, our iudicious *Camden* and others will haue them, as it were, *Saca's-sonnes*. According hereto is that name of *Saca'sena*, which a colony of them gaue to part of *Armenia* and the *Safones* in *Scythia* on this side of *Imaus*. Howsoeuer, the Authors conceit thus chosen is very apt, nor disagreeing to this other, in that some community was twice the name of *Saca* or *Saga*, and a certaine sharp weapon called *Sagari*, vled by the *Amazons*, *Sacans*, and *Persians*, as the *Greece's* *Historie* in *fortune* vs.

The Britains here allur'd to call them to their aide.

Most suppose them sent to by the *Britons* much subiect to the irruptions of *Pills* and *Scots*, and so invited hither for aide : but the *storie* of *Gildas* and *Nennius* haue no such thing, but onely that there landed of them (as banished their country, which *Geffrey* of *Monmouth* exprelles also) III. long boates in Kent with *Horse* and *Hengist* Captaines. They afterward were most willingly requested to multiply their number by sending for more of their country-men to helpe *K. Vortigern*, and vnder that colour, and by *Ronix* (daughter to *Hengist*, and wife to *Vortigern*) her womanish subtilty, in greater number were here planted. Of this, more large in euery common storie. But to beleeue their first arriual rather for new place of habitation, then vpon embassage of the *Britons*, I am perswaded by this, that among the *Cimbrians*, *Gauls*, *Goths*, *Dacians*, *Scythians*, and especially the *Sacans* (if *Sirabo* deceiue not, from whom our *Saxons*) with other Northerne people, it was a custome vpon numerous abundance to transplant colonies: from which vsed the *Parthians* (sent out of *Scythia*, as the *Romans* did their *Ver Sacrum*) retaineth that name, signifying banished (sayes *Trogus*) not vnkely, from the Hebrew *Paratz*, which is to separat, and also to multiplie in this kind of propagation, as it is vled in the promise to *Abraham*, and in *Isay's* consolation to the Church. Here being the maine change of the *British* name and State, a word or two of the time and yeare is not vntimely. Most put it vnder CD. XLIX. (according to *Bede's* copies and their followers) or CD. L. of *Christ*; whereas indeed by apparant prooffe it was in CD. XXVIII. and the IV. of *Valentinian* the Emperor. So *Prife* and *Cumden* (out of an old fragment annexed to *Nennius*) and, before them, the author of *Fasciculus Temporum* haue placed it. The errour I imagine to be from rettoring of wooren out times in *Bede* and others, by those which fell into the same error with *Florence of Worcester* and *Marian* the Scot, who begin the receiued *Christian* accompt but XII. yeares before the *Passion*, thereby omitting XXII. For although *Marians* published *Chronicle* (which is but a defloration by *Robert* of *Lorraine* Bishop of *Hereford* vnder *Hen. I.* and an *Epitome* of *Marian*) goes necre from the ordinary time of *Incarnation* vnder *Augustus*, yet he layes it also,

Camdenum
myf. Afor.
Ury.

Ex. 1. 11.
their ori-
al, excellat
uers. Scethe
1. Song.
he 1100.
Saca none
teach them

what they
at, neuer
pes their
tr. 1. 10. 11. 12.
ap. 1. 11. 12. 13.

Herodot. Poly-
mn. Xenoph.
rofec. 1.
11. 12. 13. 14.

See the 8. Song

1. Infr. 1. 1. 2. 3.
& 4. 1. Herodot.
Ch. 1. 1. 2. 3.
Hypodig. 1. 1. 2.
Gemet. 1. 1. 2. 3.
cap. 4. 1. 2. 3.
1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

1. Malmsb. 1. 1. 2.
4. de Pontificib.

So, according to the Roman Abbot *Dionysius* in the XXIII. yeare following, which was rather by taking advantage of *Dionysius* his error then following his opinion. For when *Ix* (as *Iustinian* time) made his Period of D. XXXII. yeares of the golden number and cycle of the Sunne multiplied, it tell our so in his computation that the XV. Moone following the *Lewes* Pascheover, the Dominicall letter, Friday, and other concurrents according to Ecclesiasticall tradition supposed for the Pasion could not be but in the XII. yeare after his birth (a lapse by him selfe much repeated) and then supposing Christ lived XXXIV. yeares, XXII. must needs be omitted, a collocation directly against his meaning; having only forgotten to set those concurrents. This accompt (in it selfe, and by the Abbots purpose, as our vulgar is now, but with some little difference) erroneously followed, I coniecture, made them, which too much desired correction, add the supposed Evangelicall XXII. yeares to such times as were before true; & so came CCCC. XXVIII. to be CCCC. XL. IX. & CCCC. L. which *H. b. of Basingstoke* (although saying to be accurat) ynnuently follows. Subtraction of this number, and, in some, addition (of addition you shall haue perhaps example in amendment of the C. L. VI. yeare for *K. Lucius* his letters to *PP. Eleutherius*.) will rectifie many grosse absurdities in our Chronologies, which are by transcribing, interpolation, misprinting and creeping in of antichronismes slow and then strangely disordered.

To get their seat in Gaule which on Nuestria light.

And a little after,

Call'd Northmen from the North of Germany that came.

What is now *Normandy* is, in some, call'd *Nenstria* and *Nuestria* corruptly, as most think, for *Westria*, that is *West rex*, the west Kingdome (confined anciently twixt the *Meuse* and the *Loire*) in respect of *Amstrax* or *Postrix* & the East Kingdome, now *Lorraine*, vpon such reason as the Archduke dome hath his name at this day. *Rollo* sonne of a *Danish* Potentate, accompanied with *Danes*, *Norwegians*, *Scythians*, *Goths*, and a supplement of *English*, which he had of *K. Athelstan*, about the yeare D. CCCC. made transmigration into *France* and there, after some martiall discords, honored in holy mixture of Christianity with the name of *Robert*, received of *Charles* the Simple with his daughter (or sister) *Gilla* this Tract as her dower, containing (as before) more then *Normandy*. It is reported, that when the Bishops at this donation required him to kille the Kings foote for homage, after scornfull refusal, he commanded one of his Knights to do it; the Knight tooke vp the Kings legge, and in straying it to his mouth, ouerturned him; yet nothing but honourable respect followed on eyther part.

That as the Conquerors blood did to the conquered runne,

Our Author makes the *Norman* Inuasion a reuniting of seuered kindred, rather then a conquest by a meere stranger, taking argument as well from identitie of countryship (being all *German*s by originall, and the people of the *Cimbria* *Chersonesus*, now *Danmarch*, anciently called *Saxons*) as from contingencie of blood twixt the *Engle-Saxon* Kings, & the *Norman* Dukes thus expressed,

Mistakings in our Chronologies.

Paul de Meulberge part. 1. lib. 5.

Westrich

Paul de Meulberge part. 1. lib. 5.

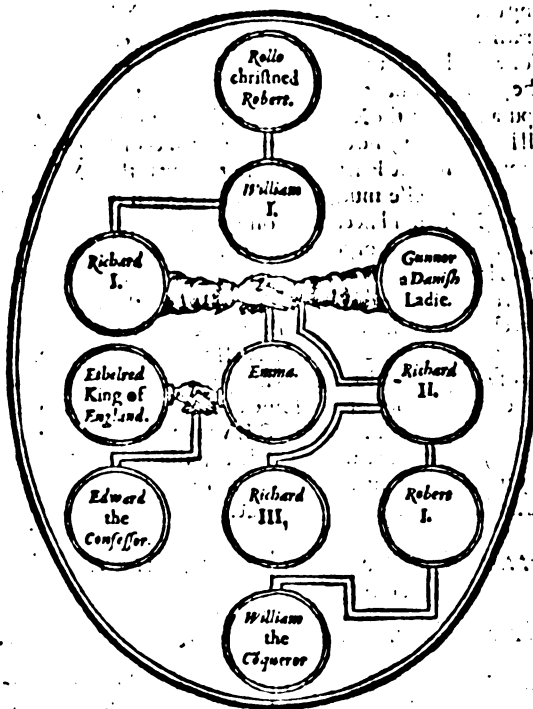
Guil. Gualt. conf. lib. 5. cap. 17.

Anthonny's homage.

Marian. Hist. part. 1. lib. 5.

H

Obiect

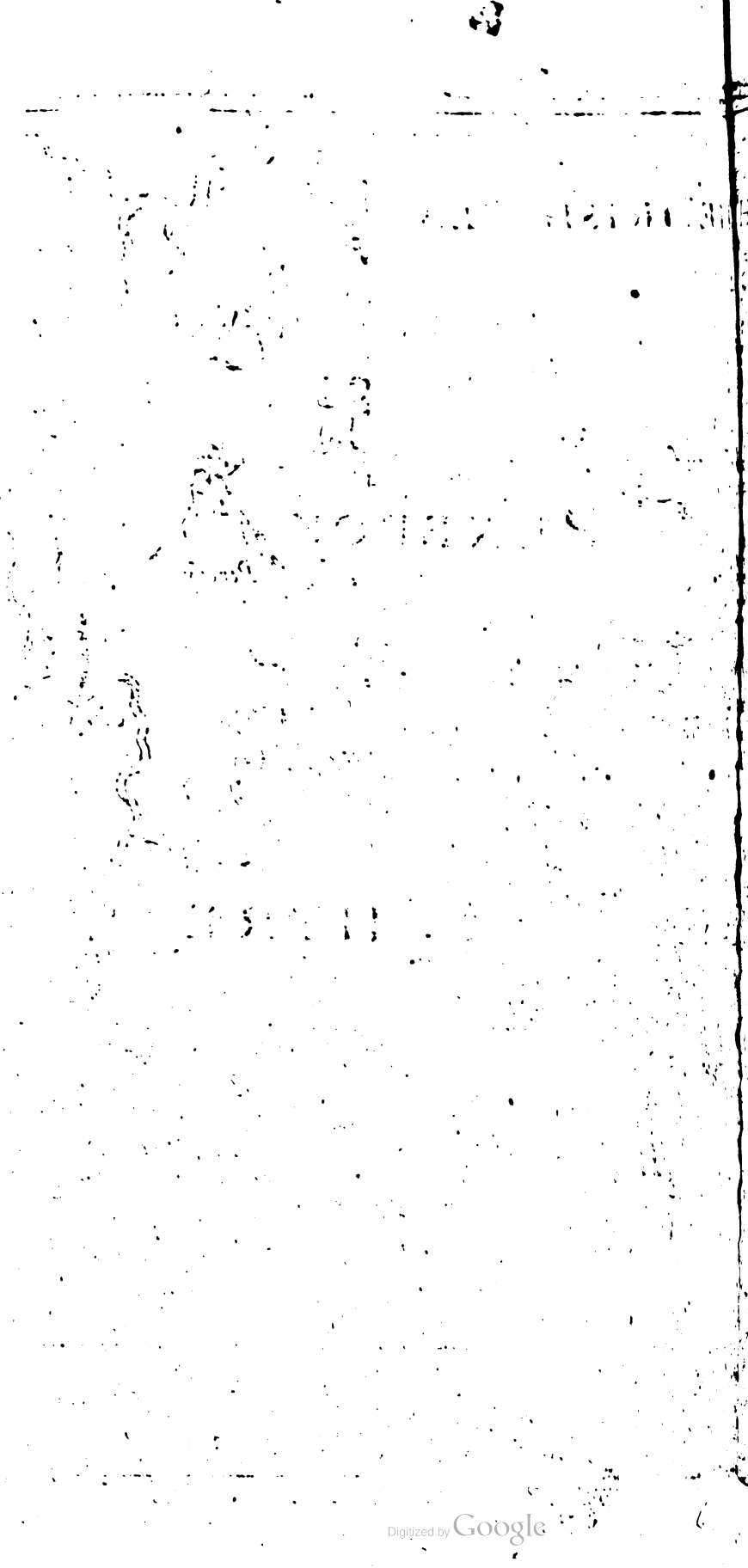


Object not that Duke Robert got the Conqueror vpon *Arletta* (from whom perhaps came our name of Harlot) his Concubine, nor that *Con sanguinitatis & adoptionis iura à patre tantum & legitimis nuptijs oriuntur*, as the *Cinill* Law, and vpon the matter the *English* also defines; but rather allow it by law of Nature and Nobility, which iustifies the bastards bearing of his fathers coat, distinguisht with a Bend sinister: *Nichol. vpon calisr^e Figura, cò quod finditur à patriâ hereditate*, which is but his conceit: and read *Henters tract d: liber à boninis natinitate*, where you shall finde a kind of legitimization of that now disgracefull name *Bastard*; which in more antient times was, as a proud title, inserted in the stile of great and most honorable Princes. Pretending this consanguinity, *S. Edward's* adoption, and *K Harolds* oath, aided by successefull armes the *Norman* acquired the *English* Crowne; although *William of Poiters* affirms, that on his death-bed he made protestation, that his right was not hereditary, but by effusion of blood, and losse of many liues.

Who him a daughter brought, which heauen did strangely spare.

After composition of French troubles Hen. I. returning into England, the Ship, wherein his sonnes William and Richard were, twixt Barben and Southampton was callt away, so that heauen onely spared him this issue Maude the Emperesse, married at last, to Geoffrey Plantagenet Earle of Anjou, from whom in a continued race through Hen. II. (sonne to this Maude) vntill Rich. III. that most Noble surname possessed the royall Throne of England,

THE



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PENBROK.

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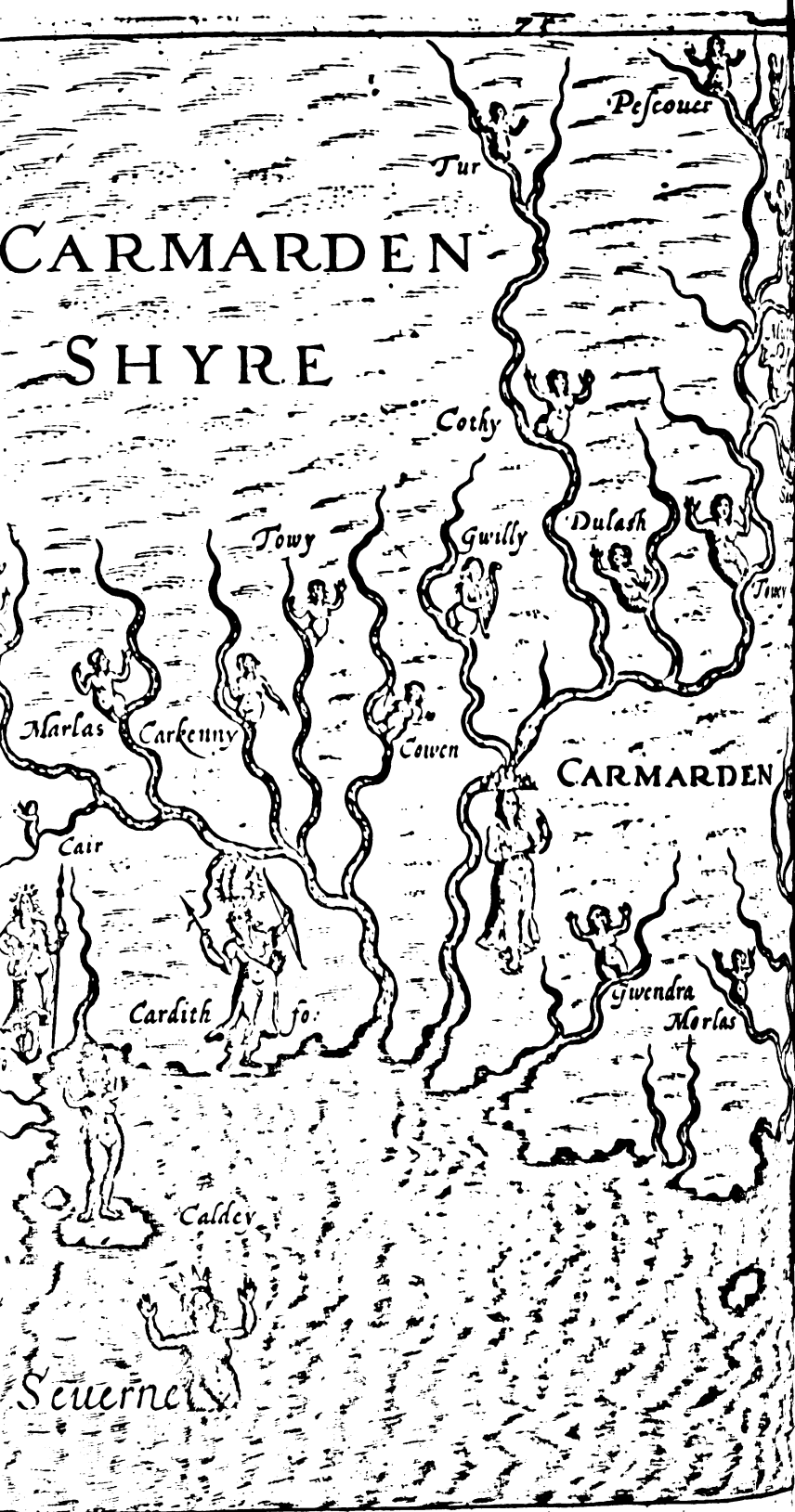
Clethy

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Wre

CARMARDEN SHYRE



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1912



The fift Song.

* THE ARGUMENT.

*In this Song, Severne gives the doome
What of her Lundy should become.
And whilst the nimble Cambrian Rills
Dance thy-day-gies amongst the Hills,
The Muse them to Carmarden brings;
Where Merlins wondrous birth shee sings.
From thence to Penbrooke shee doth make,
To see how Milford state doth take:
The scattered Islands there doth tell:
And, visiting Saint Davids Cell,
Doth sport her all the shores along,
Preparing the ensuing Song.*

NOW *Sabrine*, as a Queene, miraculouſlie faire,
Is abſolutelic plac'd in her Emperiall Chaire
Of Cryſtall richlie wrought, that gloriouſly did ſhine;
Her Grace becomming well, a creature ſo Divine:
And as her God-like ſelfe, ſo glorious was her Throne,
In which himſelfe to ſit great *Neptune* had been known;
Whereon there were ingraud thoſe Nymphs the God had woo'd,
And every ſeverall ſhape wherein for loue he ſu'd;
Each daughter, her eſtate and beautie, every ſonne;
What Nations he had rul'd, what Countries he had wonne.
No Fiſh in this wide waſte but with exceeding coſt
Was there in Antique worke moſt curiouſly imboſt.
Shee, in a watchet vveed, with manic a curious waue,
Which as a princelie gift great *Amphitrite* gaue;
Whoſe ſkirts were to the knee, with Corall fring'd belowe
To grace her goodly ſteppes. And where ſhe meant to goe,
The path was ſtrew'd with Pearle: which though they *Orient* were,
Yet ſcarce knowne from her feet, they were ſo wondrous cleere:
To whom the Mermaids hold her Glaſſe, that ſhe may ſee
Before all other Floods how farre her beauties bee:

H 2

Who

VWho was by *Nereus* taught, the most profoundly wile,
 That learned her the skill of hidden Prophecies,
 By *Thetis* speciall care; as *Chiron* earst had done
 To that proud bane of Troy, her god-resembling sonne.
 For her wile centure now, whilst euerie listning Flood
 (When reason some-what coold their late distempred mood)
 Inclosed *Seuerne* in; before this mightie rout,
 Shee sitting well prepar'd, with countenance graue and stout,
 Like some great learned Iudge, to end a waightie Cause,
 Well furnisht with the force of Arguments and Lawes,
 And euerie speciall prooffe that iustlie may be brought;
 Now with a constant brow, a firme and letled thought,
 And at the point to giue the last and finall doome:
 The people crowding neere within the pestred roome,
 A slowe, lost murmuring moues amongst the wondring throng,
 As though with open eares they would deuoure his tongue:
 So *Seuerne* bare her selfe, and silence to the wanne,
 When to th'assembly thus shee seriousslie began;
 My neere and loued Nymphs, good hap yee both betide:
 Well *Britans* haue yee sung; you *English*, well replid:
 Which to succeeding times shall memorize your stories
 To eicher Countries praise, as both your endlesse glories.
 And from your listning eares, sith vaine it were to hold
 VWhat all-appointing Heauen will plainlie shall be told,
 Both gladlie be you pleas'd: for thus the Powers reueale,
 That when the *Norman* Line in strength shall lastlie faile
 (Fate limiting the time) th'ancient *Britan* race
 Shall come againe to sit vpon the foueraigne place.
 A branch sprung out of *Brute*, th'imperiall top shall get,
 Which grafted in the stock of great *Plantaginet*,
 The Stem shall strongly wax, as still the Trunk doth wither:
 That power which bare it thence, againe shall bring it thither
 By *Tudor*, with faire winds from little *Britaine* driuen,
 S. To whom the goodlie Bay of *Milford* shall be giuen;
 As thy wife Prophets, *Wales*, fore-told his wisht arriue,
 S. And how *Lewellins* Line in him should doubly thriue.
 For from his issue sent to *Albany* before,
 Where his neglected blood, his vertue did restore,
 Hee first vnto himselfe in faire succession gain'd
 The *Stewards* nobler name; and after ward attain'd
 The royall *Scottish* wreath, vpholding it in state.
 This Stem, to *Tudors* ioyn'd (which thing all-powerfull Fate
 So happily produc't out of that prosperous Bed,
 Whole maringes conioynd the White-rose and the Red)
 Suppresing euery Plant, shall spred it selfe so wide,
 As in his armes shall clip the Ile on euery side.

By

was brought
 Achilles son
 Thron.

James the
 fourth, first
 married *Margaret*,
 eldest
 daughter to
 Henry the 7.
 King of Eng-
 land.

By whom three leuer'd Realmes in one shall firmlic stand,
 As *Britain*-founding *Brute* first Monarchiz'd the Land;
 And *Cornwall*, for that thou no longer shalt contend,
 But to old *Cambria* cleaue, as to thy ancient friend,
 Acknowledge thou thy Brood, of *Brutes* high blood to bee;
 And what hath hap't to her, the like t'haue chanc't to thee;
 The *Britains* to receiue, when Heauen on them did lowre,
Loegria forc't to leaue; who from the *Saxons* powre
 Themselues in Deserts, Creeks, and Mount'nous waits bestow'd.
 Or where the fruitlesse Rocks could promise them abroad:
 Why stine yee then for that, in little time that shall
 (As you are all made one) be one vnto you ally.
 Then take my small doome pronounced lastlic, this;
 That *Lundy* like ally'd to *Wales* and *England* is.

Each part most highlic pleas'd, then vp the *Selſion* brake;
 When to the learned Maids againe Invention spake;
 O yee *Pegasian* Nymphs, that hating viler things,
 Delight in lofty hills, and in delicious Springs,
 That on *Pierus* borne, and named of the place,
 The Thracian *Pimpla* loue, and *Pindus* often grace;
 In *Aganippas* Fount, and in *Castalia's* brims,
 That often haue been known to bathe your crysell lims,
 Conduct me through these Brooks, and with a fastned clue,
 Direct mee in my course, to take a perfect view
 Of all the wandring Streames, in whose entransling gyres,
 Wise Nature oft her selfe her workmanship admires
 (So manifold they are, with such Meanders wound,
 As may with wonder seeme invention to confound)
 That to those *Britissh* names, vntaught the care to please,
 Such relish I may giue in my delicious laves,
 That all the armed Orks of *Neptunes* grisslie Band,
 VVith musick of my verse, amaz'd may listning stand;
 As when his Trytons trumps doe them to battell call
 Within his surging lists to combat with the Whale.

Thus, haue we ouer-gone the *Glamorganian* *Gowre*,
 VVhose Promontorie (plac't to check the Oceans powre)
 Kept *Severney* yet her selfe, till beeing growne too great,
 Shee with extended armes vnbounds her ancient seat:
 And turning lastlic Sea, relignes vnto the Maine
 VVhat foueraigntie her selfe but lately did retaine.
 Next, *Loghor* leads the way, who with a lustic crue
 (Her wild and wandring steps that ceaseleslie pursue)
 Still forward is inforc't: as, *Amound* thrusts her on,
 And *Norlas* (as a mayd shee much relies vpon)
 Intreats her present speed; assuring her withall,
 Her best-beloued Ile, *Bachannis*, for her fall,

H 3

Stands

The fount
the Mules.Severney
Sea.

Stands specially prepar'd, of euery thing suppli'd.

When *Guendra* with such grace deliberately doth glide
As *Touy* doth entice: who setteth out prepar'd
At all points like a Prince, attended with a Guard:
Of which, as by her name, the neer'st to her of kin
Is *Toothy*, tripping downe from *Verwins* rushie * *Lin*,
Through *Rescob* running out, with *Pesconer* to meet
Those *Kills* that *Forest* loues; and doth so kindly greet,
As to intreat their stay shee gladlie would preuaile.
Then *Tranant* nicelie treads vpon the watry traile:
The liuelie skipping *Brane*, along with *Gwethrick* goes;
In *Touies* wandring banks themselues that scarcely lose,
But *Madny*, with *Cledaugh*, and *Sawthy*, soone resort,
Which at *Langaddock* grace their Soueraignes watry Court.

As when the seruile world some gathering man espies,
Whose thriuing fortune shoues, he to much wealth may rise,
And through his Princes grace his followers may preferre,
Or by reuencue left by some dead Ancester;
All lowting lowe to him, him humbly they obserue,
And happy is that man his nod that may deserue:
To *Touy* so they stoupe, to them vpon the way
Which thus displaies the Spring within their view that lay.

Neere *Denenoir*, the seat of the * *Demetian* King
Whilst *Cambria* was herselfe, full, strong, and flourishing,
There is a pleasant Spring, ^b that constant doth abide
Hard-by these winding shores wherein wee nimble slide;
Long of the Ocean lov'd, since his victorious hand
First prouddie did insult vpon the conquer'd Land.
And though a hundred Nymphs in faire *Demetia* bee,
Whose features might allure the Sea-gods more then thee,
His fancie takes her forme, and her he onelie likes
(Who ere knew halfe the shafts where-with blind *Cupid* strikes?)
Which great and constant faith, shew'd by the God of Sea,
This cleere and louelie Nymph so kindlie doth repay,
As suffering for his sake what loue to Louer owes,
With him shee sadlie ebbs, with him shee prouddie flows,
To him her secret vovves perpetually doth keepe,
Obseruing euerie Lawe and custome of the Deepe.

Now *Touy* tow'rd her fall (*Langaddock* ouer-gon)
Her *Dulas* forward driues: and *Coshy* comming on
The traine to ouer-take, the neerest way doth cast
Ere shee *Carmarden* get: where *Gwilly*, making hast,
Bright *Touy* entertaines at that most famous Towne
Which her great Prophet bred who *Wales* doth so renowne:
And taking her a Harpe, and tuning well the strings,
To Princely *Touy* thus shee of the Prophet sings;

Of

Poole or
try Moore.

Of South-
ales.
Ebbing and
owing with
the Sea.

*Merlin, borne
in Caer-mend-
don.*

Of *Merlin* and his skill what Region doth not heare?
The world shall still be full of *Merlin* euerie where.
A thousand lingering yeeres his prophecies haue runne,
And scarcely shall haue end till Time it selfe be done:
Who of a *British* Nymph was gotten, whilst shee plaid
With a seducing Spirit, which wonne the goodlie maid;
(As all *Demetia* through, there was not found her peere).
Who, being so much renown'd for beautie farre and neere,
Great Lords her liking sought, but still in vaine they prov'd:
§. That Spirit (to her vnknowne) this Virgin onclie lov'd
Which taking humane shape, of such perfection seemd,
As (all her Suters scorn'd) shee onclie him esteem'd.
Who, sayning for her sake that he was come from farre,
And richlie could endow (a lustie Batcheler)
On her that Prophet got, which from his Mothers wombe
Of things to come fore-told vntill the generall Doome.

But, of his fayned birth in sporting idlie thus,
Suspect mee not, that I this dreamed *Incubus*
By strange opinions should licentiouslie subsist;
Or, selfe-conceited, play the humorous *Platonist*,
Which boldlie dares asirme, that Spirits, themselves supply
With bodies, to commix with fraile mortallie,
And heere allow them place, beneath this lower Sphere
Of the vnconstant Moone; to tempt vs dailie here.
Some, earthly mixture take; as others, which aspire,
Them subtiler shapes resume, of water, ayre, and fire,
Being those immortalls long before the heauen, that fell,
VWhose deprivation thence, determined their hell:
And loosing through their pride that place to them assign'd,
Predestined that was to mans regenerate kind,
They, for th'inveterate hate to his Election, still
Desist not him to tempt to euery damned ill:
And to seduce the spirit, oft prompt the frailer blood,
Invegling it with tastes of counterfett good,
And teach it all the sleights the Soule that may excite
To yeeld vp all her power vnto the appetite.
And to thole curious wits if we our selues apply,
VWhich search the gloomie shades of deepe Philosophy,
They Reason so will clothe, as well the mind can show,
That contrarie effects, from contraries may grow;
And that the soule a shape so stronglie may conceale,
As to her selfe the-while may seeme it to create;
By which th'abused Sense more easelie oft is led
To thinke that it enioyes the thing imagined.

But, to yld in these darketracts with sundrie doubts replac'd,
Calme shades, and cooler streames must quench this furious heat:
Which

*Merlin, borne
in Caer-mend-
don.*

Which seeking, soone we finde where *Cowen* in her courle,
 Tow'rds the *Sabrinian* shores, as sweeping from her soure,
 Takes *Towa*, calling then *Karkenny* by the waie,
 Her through the waylesse woods of *Cardiffe* to conuaie;
 A Forrest, with her floods inuiron'd to about,
 That hardly she restraines th'vnruely watrie rout,
 When swelling, they would seeme her Empire to inuade:
 And oft the lustfull Fawnes and Satyres from her shade
 Were by the streames entic't, abode with them to make.
 Then *Morlas* meeting *Taw*, her kindly in doth take:
Cair comming with the rest, their watrie tract that tread,
 Increase the *Cowen* all; that as their generall head
 Their largesse doth receiue, to beare out his expence:
 Who to vast *Neptune* leads this Courtly confluence.

To the *Penbrokian* parts the Mule her still doth keepe,
 Vpon that utmost point to the *Iberian* Deepe,
 By *Cowdra* comming in: where cleere delightfull aire,
 (That Forrests most affect) doth welcome her repaire;
 The *Heliconian* Maids in pleasant groues delight:
 (Floods cannot still content their wanton appetite)
 And wandring in the woods, the neighbouring hills below,
 With wife *Apollo* meet (who with his Ivory bowe
 Once in the paler shades, the Serpent *Python* slew)
 And hunting oft with him, the hettlesse Deere pursue;
 Those beames then layde aside he vs'd in heauen to weare.
 Another Forrest Nymph is *Narber*, standing neare;
 That with her curled top her neighbor would astound,
 Whose Groues once brauely gra't the faire *Penbrokian* ground,
 When *Albion* here beheld on this extended land,
 Amongst his wel-growne Woods, the shag-haired Satyrs stand:
 (The *Syluans* chiefe resort) the shores then sitting hie,
 Which vnder water now so many fadoms lie:
 And wallowing Porpice sport and lord it in the flood,
 Where once the portly Oke, and large-limb'd Popler stood:
 Of all the Forrests kind these two now onely left.
 But Time, as guilty since to mans insatiate theft,
 Transferr'd the *English* names of Townes and households hither,
 With the industrious Dutch since sojourning together.

When wrathfull heauen the clouds so liberally bestow'd,
 The Seas (then wanting roomth to lay their boystrous load)
 Vpon the *Belgian* Marth their pumpred stomackes cast,
 That peopled Cities sanke into the mightie wast.
 The *Flemings* were inforc't to take them to their Ores,
 To trie the Setting Main to find out firmer shores;
 When as this spacious Ile them entrance did allow,
 To plant the *Belgian* stocke vpon this goodly brow:

These

Passage into
Penbrokian shore

The colony of
Flemings here
 planted. See to
 the IV. Song.

These Nations, that their tongues did naturally affect,
 Both generallie fortooke the *British* Dialect:
 As when it was decreed by all-fore-dooming Fate,
 That ancient *Rome* should stoupe from her emperious state,
 With Nations from the North then altogether fraught,
 Which to her ciuill bounds their barbarous customes brought,
 Of all her ancient spoyle and lastlie be forlorne,
 From *Tyber* hallowed banks to old * *Bizantium* borne:
 Th'abundant *Latine* then old *Latium* lastly left,
 Both of her proper forme and elegancie reft;
 Before her smootheft tongue, their speech that did prefer,
 And in her tables fixt their ill-shap'd Character.

* Now Con-
 stantinople.

A diuination strange the Dutch made-English haue,
 Appropriate to that place (as though some Power it gaue)
 §. By th'shoulder of a Ram from off the right side par'd,
 Which visuallie they boile, the spade-boane beeing bard:
 Which then the Wizard takes, and gazing there-vpon,
 Things long to come fore-showes, as things done long ago;
 Scapes secretlie at home, as those abroad, and farre:
 Murders, adulterous stealths, as the euent of warre,
 The raignes and death of Kings they take on them to know:
 Which onelie to their skill the shoulder-blade doth show.

You goodlie sister Floods, how happy is your state!
 Or should I more commend your features, or your Fate;
 That *Milford*, which this Ile her greatest Port doth call:
 Before your equall Floods is lotted to your Fall!
 Where was faile euer scene, or wind hath euer blowne;
 Whence *Penbrooke* yet hath heard of Hauen like her owne?
 She bids *Dungledy* dare * *Iberias* proudest Road,
 And chargeth her to send her challenges abroad
 Along the coast of *France*, to proue if any bee
 Her *Milford* that dare match: so absolute is shee.
 And *Clerthy* comming downe from *Wrenyuaur* her Sire
 (A hill that thrusts his head into th'etheriall fire)
 Her sisters part doth take, and dare avouch as much:
 And *Percily* the proud, whom neerlie it doth touch,
 Said, he would beare her out; and that they all should know.
 And there-withall he struts, as though he scorn'd to show
 His head belowe the Heauen, when he of *Milford* spake:
 But there was not a Port the prize durst vndertake.
 So highlie *Milford* is in euery mouth renownd,
 Noe Hauen hath ought good, in her that is not found:
 Whereas the swelling surge, that with his somie head,
 The gentler looking Land with furie menaced,
 With his encountring waue no longer there contends;
 But sitting mildly downe like perfect ancient friends,

* Spain.

Vnmo'd

Vnmould of any vvind which way so ere it blow,
 And rather seeme to smile, then knit an angry brow.
 The ships with shattred ribs scarce creeping from the Seas,
 On her sleeke bosome ride with such deliberate ease,
 As all her pased stormes shee holds but meane and base,
 So shee may reach at length this most delightfull place,
 By nature with proud Cleeues invironed about,
 S. To crowne the goodlie Road: where builds the Falcon stour,
 Which we the Gentill call; whose fleet and actiue wings,
 It seemes that Nature made when most shee thought on Kings:
 Which manag'd to the lure, her high and gallant flight,
 The vacant sportfull man so greatlie doth delight,
 That with her nimble quills his soule doth seeme to houer,
 And lie the verie pitch that lustie Bird doth couers
 That those proud Airies, bred whereas the scorching skie
 Doth singe the landie Wyldes of spicefull Barbarie;
 Or vnderneath our Pole, where *Norwaies* Forests wide
 Their high clowd-touching heads in Winter snowes doe hide,
 Out-braue not this our kind in mettle, nor exceed
 The Falcon, which some-times the *British* Cleeues doe breed:
 Which prey vpon the Iles in the *Verginian* waste,
 That from the *Eritish* shores by *Neptune* are imbract's
 VVhich stem his furious Tides when wildlieft they doe rae,
 And breake the big-swolne bulke of manie a boystrous waues:
 As, calme when hee becomes, then likewise in their glorie
 Doe cast their amorous eyes at many a Promontorie
 That thrust their foreheads forth into the smiling South;
 As *Rat* and *Sheepy*, set to keepe calme *Milfords* mouth,
 Expos'd to *Neptunes* power. So *Gresholme* farre doth stand:
Scalme, *Stockholme*, with *Saint Bride*, and *Gatholme*, neerer land
 (Which with their veinie breasts intice the gods of Sea,
 That with the lustie Iles doe reuell every day)
 As *Crescent*-like the Land her bredth here inward bends,
 From *Milford*, which she forth to old *Menenia* lends,
 Since, holy *Dauids* seat; which of especiall grace
 Doth lend that nobler name, to this vnnobler place,
 Of all the holy men whose fame so fresh remaines,
 To whom the *Britans* built so many sumptuous Fanes,
 This Saint before the rest their Patron still they hold;
 S. Whose birth, their ancient Bards to *Cambris* long foretold,
 And seated heere a See, his Bishoprick of yore,
 Vpon the farthest point of this vnfruitfull shore;
 Selected by himselfe, that fare from all resort
 With contemplation seem'd most fitly to comport,
 That, voyd of all delight, cold, barren, bleike, and dry,
 No pleasure might allure, nor steale the wandring eye;
 Where

The places frō
 whence the
 highest flying
 Hawkes are
 brought.

The Islands
 vpon the point
 of *Pembrokeshire*.

**Rourke and
McCallister.**

ted, with the *"white and red Roses*, in those auspicious nuptials of *Henry the VII. and Elizabeth* daughter to *Edward IV.* and from them, through the *Ladie Margaret* their eldest daughter, married to *James the IV.* his Majesties descent and spacious Empire observed easily shewes you what the Muse here plays withall. Therest alludes to that, *Cambria shall be glad, Cornwall shall flourish, and the Isle shall be filled with Brites name, and the name of strangers shall perish*: as it is in *Asterlin's* prophecies.

That Spirit to her unknowne this Virgin onely lov'd.

So is the vulgar tradition of *Merlins* conception. Vntimely it were, if I should slip into discourse of Spirits faculties in this kind. For my owne part, vnles there be some creatures of such middle nature, as the *Rabbinique* conceiue vpon the creation supposes; and the same with *Hesbels* Nymphs, or *Paracelsus* his *Non-adams*, I shall not beleue that other then true bodies on bodies can generate, except by swiftnesse of motion in conueying of some seed some vncleane spirit might arrogate the improper name of generation. Those which *St. Augustine* calls *Dusys*, in *Gauls*, altogether addicted to such filthines, *Fannes*, *Saizys* and *Syluans* haue had as much attributed to them. But learne of this, from Diuines vpon the *Beni-huelohims*. In holy Writ, passages of the Fathers vpon this point, and the later authors of disquisitions in Magique and Sorcery, as *Bodin*, *Wier*, *Martin del Rio*, others. For this *Merlin* (rather *Merdwin*, as you see to the IV. Song, his true name being *Ambrose*) his owne answere to *Vortigern* was, that his father was a *Roman* Consul (so *Nennius* informs me) as perhaps it might be, and the fact palliated vnder name of a spirit, as in that of *Ilia* supposing, to saue her credit, the name of *Mars* for *Romulus* his Father. But to entrelace the polite Mule with what is more harsh, yet euentherin perhaps not displeasing, I offer you this antique passage of him.

And thou child:en burre the pate pleyde hit to be goune
 Tho lede * on to another, Merlun wat is the
 Thou faderle * A cleue, wy misdoolloume
 Thorichun of linges icome and thou nat nonght worth a fille .
 Thor thou nabbi nenece name fader, theruore hold the fille
 Tho the meſſagers burde this buaſtunte there
 And cille at men about wat the child were
 Me ſe be that be he had neure fader that me mighte underſtonde
 And is moder an linge daughter was of thulke lond
 And woued at S. Petres in a nonnerie there.

His mother (a Nun, daughter to *Publius K. of Mathrawal*, and call'd *Mariilda*, a by-Poetical authority onely I finde iustificable) and he being brought to the King, she colours it in these words:

—————Johannichofte was

Inchaunce mid mine fellows, there come to me bi cas
A swithe fair man mid alle, and bi clapt me wel softe,
And semblance made baire prou, and cust me well ofte.

and tells on the story which should follow to kind a preface. But enough of this

By the shoulder of a Ram from off the right side par'd.

Take this as a taste of their art in old time. Vnder Hen. II. one *William Mangwel* a Gentleman of those parts finding by his skill of prediction that his wife had played false with him, and conceived by his owne Nephew, formally drest the shoulder-bone of one of his owne Rammes, and sitting at dinner (pretending it to be taken out of his neighbours flocke) requests his wife (equalling

bir

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him in these diuinations) to giue her iudgement; she curiously obserues, and at last with great laughter calls it from her: the Gentleman, importuning her reason of so vehement an affection, receiues answer of her, that, his wife, out of whose flocke the Ram was taken, had by incessuous copulation with her husbands Nephew fraughted her selfe with a yong one. La vall together, and iudge, Gentlewomen, the sequels of this croise accident. But why she could not as well diuine of whose flocke it was, as the other secret, when I haue more skill in *Ostrumante*, I will tell you. Nor was their report lesse in knowing things to come, then past; so that icalous *Pannye* in his doute *de la Coynage* might here haue had other manner of resolution then *Rondibilus*, *Stippothade*, *Brideye*, *Troullogan*, or the Oracle it self, were able to giue him. Blame me not, in that, to explaine my author, I insert this example.

To crowne the goodly roade, where built that Falcon seat.

In the rocks of this maritime coast of *Penbroke* are Flocks of excellent Falcons. *Harry* the II here passing into *Ireland*, call off a *Norway* Goshauke at one of these; but the Goshauke taken at the tourne by the Falcon, soone fell down at the Kings foot, which performance in this Ramage, made him yearly afterwarde send thither for Eyelles, as *Girallid* author. Whether these here are the *Haggart* (which they call *Peregrin*'s) or *Falcon-gentles*, I am no such Falconer to argue, but this I know, that the reason of the name of *Peregrin*'s is giuen, for that they com from remote and vnknowne places, and therefore hardly fits these: but also I read in no lesse then Imperiall authority, that *Peregrin* neuer bred in lesse latitude then beyond the VII. climat *Dia Riphoe*, which permits them this place, and that, of true Falcons gentle an Eiry is neuer found but in a more Southerne and hotter parallel: which (if it be true) excludes the name of *Gentle* from ours. breeding neere the IX. *Per Roslochium*. And the same authority makes them (against common opinion) both of one kind, differing rather in locall and outward accidents, then in selfe-nature.

Whose birth the ancient Bards to *Cambria* long foretold.

Of *S. Dewy* and his Bishoprique you haue more to the fourth Song. He was prognosticated about XXX. yeares before his birth, which with other attributed miracles (after the fashion of that credulous age) caused him to be almost paralleld in Monkish zeale with that holy *Iohn* which, vnberne, sprang at presence of the incarnat Author of our redemption. The translation of the Archbishoprique was also foretold in that of *Asterlin* *Menetia* shall put on the Palle of *Cast-leon*, and the Preacher of *Ireland* shall waxe dumbe by an infant growing in the wombe. That was performed when *S. Patrique* at presence of *Asterlin* then with child suddenly lost vse of his speech, but recovering it after some time made prediction of *Dewys* holines, ioynd with greatnes, which is so celebrated. Vpon my Authors credits only beleeue me.

* Of Castel-drie. *Robben*.

Haggart.

* *Albert. de animal. 13. cap. 1.*
* *Frederic. II. lib. 5. de an. P. 1. cap. 4.*

* *Admonition. R. cap. 8. G. 1. lib. 1. cap. 1. Bal. cent. 1. P. 1. S. Dewy.*

* *Mon. de insul. 1. ad Troph. Merlin.*

[illegible]

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[illegible]

6. What is the purpose of the study?

1. The first step in the process of the investigation is the identification of the problem. This is done by the investigator, who is usually a member of the research team. The investigator will identify the problem by looking at the data and trying to find out what is going on.

2. The second step is to define the problem. This is done by the investigator, who will define the problem in terms of the research question. The research question is a statement that describes the problem and what the investigator wants to know about it.

3. The third step is to design the study. This is done by the investigator, who will design the study in terms of the research question. The study design is a plan that describes how the investigator will collect and analyze the data.

4. The fourth step is to collect the data. This is done by the investigator, who will collect the data in terms of the research question. The data collection is the process of gathering information about the problem.

5. The fifth step is to analyze the data. This is done by the investigator, who will analyze the data in terms of the research question. The data analysis is the process of looking at the data and trying to find out what it means.

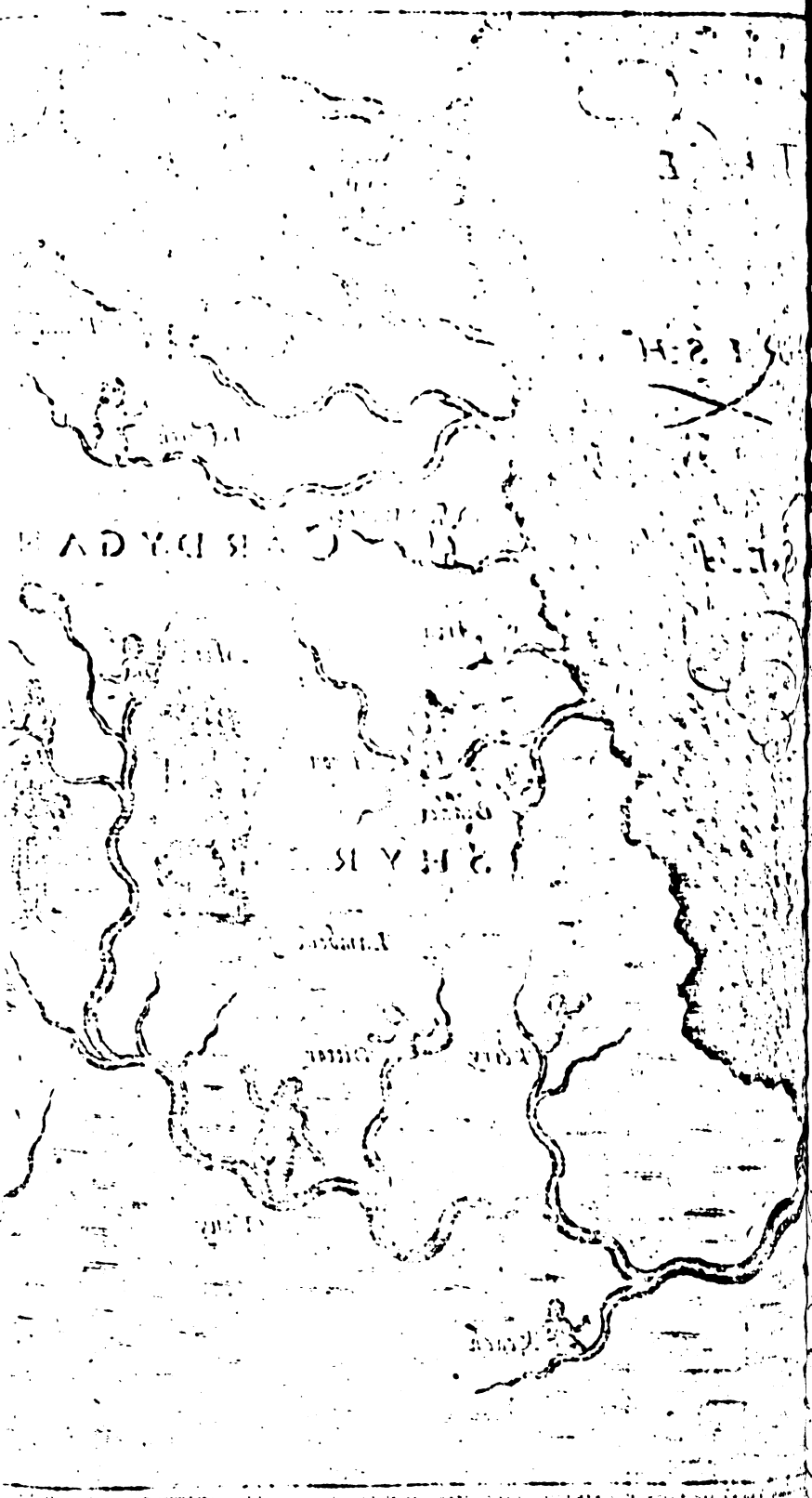
6. The sixth step is to interpret the results. This is done by the investigator, who will interpret the results in terms of the research question. The interpretation is the process of looking at the results and trying to find out what they mean.

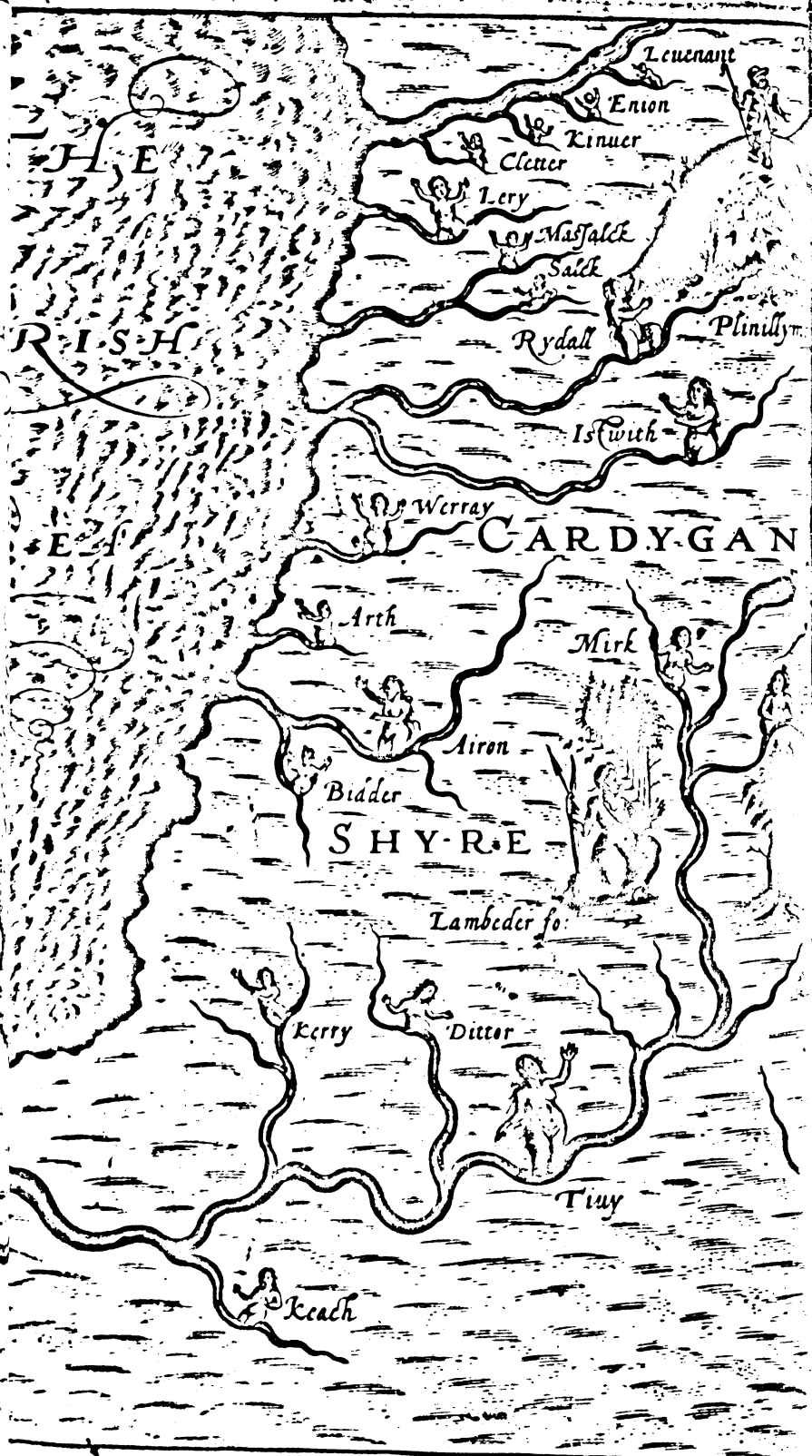
7. The seventh step is to write the report. This is done by the investigator, who will write the report in terms of the research question. The report is a document that describes the results of the investigation.

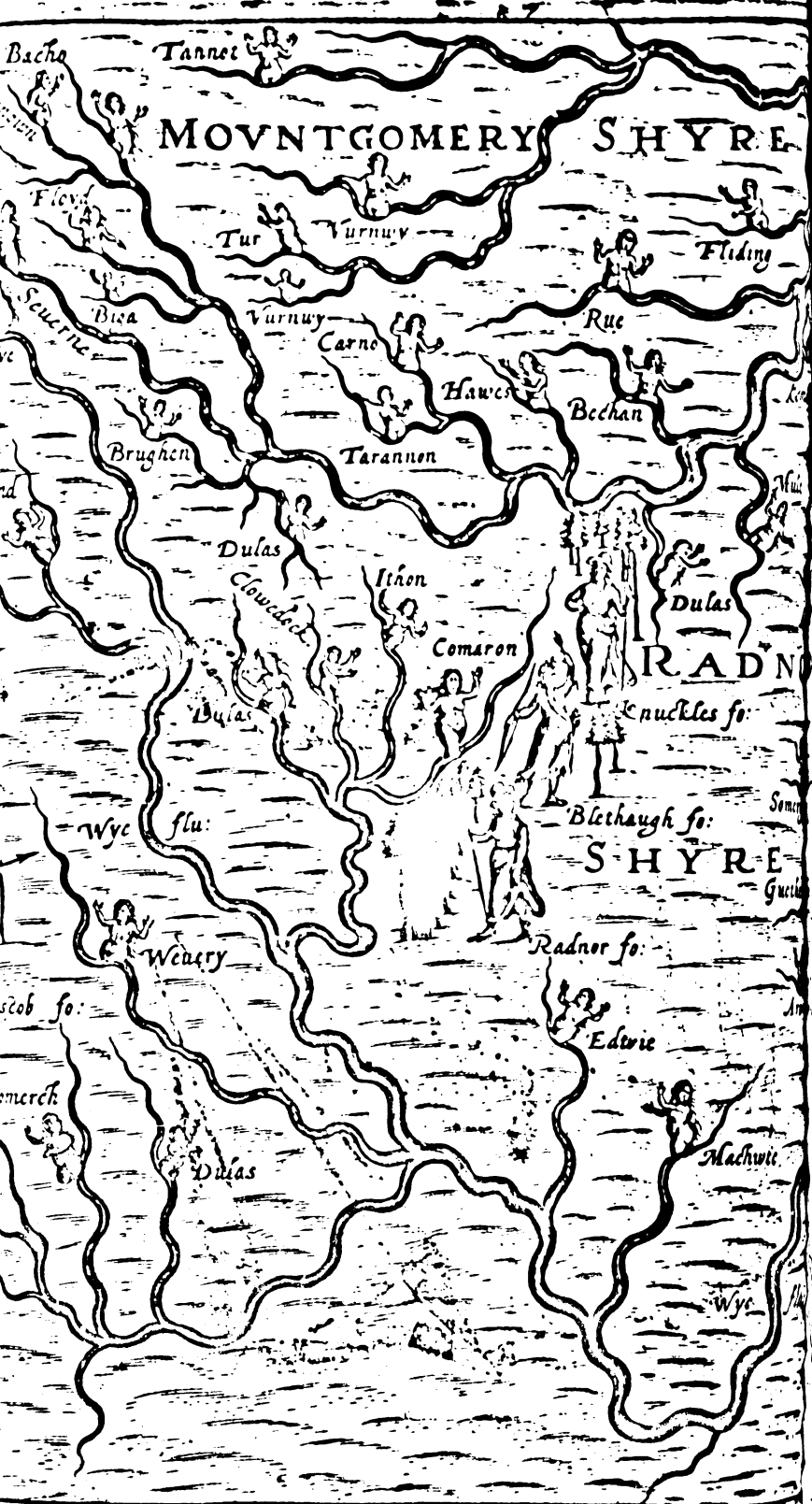
8. The eighth step is to present the results. This is done by the investigator, who will present the results in terms of the research question. The presentation is the process of showing the results to the research team.

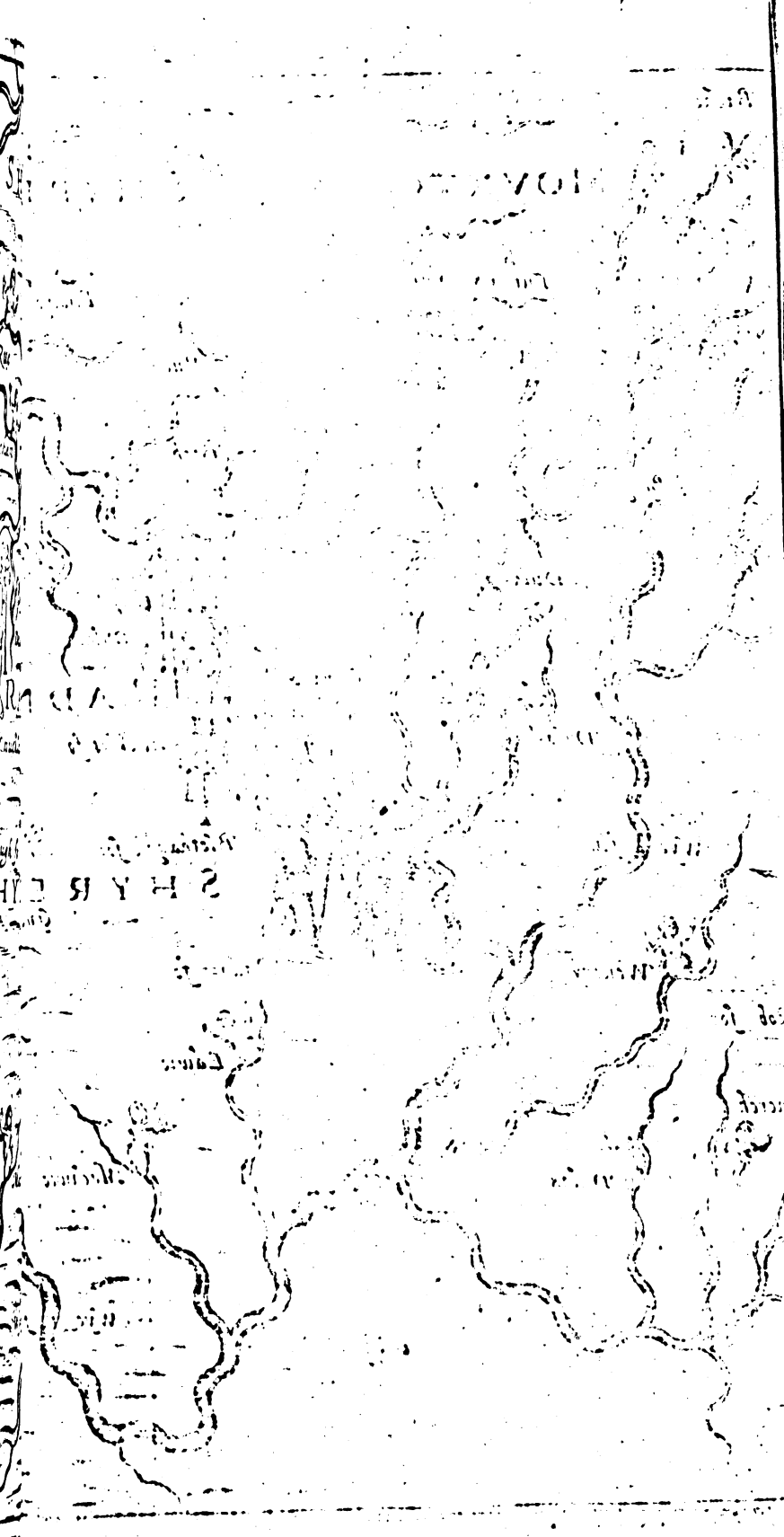
9. The ninth step is to discuss the results. This is done by the investigator, who will discuss the results in terms of the research question. The discussion is the process of talking about the results and trying to find out what they mean.

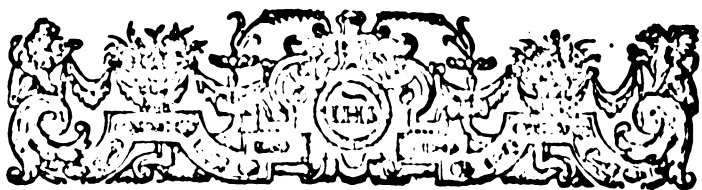
10. The tenth step is to conclude the investigation. This is done by the investigator, who will conclude the investigation in terms of the research question. The conclusion is the final step in the process of the investigation.











The fixt Song.

* THE ARGUMENT.

*With Cardigan the Muse proceeds,
And tells what rare things Tivy breeds:
Next, proud Plynillimon shee plyes;
Where Severne, Wy, and Rydoll rise.
With Severne shee along doth goe,
Her Metamorphosis to shewe;
And makes the wandring Wy declame
In hono: of the British name:
Then musters all the watry traine
That those two Rivers entertaine:
And viewing how those Rilletts creepe
From shore to the Verginian Deepe,
By Radnor and Mountgomery then
To Severne turnes her course agen:
And bringing all their Riueretts in,
There ends; a new Song to begin.*



*I*th I must stem thy Streame, cleere *Tivy*, yet before
The Muse vouchsafes to seile the *Cardiganian* shore,
Shee of thy fource will sing in all the *Cambrian* coast;
Which of thy Castors once, but now canst onlie boast

The Salmons, of all Floods most plentiful in thee.
Deere Brooke, within thy Banks if anie Powers there bee;
Then *Naiads*, or yee Nymphs of their like watrie kind
(Vnto whose onlie care, great *Neptune* hath assign'd
The guidance of those Brooks wherein he takes delight)
Assist her: and whilst shee your dwelling shall recite,
Be present in her work: let her your graces view,
That to succeeding times them liuelie shee may shew;
As when great *Albions* sonnes, which him a Sea-Nymph brought
Amongst the grisly Rocks, werewith your beauties caught
(Whole onlie loue surpriz'd those of the * *Phlegrian* size,
The *Titanois*, that once against high Heauen durst rise)

I 2

When

• GAMES

When as the hoarie woods, the climbing hills did hide,
And couer'd euerie Vale through which you gentle glide;
Euen for those inly heats which through your loues they felt,
That oft in kindlie teares did in your bosomes melt,
To view your secret Bowres, such fauour let her win.

Then *Truy* commeth downe from her capacious *Lin*,
Twixt *Mirk* and *Brenny* led, two handmaids, that doe stay
Their Mistres, as in State thee goes vpon her way.

VVhich when *Lambeder* sees, her wondrouslic shee likes:
Whose vntam'd bosome to the beautilous *Tivy* strikes,
As that the Forrest faine would haue her there abide.
But thee (so pre a streame) transported with her pride
The offeridlic icorns; though with her flattering shade
The *Sylvan* her entice with all that may perswade
A water-Nymph; yea, though great *Thetis* selfe shee were:
But nothing might preuaile, nor all the pleasures there
Her mind could euer moue one minutes staie to make.

Mild *Matheru* then, the next, doth *Truy* ouer-take:
Which instantlie againe by *Dittor* is suppl'd.
Then, *Leach* and *Kerry* helpe: twixt which on either side,
To *Cardigan* shee comes, the Soueraigne of the Shere.
Now *Tivy* let vs tell thy fundrie glories here.

When as the Salmon seekes a fresher streame to find
(Which hither from the Sea comes yeerely by his kind,
As he in season growes) and stems the watry tract
Where *Truy* falling downe, doth make a * Cataraft,
Forc't by the rising Rocks that there her course oppose,
As though within their bounds they meant her to inclose;
Heere, when the labouring Fish doth at the foote arriue,
And finds that by his strength but vainlie he doth striue,
His taile takes in his teeth; and bending like a bowe,
That's to the compasse drawne, aloft himself doth throwe;
Then springing at his height, as doth a little wand,
That bended end to end, and flerted from the hand,
Farre off it selfe doth cast; so doth the Salmon vault.
And if at first he faile, his second * Summer saut
Hee instantlie assaies; and from his nimble Ring,
Still yarking, neuer leaues, vntill himselfe he sling
About the streamefull top of the surrounded heape.

More famous long agoe, then for the Salmon's leape,
For Beuers *Truy* was, in her strong banks that bred,
Which else no other Brooke of *Brittaine* nourished:
Where Nature, in the shape of this now-perisht beast
His propertie did seeme to haue wondrouslic exprest;
Be'ing bodied like a Boat, with such a mightie taile
As seru'd him for a bridge, a helme, or for a saile,

* Falling of
water.

* The word in
rumbling, whe
one casteth
himselfe ouer
and ouer.

Whe

When Kind did him commaund the Architect to ply,
That his strong Castle built of branched twigs and clay;
Which, set vpon the Deepe, but yet not fixed there,
Hee easlie could remoue as it he pleas'd to stee
To this side or to that; the workmanship so rare,
His stuffe where-with to build, first heeing to prepare;
A forraging he goes, to Groues or bushes nie,
And with his teeth cuts downe his Timber: which laid-by,
He turnes him on his back, his belly laid abroad,
When with what he hath got, the other doe him load,
Till lastlie by the weight, his burthen hee haue found.
Then, with his mightie taile his carriage hauing bound
As Carters doe with ropes, in his sharpe teeth hee grip'e
Some stronger stick: from which the lesser branches stript,
He takes it in the midst; at both the ends, the rest
Hard holding with their fangs, vnto the labour prest,
Going backward, tow'rd their home their loaded carriage led,
From whom, those first heere borne, were taught the vfeull Sled.
Then builded he his Fort with strong and seuerall sights;
His passages contriu'd with such vnuall sleights,
That from the Hunter oft he issu'd vndiscern'd,
As if men from this Beast to fortifie had learn'd;
§. Whole Kind, in her decay'd, is to this Ile vnknowne.
Thus *Troy* boasts this Beast peculiarly her owne.

But here why spend I time these trifles to arced?
Now, with thy former taske my Mute againe proceed,
To shewe the other Floods from the *Cerettick* shore
To the *Virginian* Sea contributing their store:
With *Bidder* first begin, that bendeth all her force
The *Arron* to asist, *Arth* holding on her course
The way the other went, with *Werry* which doth win
Faire *Iswid* to her ayde; who kindlie comming in,
Meets *Rydoll* at her mouth, that faire and princelie maid,
Plynillimons deere child, deliciousslie arraid,
As sits a Nymph to neere to *Seuerne* and her *Queene*.
Then come the sister *Salks*, as they before had scene
Those delicater Dames so trippinglie to tread;
Then *Kerry*; *Cletur* next, and *Kinner* making head
With *Enion*, that her like cleere *Leuant* brings by her.

Plynillimons high praise no longer Muse defer;
What once the *Druids* told, how great those Floods should bee;
That here (most mightie Hill) deriue themselves from thee.
The Bards with furie rapt, the *Britisb* youth among,
§. Vnto the charming Harpe thy future honor song
In braue and lostie straines; that in excessse of loy,
The Beldam and the Girle, the Grandfire and the Boy,

I 3

With

Of Endymon.

• Bacchus.

With shouts and yearning cries, the troubled ayredid load
 (As when vvith crowned cuppes vnto the *Elia* God
 Those Priests his Orgyes held; or when the old world saw
 Full *Phibes* face eclips't, and thinking her to daw,
 Whom they supposed false in some enchanted swound,
 Of beaten tinkling Brasse still ply'd her with the sound)
 That all the *Cambrian* hills, which high't their heads doe beare
 With most obsequious shoues of lowe subiected feare,
 Should to thy greatnes stoupe: and all the Brooks that be,
 Doe homage to those Floods that issued out of thee:
 To princelie *Severne* first; next, to her sister *Wye*,
 Which to her elders Court her course doth still apply.
 But *Rydell*, young'st, and least, and for the others pride
 Not finding fitting roomth vpon the rising side,
 Alone vnto the West dire & lie takes her way.
 So all the neighboring Hills *Plynillimon* obey.
 For, though *Moylvadian* beare his craggy top so hie,
 As scorning all that come in compasse of his eye,
 Yet greatlie is he pleas'd *Plynillimon* will grace
 Him with a cheerfull looke: and, fawning in his face,
 His loue to *Severne* shoues as though his owne she were,
 Thus comforting the Flood; O euer-during heire
 Of *Sabrina*, *Loeryns* child (who of her life bereft,
 Her euer-living name to thee faire Riuer left)
Brutes first begotten sonne, which *Gwendolin* did wed;
 But soone th'vncoustant Lord abandoned her bed
 (Through his vnchaste desire) for beautilous *Elfreds* loue.
 Now, that which most of all her mightichart did moue,
 Her Father, *Cornwalls* Duke, great *Corineus* dead,
 Vvas by the lustfull King vniu'stly banished.
 When thee, who to that time still with a smoothed brow
 Had seem'd to beare the breach of *Lacrynes* former vow,
 Perceiuing stil her wrongs insufferable were;
 Growne bigge with the reuenge which her full breast did beare,
 And ayded to the birth with euery little breath
 (Alone thee beeing left the spoyle of loue and death,
 In labour of her grieve outrageously distract,
 The vtmost of her spleene on her false Lord to ast)
 Shee first implores their aide to hate him whom shee found;
 Whose harts vnto the depth she had not left to found.
 To *Cornwall* then shee sends (her Country) for supplies:
 Which all at once in Armes with *Gwendolin* arise.
 Then with her warlike power, her husband shee pursu'd,
 Whom his vnlawfull loue too vainlie did delude.
 The fierce and iealous Queene, then voyde of all remorse,
 As great in power as spirit, whilst hee neglects her force,

Him

The storie of
Severne.

Him suddainlie surpriz'd, and from her irefull harte
 All pittie cleane exil'd (whom nothing could conuert)
 The tonne of mightie *Brute* bereaued of his life;
 Amongst the *Britans* here the first intestine strife,
 Since they were put a-land vpon this promis'd shore.
 Then crowning *Madan* King, whom shee to *Locrine* bore,
 And those which seru'd his Sire to his obedience brought,
 Not to with blood suffic'd, immediatly she sought
 The mother and the child: whose beautie when shee saw,
 Had not her hart been flint, had had the power to draw
 A spring of pittyng teares; when, dropping liquid pearle,
 Before the cruell Queene, the Ladie and the Gile
 Vpon their tender knees begg'd mercie. Woe for thee
 Faire *Elfred*, that thou should'st thy fairer *Sabrina* see,
 As shee should thee behold the prey to her sterne rage
 Whom kinglie *Locrins* death suffic'd not to assuage:
 Who from the bordring Cleeues thee with thy Mother cast
 Into thy christned Flood, the whilst the Rocks agast
 Resounded with your shriekes; till in a deadlie dream
 Your corpes were dissolu'd into that crySTALL streame,
 Your curles to curled waues, which plainlie still appeare
 The same in water now, that once in locks they were:
 And, as you wont to clip each others neck before,
 Yee now with liquid armes embrace the wandring shore.

But leaue we *Seuerne* heere, a little to pursue
 The often wandring *Wye* (her passages to view,
 As wantonlie shee straines in her lasciuious course)
 And muster euery flood that from her bountious source
 Attends vpon her Streame, whilst (as the famous bound
 Twixt the *Brecknockian* earth, and the *Radnorian* ground)
 Shee euery Brooke receiues. First, *Clarwen* commeth in,
 With *Clurwy*: which to them their confort *Eland* win
 To ayde their goodly *Wye*; which, *Ithun* gets againe:
 She *Dulas* drawes along: and in her watry traine
Clowedock hath recourse, and *Comran*; which she brings
 Vnto their wandring flood from the *Radnorian* Springs:
 As *Edwy* her attends, and *Matchwy* forward heaues
 Her Mistresse. When, at last the goodly *Wye* perceaues
 Shee now was in that part of *Wales*, of all the rest
 Which (as her very waste) in breadth from East to West,
 In length from North to South, her midst is euery way,
 From *Severns* bordring banks vnto the either Sea,
 And might be tearm'd her hart. The ancient *Britans* heere
 The Riuer calls to mind, and what those *British* were
 Whilst *Britain* was her selfe, the Queene of all the West.
 To whose old Nations praise whilst shee her selfe addrest

From

From the *Brecknockian* bound when *Iruon* comming in,
 Her *Dulas*, with *Commarch*, and *Wenery* that doth win,
 Perswading her for them good matter to prouide.
 The Wood-Nymphs so againe, from the *Radnorian* side,
 As *Radnor*, with *Bletbangh*, and *Knuckles* Forrests, call
 To *Wye*, and bad her now bestirre her for them all:
 For, if shee stuck not close in their distressed Case,
 The *Britans* were in doubt to vnder-goe disgrace.
 That stronglie thus prouok't, shee for the *Britans* saies;
 What spirit can lift you vp, to that immortall praise
 S. You worthilie deserue? by whom first *Gaul* was taught
 Her knowledge: and for her, what Nation euer wrought
 The conquest you archieud? And, as you were most drad,
 So yee (before the rest) in so great reuerence had
 Your Bards which sung your deeds, that whē sterne hosts haue stood
 With lifted hands to strike (in their inflamed blood)
 S. One Bard but comming in, their murd'rous swords hath staid,
 In her most dreadful voice as thundring heauen had said,
 Stay *Britans*: when he spake, his words so powrefull were.
 So to her native Priests, the dreadlesse *Druides* here,
 The neereft neighboring *Gaul*, that wiselie could discern
 Th'effect their doctrine wrought, it for their good to learne,
 Her apt and pregnant Youth sent hither yeece by yeece,
 Instructed in our Rites with most religious feare.
 And after ward againe, when as our ancient seat
 Her surcreate could not keepe, growne for her soile too great
 (But like to casting Bees, so rising vp in swarms)
 S. Our *Cymbri* with the *Gauls*, that their commixed Armes
 Ioynd with the *German* powers (those Nations of the North
 Which ouer-spread the world) together issued forth:
 S. VVhere, with our brazen swords, we stoutly fought, and long;
 And after Conquests got, residing them among,
 First planted in those parts our braue courageous brood:
 Whose natures so adher'd vnto their ancient blood,
 As from them sprang those Priests, whose praise so farre did sound,
 Through whom that spacious *Gaul* was after so renown'd.
 Nor could the *Saxons* swords (which many a lingring yeece
 Them sadlie did afflict, and shut vs *Britans* heere
 Twixt *Seuerne* and this Sea) our mightie minds deiect;
 But that euen they which fau'nt our weaknes would detect,
 Were forced to confesse, our wildest beasts that breed
 Vpon our mightie wastes, or on our Mountaines feed,
 Were farre more sooner tam'd, then heere our *Welch-men* were:
 Besides, in all the world no Nation is so decre
 As they vnto their owne; that here within this Ile,
 Or else in forraine parts, yea, forced to exile,

The noble *Britan* still his countryman releues;
A Patriot, and so true, that it to death him grieues
To heare his *Wales* disgrac't: and on the *Saxons* words
Of hazardeth his life, ere with reprochfull words
His Language or his Lecke hee'le stand to heare abus'd.

Besides, the *Britan* is so naturallie infus'd
With true Poëtick rage, that in their measures, Art
Doth rather seeme precise, then comlie; in each part
Their Metre most exact, in Verse of th'hardest kind.
And some to riming be so wondrously inclin'd,
Those Numbers they will hit, out of their genuine vaine,
Which many wise and learn'd can hardly certaine.

O memorable Bards, of vnmixt blood, which still
Posteritie shall praite for your so wondrous skill,
That in your noble Songs, the long Descents haue kept
Of your great Heroes, die in *Lethe* that had slept,
With theirs whose ignorant pride your labours haue disdain'd;
How much from time, and them, how brauelie haue you gain'd!
Musician, Herault, Bard, thrice maist thou be renown'd,
And with three severall wreathes immortalie be crown'd;
Who, when to *Penbrooke* call'd before the English King,
And to thy powerfull Harpe commaunded there to sing,
Of famous *Arthur* told'st, and where hee was interr'd;
In which, those rechiefest times had long and blindlie err'd,
And Ignorance had brought the world to such a pass
As now, which scarce beleevues that *Arthur* euer was.
But when King^b *Henry* sent th'reported place to view,
He found that man of men: and what thou said'st was true.

Heere then I cannot chuse but bitterlie exclaime
Against those fooles that all Antiquitie defame,
Because they haue found out, some credulous Ages layd
Slight fictions with the truth, whilst truth on rumor stayd;
And that one forward Time (perceiuing the neglect
A former of her had) to purchase her respect,
VWith toyes then trimd her vp, the drowlie world's allure,
And lent her what it thought might appetite procure
To man, whose mind doth still varietie pursue;
And therefore to those things whose grounds were verie true,
Though naked yet and bare (not hauing to content
The weyward curious eare) gaue fictiue ornament;
And fitter thought, the truth they should in question call,
Then coldlie sparing that, the truth should goe and all.
And surelie I suppose, that which this froward time
Doth scandalize her with to be her heynous crime,
That hath her most preferu'd: for, still where wit hath found
A thing most cleerlie true, it made that, fictions ground:

Which

* See on the
Fourth Song

^b Henry the 6.
cond.

V Which shee suppos'd might giue sure colour to them both;
 From which, as from a roote, this wondred error growth
 At which our Criticks gird, whole iudgements are so strict,
 And he the brauest man who most can contradict
 That which decrepit Age (which forced is to leane
 Vpon Tradition) tells; esteeming it so meane,
 As they it quite reiect, and for some trifling thing
 (Which Time hath pind to Truth) they all away will fling.
 These men (for all the world) like our Precisions bee,
 V Who for some Crosse or Saint they in the window see
 Will pluck downe all the Church: Soule-blinded sorts that creepe
 In durt, and neuer saw the wonders of the Deepe.
 Therefore (in my conceit) most rightlie seru'd are they
 S. That to the *Roman* trust (on his report that stay)
 Our truth from him to learne, as ignorant of ours
 As we were then of his; except t'were of his powers:
 Who our wise *Druides* here vnmercifullie slew;
 Like whom, great Natures depths no men yet euer knew,
 Nor with such dauntlesse spirits were euer yet inspir'd;
 Who at their proud arriue th'ambitious *Romans* fir'd
 V When first they heard them preach the soules immortall state;
 And euen in *Romes* despight, and in contempt of Fate,
 Graspt hands with horrid death: which out of hate and pride
 They slew, who through the world were reuerenced beside.

To vnderstand our state, no maruail then though wee
 Should so to *Cesar* seeke, in his reports to see
 V What ancientlie we were; when in our infant war,
 Vnskilfull of our tongue but by Interpreter,
 Hee nothing had of ours which our great Bards did sing,
 Except some few poore words; and those againe to bring
 Vnto the Latine sounds, and easines they vs'd,
 By their most filed speech, our *British* most abus'd.
 But of our former state, beginning, our descent,
 The warres we had at home, the conquests where we went,
 He neuer vnderstood. And though the *Romans* here
 So noble Trophies left, as verie worthie were
 A people great as they, yet did they ours neglect,
 Long rear'd ere they arriu'd. And where they doe obiect,
 The Ruines and Records we show, be verie small
 To proue our selues so great: euen this the most of all
 (Gainst their obiectiō) seemes miraculous to mee,
 That yet those should be found so generall as they bee;
 The *Roman*, next the *Pict*, the *Saxon*, then the *Dane*,
 All landing in this Ile, each like a horrid raine
 Deforming her; besides the sacrilegious wrack
 Of many a noble Booke, as impious hands should sack

The

The Centes, to extirp all knowledge, and exile
 All braue and ancient things, for euer from this Ile:
 Expressing wondrous grieſe, thus wandring *Wye* did ſing.
 But, backe, induſtrious *Mule*; obſequiouſly to bring
 Cleere *Seuerne* from her ſourſe, and tell how ſhe doth ſtraine
 Downe her delicious *Dales*; with all the goodly traine,
 Brought forth the firſt of all by *Brygan*: which to make
 Her party worthy note, next, *Dulas* in doth take.
Mytadian his much loue to *Seuerne* then to ſhowe,
 Vpon her Southerne ſide, ſends likewiſe (in a rowe)
 Bright *Biga*, that brings on her friend and fellow *Floyd*;
 Next, *Dungum*; *Bacho* then is buſily imploy'd,
Tarranon, *Carno*, *Hawes*, with *Becan*, and the *Rue*,
 In *Seuern's* ſoueraigne Bankes, that giue attendance due.
 Thus as ſhe ſwoopes along, with all that goodly traine,
 Vpon her other Banke by *Newtowne*: ſo againe
 Comes *Dulas* (of whole name ſo many Riuer bee,
 As of none others is) with *Mule*, prepar'd to ſee
 The conſluence to their Queene, as on her courſe ſhe makes;
 Then at *Montgomery* next cleere *Kennet* in ſhe takes;
 Where little *Fledding* falls into her broader Banke;
 Forkt *Furnway*, bringing *Tur*, and *Tanot*: growing ranke,
 She plyes her towards the *Poole*, from the *Gomerian* ſeelds;
 Then which in all our *Wales*, there is no country yeelds
 An excellenter Horſe, ſo full of naturall fire,
 As one of *Phabus* Steeds had beene that *Stalyon's* fire
 Which firſt their race begun; or of th' *Aſturian* kind,
 Which ſome haue held to be begotten by the Wind,
 Vpon the Mountaine Mare; which ſtrongly it reccaues,
 And in a little time her pregnant part vphcaues.
 But, leaue we thiſto ſuch as after wonders long:
 The Muſe prepares her ſelfe vnto another Song.

Illustrations.

After *Penbroke* in the former Song, ſucceedes here *Cardigan*; both waſht
 By the *Iriſh* Seas. But, for intermixture of riuers, and contiguity of ſitua-
 tion, the inlands of *Montgomery*, *Radnor*, and *Brecknocke* are partly inſolded.

Whoſe Kind, in her decaid, is to this Ile unknowne.

That theſe Riuer were in *Truy* frequent, anciently is teſtified by *Syueſtor*
Girald deſcribing the particulars, which the author tels you, both of this, and
 the *Salmons*; but that here, are no *Beners* now, as good authority of the pre-
 ſent time informes you.

Vnto thy charming Harpe thy future honor ſong.

Of the *Bards*, their Singing, Heraldſhip, and more of that nature, ſee to the
 fourth

^a Topograph.
 Hib. diſt. 3. cap.
 21. ^b Itin. Cam. 1.
 cap. 3.
^c Penol. & Cam.
 den.

Girald. Topograph. 3. lib. cap. 22.

Horat. Ep. ad 9

Platarch. de Isid. & Ofride.
 Horat. Carm. 3. ed. 11. Homer in Hymn. ad 1. ju. Serv. Honorat. ad 4. Aeneid. (Vbi studium primo trium Cloridū, quam à Mercurio Calceus presso emisse Apollinem septemque distimulū vocum addidisse legim⁹, & videndū Bionor. Sicul. lib. a.) unde & id. ymo for. 3. v. d. o. 3. & c. d. d. ictur Graen. 1 Hist. Scot. 4. in Feth. macho. 1 Comment. 6. 1 Junenal. Satyr. 19. 1 Eloquent Gaule taught the British Lawiers. 1 De pronuntiat. rel. 1. at. ling. cap. 9. v. 1. ymo ad insit. tuffin. in ap. b. non est permiff. fac. Sept. Circa DCC. XC. Vniuersity of Paris instituted 1 Balan. cent. 1.

fourth Song. Ireland (saith one) vses the Harpe and Pipe, which he calls *tympanum*: Scotland the Harpe, Tympan, and Chorn; Wales the Harp, Pipe, and Chorn. Although Tympanum and Chorn have other significations, yet, this Girald (from whom I vouch) vsing these words as received, I imagine, of S. Hieromes Epistle to Dardanus, according to whom, for explanation, finding them picur'd in Ottomar Luscinus his *Musique*, as severall kind of Pipes, the first diuiding it selfe into two at the end, the other spread in the middle, as two segments of a circle, but one at both ends, I guetle them intended neere the same. But I refer my selfe to those that are more acquainted with these kind of British fashions. For the Harpe his word is *Cithara*, which (if it be the same with *Lyra*, as some thinke, although vrging reason and authority are to the contrary) makes the Bards musique, like that exprest in the Lyrique:

— bibam
 Sonante mustum tibiis carmen lyra,
 Hic Dorium, illis Barbarum.

Apply it to the former notes, and obserue with them, that the Pythagoreans vsed, with musique of the Harp (which in those times, if it were *Apollo's*, was certainly but of seven strings) when they went to sleepe; to chaime (as the old Scots were wont to do, & do yet in their Isles, as Buchanan¹ affirms; & compole their troubled affections. Which I cite to this purpose, that in cōparing it with the British musique, and the attributes thereof before remembered out of *Heraclitus* and *Girald*, you may see conueniency of vse in both, and worth of antiquity in ours; and as well in Pipes as Harp, if you remember the poetique stile of *Marsyas*. And wihall forget not that in one of the oldest coines that haue beene made in this Kingdome, the picture of the Reucts is *Apollo* having his Harp incircled with *Cunolclins* name, then chiefe King of the Britons; and for *Belin* and *Apollo*, see to the VIII. Song.

By whom first Gaule was taught her knowledge.

Vnderstand the knowledge of those great Philosophers, Priests, and Lawyers call'd *Druides* (of whom to the X. Song largely.) Their discipline was first found out in this Isle, and afterward transfer'd into *Gaul*; whence their youth were sent hither as to an Vniuersity for instruction in their learned professions: ¹ *Cassiodorus* himselfe is author of as much. Although, in particular law learning, it might seeme that *Britaine* was required, if the Satyrists¹ deceive not in that;

* Gallia confidos docuit facunda Britannos.

Which with excellent *Lipsius*¹, I rather apply to the dispersion of the *Latin* tongue through *Gaul* into this Prouince, then to any other language or matter. For also in *Agicolas* time somewhat before, it appears that matter of good literature was here in a farre higher degree then there, as *Tacitus* in his life hath recorded. Thus hath our Isle beene as Mistress to *Gaul* twice. First in the *Druidian* doctrine, next in the institution of their now famous Vniuersity of *Paris*, which was done by *Charlemaine*, through aide and indutry of our learned *Aluin* (he is called also *Albin*, and was first sent Embassador to the Emperour by *Ossa K. of Mercia*) seconded by those Scots, ¹ *John Mailros*, *Claudian Clement*, and *Raban Masynus*. But I know great men permit it not; nor can I see any very ancient authority for it, but infinit of later times, so that it goes as a received opinion; therefore without more examination in this no more passage, I commit it to my Reader.

One Bard but coming in their murderous swords hath staid.

Such strange affection finde I in story of these *Bards* powerfull enchantments, that with the amazing sweetness of their delicious 'harmonies, not their own only, but with all their enemies armies haue suddenly desisted from fierce encounters, so, as my author sayes, did Mars reverence the *Muses*. This exactly continues all times with what is before affirmed of that kind of Musique, twixt which (and all other by authentique affirmance) and the minds affections there are certaine * *Μουσική*, as in this particular example is apparant. But how agreeth this with that in *Tacitus* which calls a muscally incitement to warre among the *Germans*, *Barditus*? Great critiques would there read *Harbitus*, which in *Vegetius* and *Ammian* especially, is a peculiar name for those stirring up alarms before the battell vsed in *Roman* assaults (equall in proportion to the *Greekes* *ἀνὰ μὶν*, the *Irish* *Kerus Pharrob*, & that *Rolands* Song of the *Normans*, which hath had his like also, in most nations.) But, seeing *Barditus* (in this sense) is a word of later time, and scarce yet, without remembrance of his naturalization, allowed in the *Latine*; and, that this vs was notable in those *Northerns* and *Gaules*, vntill warres with whom, it seemes *Rome* had not a proper word for it (which appeares by *Festus Pompeius*, affirming that the cry of the armie was call'd *Barbaricum*.) I should thinke somewhat confidently, that *Barditus* (as the common copies are) is the truest 'reading, yet so, that *Barditus* formed by an vnknowing pronunciation is, and, by originall, was the selfe same. For, that *Lipsius* mending the place, will haue it from *Barren* in Dutch, which signifies, *To crie out*, or from *Har Har* (which is as *Haron* in the *Norman* customs and elsewhere) or from the word *Beare* for imitation of that beastes crie, I much wonder, seeing *Tacitus* makes expresse mention of verses harmonically celebrating valiant performers, recitall whereof hath that name *Barditus*, which to interpret we might wel call *Singing*. But to coniyn this fiery office with that quenching power, of the *Bards*, (spoken of by the author, I imagine that they had also for this martiall purpose skill in that kind of musique, which they call *Phrygian*, being (as *Aristotle* sayes) *ὀργαστικὴ καὶ ἐκστατικὴ*, as it were, madding the mind with sprightfull motion. For so we see that those which sing the *Tempering* & mollifying *Paeans* to *Apollo*, the *Triumphant* & *vanishing* after victory, did among the *Greeks* in another straine moue with their *Paeans* to *Mars*, their *Ophias*, and prouoking charmes before the encounter, and so meetes this in our *Bards* dispersed doublets (as the *Druids*) through *Britaine*, *Gaule*, and part of *Germany*, which three had especially in warfare much communie.

Our Cimbri with the Gaules

National transmigrations touched to the fourth Song giue light hither. The name of *Cimbri* (which most of the learned in this later time haue made the same with *Chimmerians*, *Chimerians*, *Cambyrians*, all comming from *Gomer* *Iaphets* sonne, to whom with his posterity was this North-Weillerne part of the world diuided) expressing the *Welsh*, calling themselves also *Bumry*. The author alludes here to that *British* armie, which in our story is conducted vnder *Brennus* and *Belinus* (sonnes to *Molmutius*) through *Gaule*, and thence prosecuted, what in the VIII. Song and my notes there more plainly.

Where, with our Brazen swords

The Author thus teaches you to know, that, among the ancients, Brasse, not Iron,

K

Iron,

*Dider. Stru. de
21. fabulosem.
11. 1. 6.*

*Aristot. Polit.
1. 4. 6.
* Imitatione,
* Ipsi. ad Tych.
4. Dialog. 11.
* Locus Parni
in de morib.
Germ.*

*Brutus Gallus
& Britannici
Cant. 1. 1. 1. 1.
vnde Badi.
m. 1. 1. 1. 1.
9. 1. 1. 1. 1.
Dignitatum
& 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.
vnde 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.
vnde 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.
* Saldan Flan*

Conf. 16.

* Sophocles, *Car-*
minibus, Virgil.
ap. Macrobinum
Saturnal. lib. 9.
cap. 19. Pausan.
in Laconia. 7. &
Acadici. 5. Sa-
mmel. lib. 1. cap.
17.

* *Psalm 1.*
 * Braille re-
 bounds from
 Braille.
 * Of remedial
 power.

* Problem a.
Sell. 1.
 * *Camd. in Cor-*
nub.
 See for this
 more in the
 X. Song.

* *Lucret. de Rer.*
Nat. 6.

* *Cornelius Nepos*
 challenged to
 an English wit.

* *Ita legendi,*
non Tania aut
Pontia, ut in-
optant quo lo-
lepho nostro
currenti suam
immoderat co-
ronam in Codice
Typi excuso.

Iron, was the metall of most vse. In their little Sithes, wherewith they * cut
 their herbes for inchantments, their Priests Rasours, Plow-shares for describing
 the content of plotted Citics, their musique instruments, and such like, how
 speciall this metall was, it is with good warrant deliuered; Nor with lesse, how
 frequent in the making of Swords, Speares, and Armor in the Heroique times,
 as among other authorities that in the encounter of *Diomedes* and *Hector* * ma-
 nifesteth:

* *ἡ δὲ σίδηρος ἡ δὲ σίδηρος ἡ δὲ σίδηρος.*

Which seemes in them to haue proceeded from a willingnes of auoyding in-
 struments too deadly in wounding; For from a stypique faculty in this, more
 then in Iron, the cure of what it hurts is affirmed more easie, and the metall in
 selfe, * *ὑγιαίνει*, as * *Aristotle* expresse. But that our *Britons* vsed it also it hath
 beene out of old monuments by our most * learned Antiquary obserued.

That to the Roman trust (on his report that stay)

For indeed many are which the author here impugnes, that dare belecue no-
 thing of our storie, or antiquities of more ancient times; but only *Julius Ce-*
sar, and other about or since him. And surely his ignorance of this Isle was
 great, time forbidding him language or conuersation with the *British*. Nor was
 any before him of his country, that knew or medled in relation of vs. The first
 of them that once to letters committed any word deduced from *Britaines*
 name was a Philosophicall * Poet (flourishing some L. yeares before *Cesar*) in
 these verses:

Nam, quid Britannum cælum differre putamus,
*Et quod in Ægypto * sit, quàm mundi claudicat axis?*

In the somewhat later Poets that liu'd about *August**, as *Catull**, *Virgil*, & *Horace*,
 some passages of the name haue you, but nothing that discouers any monu-
 ment of this Island proper to her inhabitants, I would not reckon *Corneli** *Nep-*
 os among them, to whose name is attributed, in Print, that polite Poem (in
 whose composition *Apollo* seemes to haue giuen personall aide) of the *Troian*
 warre, according to *Dares the Phrygian*s story; where, by Poeticall liberty the
Britons are supposed to haue been with *Hercules* at the rape of *Hesione*: I should
 so, besides error, wrong my ccuntry, to whose glory the true authors name
 of that booke will among the worthies of the Muses euer liue. Read but these
 of his verses, and then iudge if he were a Roman:

Sine remigis vsu
Non nosset Memphis Roman, non Indus Hibernum,
Non Scythæ Cecropidem, non Nostra Britannia Gallum.

And in the same booke to *Baldwin* Archbishop of Canterbury:

At in dissimulis longè cui fronte serena
Sanguinis egregij lucrum, pacemq; litatâ
Emptam animâ Pater ille pius summumq; cacumen
In curam venisse velis, cui cederet ipse
Prorsus, vel proprias lætus sociaret habenas.

Of him a little before:

— quopra fide Flores
 * *Cantia, & in prisca resspirat libera leges.*

Briefly thus: the Author was *Ioseph of Excester* (afterward Archbishop of
Bowdeaux) famous in this and other kind of good learning, vnder *Hen. II.* and
Rich. I. speaking among those verses in this forme:

Te sacra assument acies diuinâq; bella,
Tunc dignum maiore tuba, tunc pectore toto
Nitar, & immensum mecum spargere per Orbem.

Which

Which must (as I think) be intended of *Baldwin* whose undertaking of the crus and voyage with *Cœur de Lion* into the Holy-land, and death there, is in our • Stories; out of which you may haue large declaration of this holy father (so he calls *The Becker*) that bought peace with price of his life, being murdered in his house at *Canterbury*, through the vrging grieuances intollerable to the King and Laity, his diminution of common law liberties, and endeouored derogation, for maintenance of *Romish* vsurped Supremacie. For these liberties, see *Matthew Paris* before all other, and the Epistles of • *John of Salisbury*, but lately published; and, if you please, my *Jaune Anglorum*, where they are restored from senseles corruption, and are indeede more themselues then in any other whatsoeuer in print. But thus too much of this false *Cornelius*. Compare with these notes what is to the first Song of *Britaine* and *Albion*; and you shall see that in *Greeke* writers mention of our Land is long before any in the *Latins*; for *Polybius* that is the first which mentions it, was more then C. yeares before *Lucretius*. The authors plainenes in the rest of *Wies* Song to this purpose discharges my further labour.

Comes Dulas, of whose name so many riuers bee.

As in *England* the names of *Avon*, *Onse*, *Stoures*, and some other, so in *Wales*, before all, is *Dulas*, a name very often of riuers in *Radnor*, *Brecknock*, *Caermard- bin*, and elsewhere.

Which some haue held to be begotten of the wind.

In those *Western* parts of *Spain*, *Gallicia*, *Portugall* and *Asturia* many Clas- sique testimonies, both Poets, as *Virgil*, *Silius Italicus*, Naturalists, Historians and Geoponiques, as *Varro*, *Columel*, *Pliny*, *Trogon* and *Solinus* haue remembered these *Mares*, which conceiue through feruent lust of Nature, by the West wind, without copulation with the male (in such sort as the *Oua subuentanea* are bred in Hens) but so that the Follies live not ouer some three yeares. I referre it as an Allegory to the expressing onely of their fertile breed and swiftnes in course, which is elegantly to this purpose, framed by him that was the Father of this conceit to his admiring posterity, in these speaking of *Xanthus* and *Balius*, two of *Achilles* Horses:

—••••• τὸν δ' ἄρ' ἀπὸ πνεύματος γενέσθαι
τὸν ἑταίρον Σαρπηδόϊ ἀνέμῳ δ' ἔπειτα Πυλάργῳ
Βρομῶντι λαμψύνοντι σπυγὶ σὺν ὀφθαλμοῖς.

Whence withall you may note, that *Homer* had at least heard of these coasts of *Spain*, according as vpon the coniectures on the name of *Lisbon*, the *Ethians*, and other such you haue in *Strabo*. But for *Lisbon*, which many will haue from *Ulysses*, and call it *Vlixbon*, being commonly written *Olisippo* or *Vlissippo* in the ancients, you shall haue better etymologie, if you hence deriue and make it οὐλίππου, as it were, that the whole tract is a Seminary of Horses, as a most learned man hath deliuered.

• *Chronica add.*
• *Girald. lib.*
Camb. 2. cap. 14.

• *Sartorius.*
Epist. 1993. 10.
220 & 261.

• *Joannes* who
dy eggs, and
without a
Cocke.

• *Iustin. lib. 24.*

• *Iliad. 10.*

• These did lie
like the winds,
which swift
Podargos foaled
to their Sire *Zer-
phyron*, feeding
in a Meadow
by the Ocean.

• *Geograph. 2.*

• *Olaus* from
Ptolemae. tota
sublati vna m-
bat tellus.

Paull. Metab.
cosmog. part. 2.
lib. 2. cap. 26.

[illegible]

1. The first step in the process of the investigation is the identification of the problem. This is done by the investigator who is responsible for the study. The investigator must first identify the problem and then determine the scope of the study. The next step is to design the study. This involves determining the research objectives, the research questions, and the research methods. The third step is to collect data. This involves gathering information from the subjects of the study. The fourth step is to analyze the data. This involves interpreting the results of the study. The fifth step is to report the results. This involves writing a report that summarizes the findings of the study.

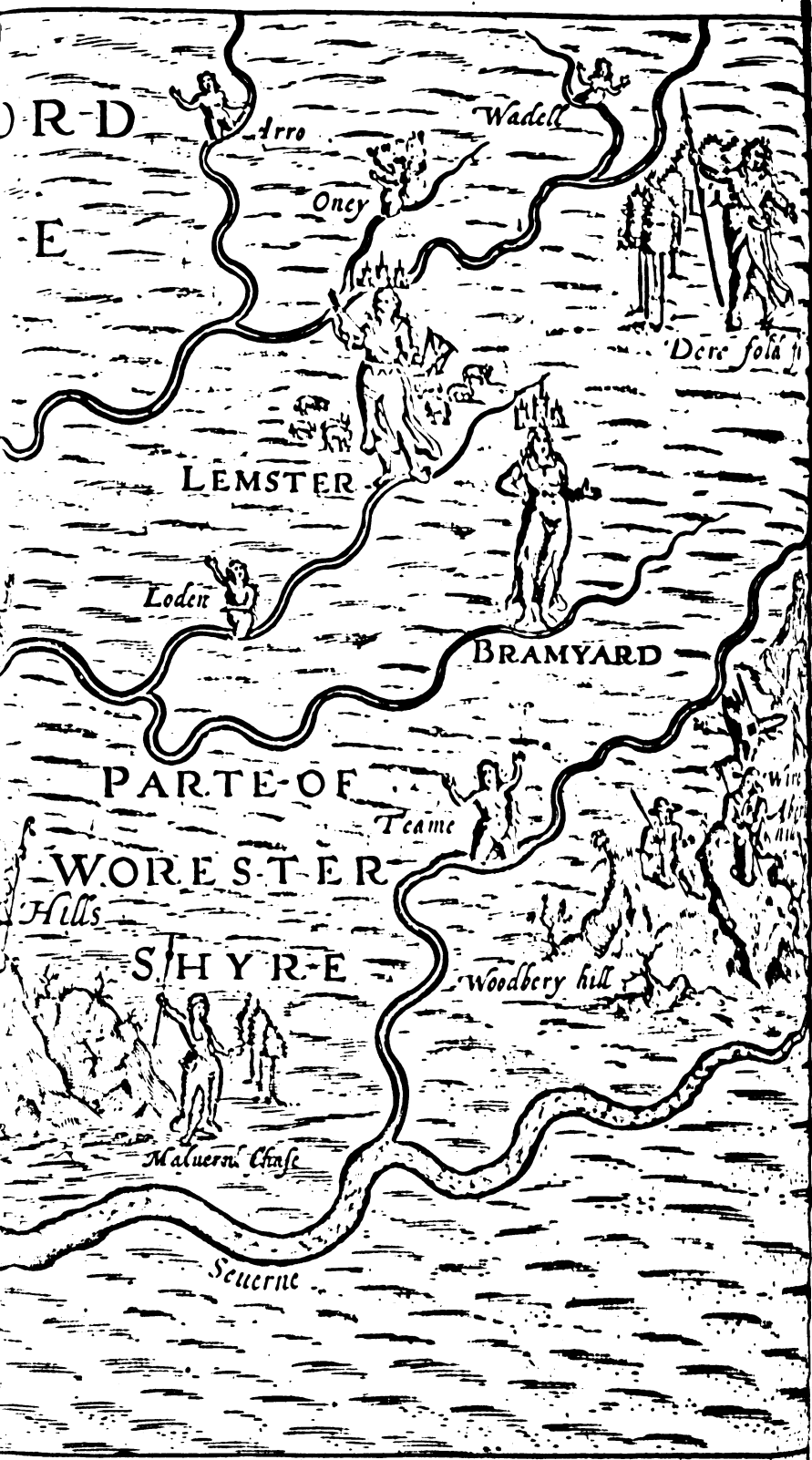
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Q 51

1



The seventh Song.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Muse from Cambria comes againe,
To view the Forrest of faire Deane;
Sees Severne; when the Higre takes her,
How Fever-like the sicknes shakes her;
Makes mightie Maluerne speake his mind
In honour of the Mountaine kind;
Thence wadded with a merry gale,
Sees Lemster, and the Golden Vale;
Sports with the Nymphs, themselves that ply
At th' wedding of the Lug and Wy;
Viewing the Herefordian pride
Along on Severns setting side,
That small Wigornian part survailes:
Where for a while herselfe shee staies.*

Though matters call our Muse, inviting her to see
As well the lower Lands, as those where latelie shee
The *Cambrian* Mountaines clome, & (looking from aloft)
Survaied coy *Severns* course: but now to shores more soft
Shee shapes her prosperous saile; and in this lostie Song,
The *Herefordian* floods invites with her along,
S. That fraught from plentious *Powse*, with their superfluous waste,
Manure the barfull *March*, vntill they be imbrac't
In *Sabrin's* Soueraigne armes: with whose tumultuous waues
S. Shut vp in narrower bounds, the *Higre* wildly raues;
And frights the stragling flocks, the neighbouring shores to flie,
A farre as from the Maine it comes with hideous cry,
And on the angry front the curled foame doth bring,
The billowes gainst the banks when fiercely it doth fling;
Hurles vp the slimie ooze, and makes the scalie brood
Leape madding to the Land affrighted from the flood;
Oreturmes the toyling Barge, whose steresman doth not lanch,
And thrusts the furrowing beake into her irefull panch:

K 3

As

Simile ex-
celing the
care of Hylas.

As when we haplie see a sicklie woman fall
Into a fit of that which wee the Mother call,
When from the griued wombe shee feelles the paine arise,
Becakes into grieuous sighes, with intermixed cries,
Bereaued of her senses and struggling still with those
That gainst her rising paine their vtmost strength oppose,
Starts, tosses, tumbles, strikes, turnes, touses, spurnes and spraukes,
Casting with furious lims her holders to the walles;
But that the horrid pangs torments the griued so,
One well might muse frō whence this suddaine strength should grow.

Here (Queene of Forrests all, that West of *Seuerne* lie)
Her broad and bushie top *Deane* holdeth vp so hie,
The lesser are not scene, shee is so tall and large,
And standing in such state vpon the winding marge,
S. Within her hollow woods the *Satyres* that did wonne
In gloomie secret shades, not pierc't with Sommers sunne,
Vnder a false pretence the Nymphs to entertaine,
Ost raished the choice of *Sabryns* watry traine;
And from their Mistis banks them taking as a prey,
Vnto their wooddie Caues haue carried them away:
Then from her inner Groues for succour when they cri'd,
Shee retchlesse of their wrongs (her *Satyres* scapes to hide)
Vnto their iust complaint not once her care enclines:
So fruitfull in her Woods, and wealthy in her Mines,
That *Leden* which her way doth through the Desert make,
Though neere to *Deane* ally'd, determin'd to forsake
Her course, and her cleere lims amongst the bushes hide,
Least by the *Syluans* (should she chance to be espide)
Shee might vnmaidned goe vnto her Soueraigne Flood:
So manie were the rapes done on the watry brood,
That *Sabrine* to her Sire (great *Neptune*) forc't to sue,
The ryots to repressse of this outrageous crue,
His armed *Oxks* hee sent her milder streame to keepe,
To driue them back to *Deane* that troubled all the Deepe.

S. Whilst *Malverne* (king of Hills) faire *Seuerne* ouer-lookes
(Attended on in state with tributarie Brookes)

And how the fertill fields of *Hereford* doe lie.
And from his many heads, with many an amorous eye
Beholds his goodlie site, how towards the pleasant rise,
Abounding in excesse, the Vale of *Eusham* lies,
The Mountaines euery way about him that doe stand,
Of whom hee's daily scene, and seeing doth command;
On tiptoes set aloft, this prouddie vttereth hee:

Olympus, sayr'st of Hills, that Heaven art said to bee,
I not envie thy state, nor lesse my selfe doe make;
Nor to possesse thy name, mine owne would I forsake:

Nor

Nor would I, as thou doost, ambitiouslie aspire
 To thrust my forked top into th'etherall fire.
 For, didst thou taste the sweets that on my face doe breathe,
 About thou wouldst not lecke what I enioy beneath;
 Besides, the sundry soyles I euery where suruay,
 Make me, if better not, thy equall curie way.
 And more, in our defence, to answer thole, with spight
 That teare me vs barren, rude, and voide of all delight;
 Wee Mountaines, to the Land, like Warts or Wens to bee,
 By which, fair'st liuing things disfigur'd oft they see;
 This stronglie to performe, a well stuf't braine would need.
 And manie Hills there be, if they this Cause would heed,
 Hauing their rising tops familiar with theskie
 (From whence all wit proceeds) that fitter were then I
 The task to vnder-take. As not a man that sees
Mountdenny, Blorench hill, with Breedon, and the Clee;
 And many more as great, and neerer me then they,
 But thinks, in our defence they far much more could say.
 Yet, falling to my lot, This stoutlie I maintaine
 Gainst Forrests, Valleys, Fields, Groues, Riuers, Pasture, Plaine,
 And all their flatter kind (so much that doe relie
 Vpon their feedings, flocks, and their fertilitie)
 The Mountaine is the King: and he it is alone
 About the other soyles that Nature doth in-throne.
 For Mountaines be like Men of braue heroique mind,
 With eyes erect to heauen, of whence themselves they find;
 Whereas the lowlie Vale, as earthlie, like it selfe,
 Doth neuer further looke then how to purchase selfe.
 And of their batfull sites, the Vales that boast them thus,
 Nere had been what they are, had it not been for vs:
 For, from the rising banks that stronglie mound them in,
 The Valley (as betwixt) her name did first begin:
 And almost not a Brooke, if shee her banks doe fill,
 But hath her plentious Spring from Mountaine or from Hill.
 If Mead, or lower Slade, grieue at the roome we take,
 Knowe that the snowe or raine, descending oft, doth make
 The fruitfull Valley fat, with what from vs doth glide,
 Who with our Winters waste maintaine their Sommers pride,
 And to you lower Lands if terrible wee seeme,
 And couer'd oft with clouds; it is your foggy steame
 The powerfull Sunne exhales, that in the cooler day
 Vnto this Region comne, about our tops doth stay.
 And, what's the Groue, so much that thinks her to be grace,
 If not about the rest vpon the Mountaine place,
 Where shee her curled head vnto the eye may shoue?
 For, in the easie Vale if thee be set belowe,

What

What is thee but obscure? and her more dampie shade
And covert, but a Den for beasts of ravin made?
Besides, wee are the Marks, which looking from an hie,
The trauaiker beholds; and with a cheerfull eye
Doth thereby shape his course, and fleshlie doth pursue
The way which long before lay tedious in his view.

What Forrest, Flood, or Field, that standeth not in awe
Of *Sina*, or shall see the sight that Mountaine saw?
To none but to a Hill such grace was euer giuen:
As on his back tis said, great *Atlas* beares vp heauen.

Endymion found
the course
the Moone.

So *Latmus* by the wife *Endymion* is renown'd;
That Hill, on whose high top he was the first that found
Pale *Phaebes* wandring course; so skilfull in her Sphere,
As some stick not to lay that he enioy'd her there.

And those chaste maids, begot on Memorie by *Ioue*,
Nor *Tempe* onelie loue delighting in their Groue;
Nor *Helicon* their Brooke, in whose delicious brims,
They oft are vs'd to bathe their cleere and crysall lims;
But high *Parnassus* haue, their Mountaine, whereon they
Vpon their golden Lutes continuallie doe play.
Of these I more could tell, to proue the place our owne,
Then by his spaciuous Maps are by *Ortellius* showne.

For Mountaines this suffice. Which scarce lie had he told;
Along the fertill fields, when *Malverne* might behold
The *Herefordian* Floods, farre distant though they bee:
For great men, as we find, a great way off can see.
First, *Frome* with forehead cleare, by *Bromyard* that doth glide;
And taking *Loden* in, their mixed streames doe guide,
To meet their Soueraigne *Lug*, from the *Radnorian* Plaine
At *Prestgyn* comming in; where hee doth entertaine
The *Wadell*, as along he vnder *Derfeld* goes:
Her full and lustie side to whom the Forrest shoves,
As to allure faire *Lug*, aboard with her to make.

Lug little *Oney* first, then *Arro* in doth take,
At *Lemster*, for her VVooll whose Staple doth excell,
And seemes to over-match the golden *Phrygian* Fell.
Had this our *Colchos* been vnto the Ancients knowne,
When Honor was her selfe, and in her glorie showne,
He then that did commaund the Infantry of *Greece*,
Had onely to our Ile adventur'd for this Fleece.

The excellen-
ce of Lemster
wooll.

Where liues the man so dull, on *Britains* furthest shore;
To whom did neuer sound the name of *Lemster* Ore?
That with the Silke-wormes web for smalness doth compares
Wherein, the Winder shoves his workmanship so rare
As doth the Fleece excell, and mocks her looser clews
As nealie bottom'd vp as Nature forth it drew;

Of

Of each in high'st accompt, and reckoned here as fine,
 §. As there th' *Appulian* fleece, or dainty *Tarentyne*.
 From thence his lovely selfe for *Wye* he doth dispose,
 To view the goodly flockes on each hand as he goes;
 And makes his journey short, with strange and lundry takes,
 Of all their wondrous things; and, not the least, of *Wales*
 Of that prodigious Spring (him neighbouring as he past)
 That little Fishes bones continually doth cast.
 Whose reason whil'st he seekes industriously to knowe,
 A great way he hath gon, and *Hereford* doth shoue
 Her rising Spires aloft, when as the Princely *Wye*
 Him from his Muse to wake, arrests him by and by.
 Whose meeting to behold, with how well ordered grace
 Each other entertaines, how kindlie they embrace;
 For ioy, so great a shout the bordering Citie sent,
 That with the sound thereof, which thorough *Haywood* went,
 The Wood-Nymphs did awake that in the Forest won;
 To know the sudden cause, and presently they run
 With lockes vncomb'd, for haste the louelic *Wye* to see
 (The flood that grac'd her most) this daie should married be
 To that more louelic *Lug*; a Riuer of much fame,
 That in her wandering bankes should lo'e his glorious name.
 For *Hereford*, although her *Wye* she hold so deere,
 Yet *Lug* (whose longer course doth grace the goodlie Sheere,
 And with his plentious Streame so manie Brookes doth bring)
 Of all hers that be North is absolutelie King.

But *Marcelly*, grieu'd that he (the neereft of the rest,
 And of the mountaine kind) not bidden was a guest
 Vnto this nuptiall Feast, so hardly it doth take,
 As (meaning for the same his station to forsake)
 §. Inrag'd and mad with griefe, himselfe in two did riuie;
 The Trees and Hedges neere, before him vp doth driue,
 And dropping headlong downe three daies together fall:
 Which, bellowing as he went, the Rockes did so appall,
 That they him passage made, who Coats and Chappels crusht;
 So violentlie he into his Valley rusht.

But *Wye* (from her deare *Lug* whom nothing can restraine,
 In many'a pleasant shade, her ioy to entertaine)
 To *Rosse* her course directs; and right her name to shoue,
 Oft windeth in her waie, as backe she meant to go.
Meander, who is said so intricate to bee,
 Hath not so many turnes, nor crankling nookes as shee.

The *Herefordian* fields when welneare hauing past,
 As she is going forth, two sister Brookes at last
 That Soile her kindly sends, to guide her on her waie;
 Neat *Gamar*, that gets in swift *Garran*: which do lay

Their

* *Wye* or *Guy*,
 so called (in the
Brit.) of her
 turnery, or
 turning.

Their waters in one Banke, augmenting of her traine,
 To grace the goodlie *Wye*, as she doth passe by *Deane*.
 Beyond whose equall Spring vnto the West doth lie
 The goodly *Golden Vale*, whose luscious sents do flie
 More free then *Hyblas* sweets; and twixt her bordering hills,
 The aire with such delights and delicacie fills,
 As makes it loth to stirre, or thence those smells to beare.
 Th' *Hesperides* scarce had such pleasures as be there:
 VVhich sometime to attaine, that mighty sonne of *Ioue*
 One of his Labors made, and with the Dragon stroue,
 That neuer clos'd his eies, the golden fruit to guard;
 As if t' enrich this place, from others, Nature spar'd:
 Banks crown'd with curled Groues, from cold to keepe the *Plaine*,
 Fields batfull, flowrie Meades, in state them to maintaine;
 Floods, to make fat those Meades, from Marble veines that spout,
 To shew, the wealth within doth answer that without.
 So braue a Nymph she is, in euery thing so rare,
 As to sit down by her, she thinks there's none should dare.
 And forth she sends the *Doire*, vpon the *Wye* to wait.
 Whom *Munno* by the way more kindly doth intreat
 (For *Eskle*, her most lou'd, and *Olcons* onely sake)
 With her to go along, till *Wye* she ouertake.
 To whom she condescends, from danger her to shield,
 That th' *Monumethian* parts from th' *Herefordian* field.

Which manly *Maluern* sees from furthest of the *Sheere*,
 On the *Wigornian* waste when Northward looking neere,
 On *Corwood* casts his eie, and on his home-born *Chafe*,
 Then constantly beholds, with an vnusuall pace
Teame with her tribute come vnto the *Cambrion* Queene,
 Neere whom in all this place a Riuer's scarcely scene,
 That dare auouch her name; *Teame* scorning any Spring
 But what with her along from *Shropshire* she doth bring,
 Except one namelesse Streame that *Maluern* sends her in,
 And *Laughern* though but small: when they such grace that win,
 There thrust in with the *Brookes* inclosed in her Banke.
Teame lastly thither com'n with water is so ranke,
 As though she would contend with *Sabryne*, and doth craue
 Of place (by her desert) precedencie to haue:
 Till chancing to behold the others godlike grace,
 So strongly is surpris'd with beauties in her face
 By no meanes she could hold, but needly she must shoue
 Her liking; and her selfe doth into *Sabrina* throwe.

Not farre from him againe when *Maluern* doth perceau
 Two hills, which though their heads so high they doe not heau,
 Yet duly do obserue great *Maluern*, and afford
 Him reuerence: who againe, as fits a gracious Lord,

Vpon

• *Maluern*
Chafe.

• *Seuerne*.

Vpon his Subjects looks, and equall praile doth giue
That *Woodberry* so nigh and neighbourlie doth liue
With *Abberley* his friend, deseruing well such fame
That *Saxton* in his Maps forgot them not to name:
Which, though in their meane types small matter doth appeare,
Yet both of good account are reckned in the Shiere,
And highly grac't of *Teame* in his proud pasing by.

When loone the goodlie *Wyre*, that wonted was so hie
Her statelie top to reare, ashamed to behold
Her straight and goodlie Woods vnto the Fornace fold
(And looking on her selfe, by her decay doth see
The miserie wherein her sister *Forrests* bee)
Of *Erisictions* end begins her to bethinke,
And of his cruell plagues doth wish they all might drinke
That thus haue them dispoil'd: then of her owne despight;
That shee, in whom her Towne faire *Beudley* tooke delight,
And from her goodlie seat conceiu'd so great a pride,
In *Seuerne* on her East, *Wyre* on the setting side,
So naked left of woods, of pleasure, and forlorne,
As she that lov'd her most, her now the most doth scorne;
With endlesse griefe perplext, her stubborne breast shee strake,
And to the deafened ayre thus passionately spake;

You *Driades*, that are said with Oakes to liue and die,
Wherefore in our distresse doe you our dwellings flie;
Vpon this monstrous Age and not reuenge our wrong?
For cutting downe an Oake that iustlie did belong.
To one of *Ceres* Nymphes, in *Theffaly* that grew
In the *Dodonean* Groue (O Nymphes!) you could pursue
The sonne of *Perops* then, and did the Goddesse stirre
That villanie to wreake the Tyrant did to her:
Who, with a dreadfull frowne did blast the growing Graine;
And hauing from him rest what should his life maintaine,
Shee vnto *Scythia* sent, for Hunger, him to gnawe,
And thrust her downe his throat, into his stanchlesse mawes
Who, when nor Sea nor Land for him sufficient were,
With his deuouring teeth his wretched flesh did teare.

This did you for one Tree: but of whole *Forrests* they
That in these impious times haue been the vile decay
(Whom I may iustlie call their Countries deadly foes)
Gainst them you moue no Power, their spoyle vnpunisht goes.
How manie griued soules in future time shall starue,
For that which they haue rapt their beastlie lust to serue!

VVee, sometime that the state of famous *Britaine* were,
For whom she was renown'd in Kingdoms farre and neere,
Are ranfackt; and our Trees so hackt about the ground,
That where their lostie tops their neighboring Countries crown'd,
Their

A Fable in O.
vide Metamor.

Their Trunkes (like aged folkes) now bare and naked stand,
As for reuenge to heaven each held a withered hand:
And where the goodly Heards of high-palm'd Harts did gaze
Vpon the passer by, there now doth onely graze
The gall'd-backe carrion Iade, and hurtfull Swine do spoile
Once to the Syluan Powers our consecrated soile.

This vttered she with griefe: and more she would haue spoke:
When the *Salopian* floods her of her purpose broke,
And silence did enioyne; a listning care to lend
To *Senerne*, which was thought did mighty things intend.

Illustrations.

The Muse yet houers ouer *Wales*, and here sings the inner territories, with part of the *Senerne* storie, and her *English* neighbors.

*That fraught from plentious Powle with their superfluous wast
Manure the batfull March*

Tripartite diuision of *Wales*.
Girald. Camb.
descript. cap. 2.
DCCC. LXX.
VI.

* The three crowned Princes.

* D. Powel. ad Caradoc. Lhan-
carnan.

Crownes, Diadems, Ban-
J.

* Stephan. ubi
vbi. A. u. C. u. d. u.

* Gorop. Beccon-
selam. 2. & Pet.

Palat. aduers. dr.
8. c. 30. de Ban-

dā. c. u. & And-
tem apud Dio-

nem conferat. &
videtis in altero

alterius reliqua.
* Galfred. Mo-

numest. lib. 2. &
9.

* 27. Hen. 8. cap.
26. v. 28. Ed. 3.

cap. 1.
* Lib. Rob. Scac-

car.

* Math. West-
monast. lib. 2.

* Marquelles,
or Lord Mar-

chers of *Wales*.

Wales (as is before touched) diuided into three parts, *North-Wales*, *South-Wales* and *Powys*; this last is heere meant, comprising part of *Brecknock*, *Radnor*, and *Montgomery*. The diuision hath its beginning attributed to the three sonnes of *Roderique the Great*, *Mermin*, *Cadelb*, and *Anaraw*, who possist them for their portions hereditary, as they are named. But out of an old booke of *Welsh* lawes, *David Powel* affirmes those tripartite titles more ancient. I know that the diuision and gift is different in *Caradoc Lancharnan* from that of *Girald*, but no great consequence of admitting either here. Those three Princes were called in *British* *Uritwysot Talachthioe* because *every* of them ware vpon his Bonet or Helmet, a Coronet of gold, being a broad lace or head-band, indented vward set and wrought with pretious stones, which in *British* or *Welsh* is call'd *Talaceth*, which name *Nurses* giue to the vpper band on a childes head. Of this forme (I meane of a band or wreath) were the ancientest of crownes, as appears in the description of the *Cidaris*, and *Tiara* of the *Persians* in *Ctesius*, *Q. Curtius*, and *Xenophon*, the crownes of *Oake*, *Grasse*, *Parley*, *Olines*, *Myrtle*, and such among the *Greekes* and *Romanes*, and in that expresse name of *Diadema*, signifying a *Band*, of which, whether it haue in our tongue community with that *Bands*, deriued out of the *Carian* into *Italian*, expressing victory, and so, for ominous good words, is translated to *Ensignes* and *Standards* (as in orientall Stories the words *banda* and *bandier* often shew) I must not heere inquire. *Molmutinus* first vsed a golden Crowne among the *British*, and, as it seemes by the same authority, *Athelstan* among the *Saxons*. But I digresse. By the *March* vnderstand those limits betweene *England* and *Wales*; which continuing from North to South, ioyneth the *Welsh* Shires to *Hereford*, *Shropshire* and the *English* part, and were diuers Baronies, diuided from any Shire vntill *Hen. V III.* by act of Parliament annexed some to *Wales*, other to *England*. The Barons that liued in them were called *Lord Marchers*, and by the name of *Marchiones*, i. *Marquesses*. For so *Roger* of *Mortimer*, *James* of *Andelegh*, *Roger* of *Clifford*, *Roger* of *Leiburn*, *Haime Lestrangle*, *Hugh* of *Turburil*, (which by sword aduentured the ransom of *Henry III.* out of *Simon* of *Montfort* his treacherous imprisonment, after the battell of *Lewes*) are called *Marchio-*

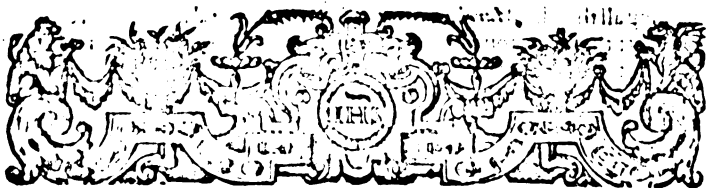
nes

As there th' Apulian fleece, or dainty Tarentine.

In *Apulia* and the upper *Calabria* of *Italy*, the *Wooll* hath beene ever famous for 'finest excellences in so much that for preserving it from the iniury of earth, bushes, and weather, the Shepheards vsed to clothe their Sheep with skinnies, and indeed was so chargeable in these and other kind of paines about it, that it scarce required cost.

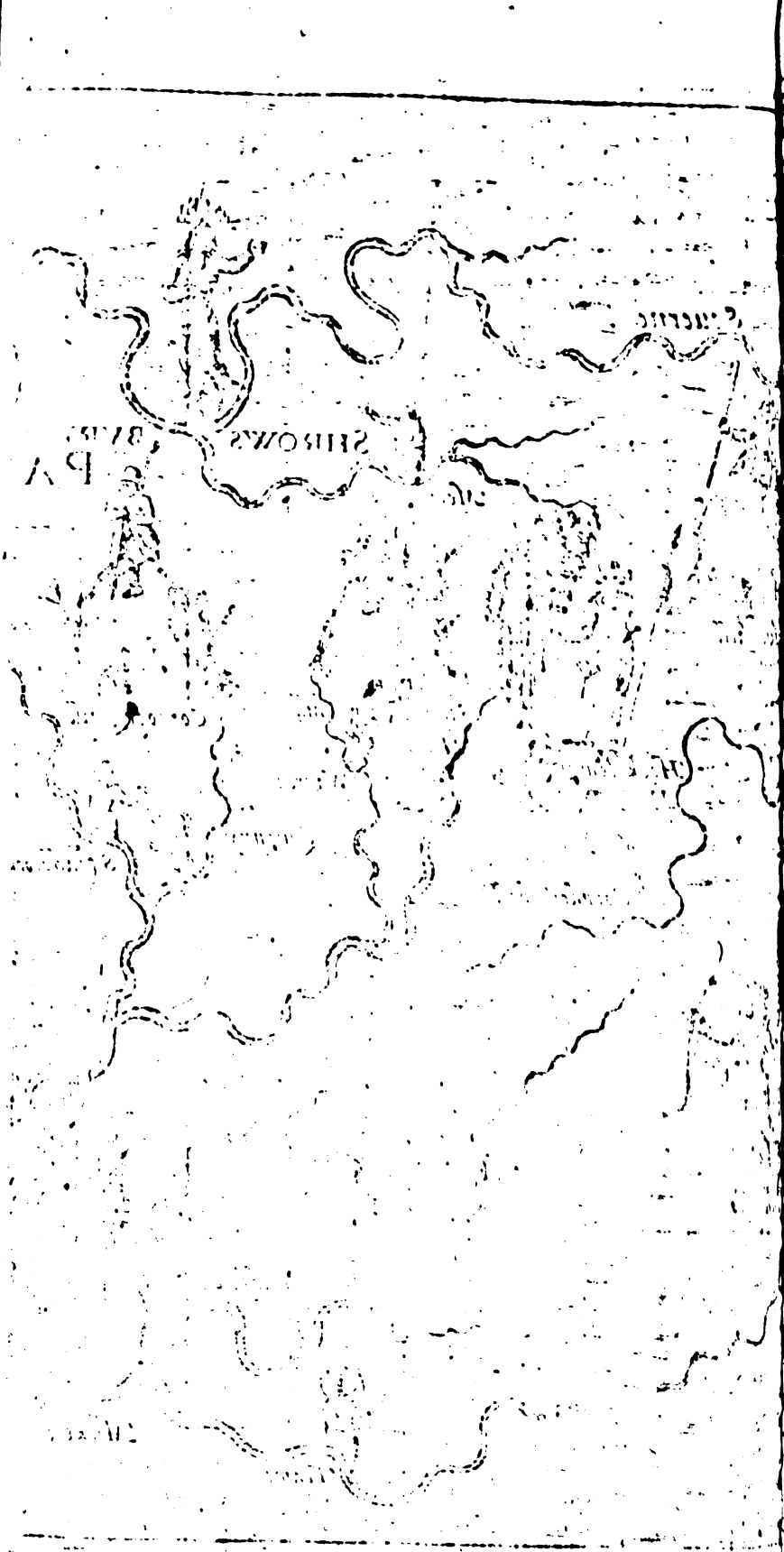
—him selfe in two did rine.

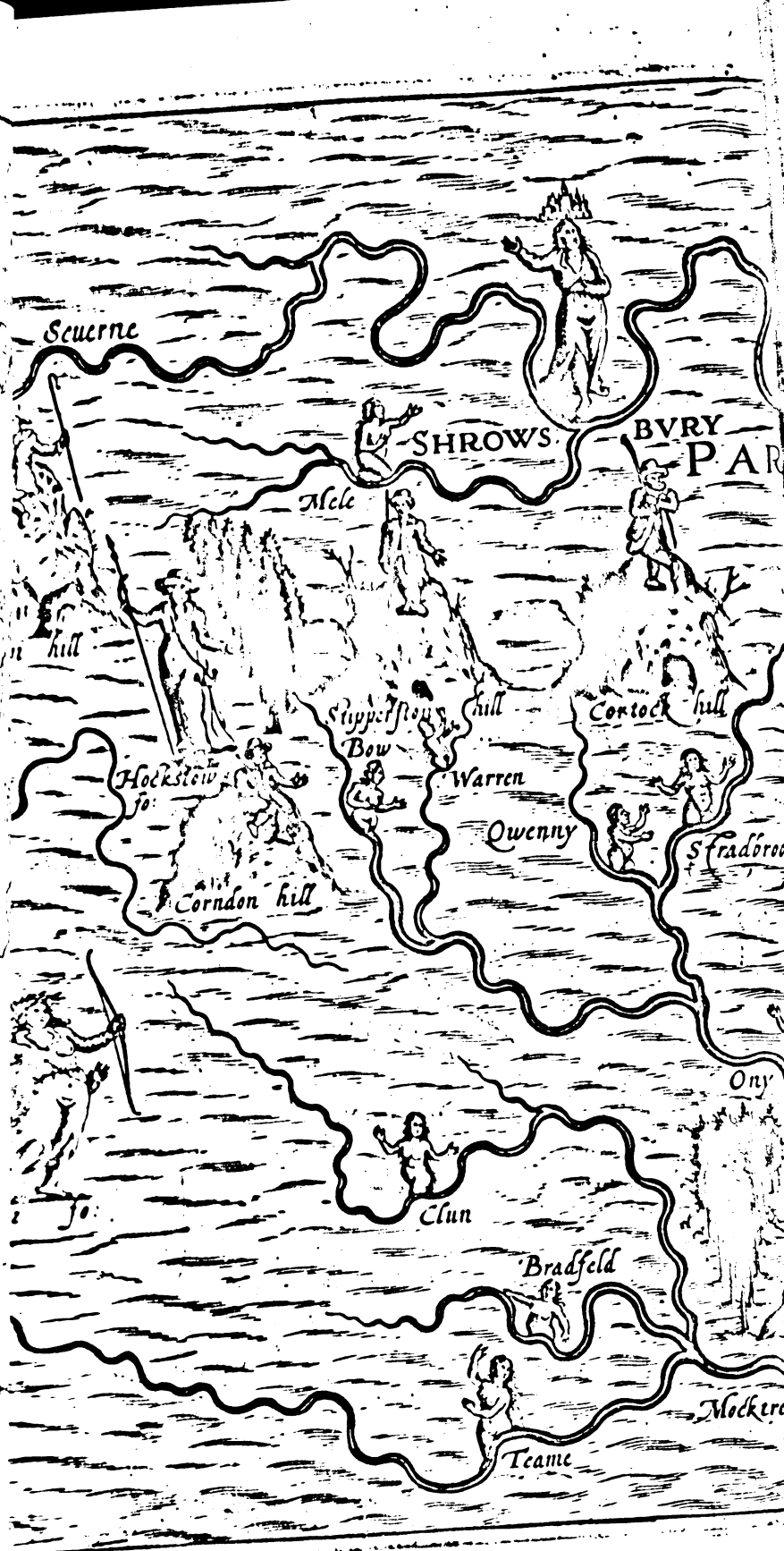
Alluding to a prodigious diuision of *Marely* hill, in an earth-quake of late time; which most of all was in these parts of the Island,



THE







Seuerne

SHROWS

BURY PAR

Mele

hill

Hockstow

Stippelstow

Cortock hill

Warren

Qweny

S Fradbro

Corndon hill

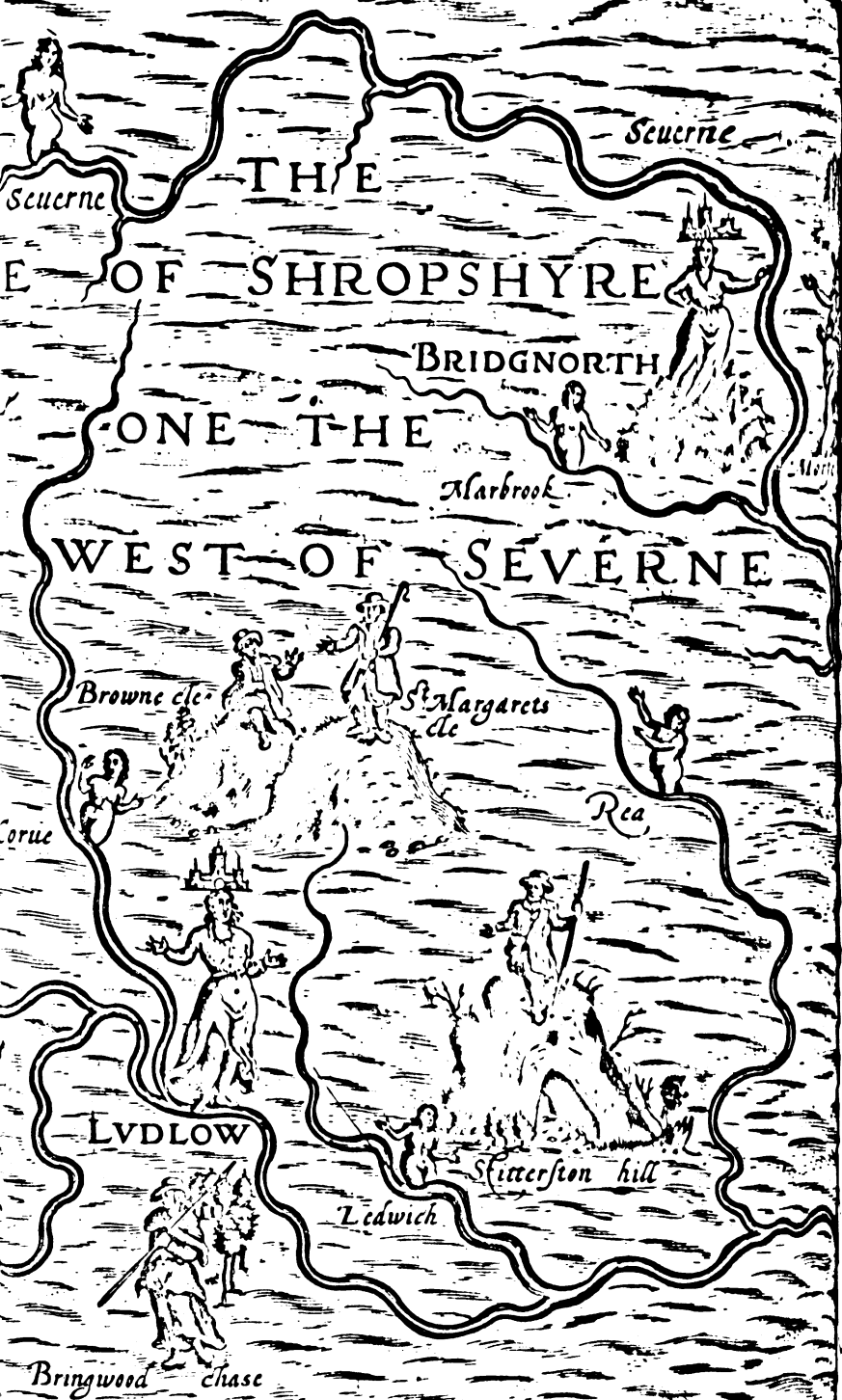
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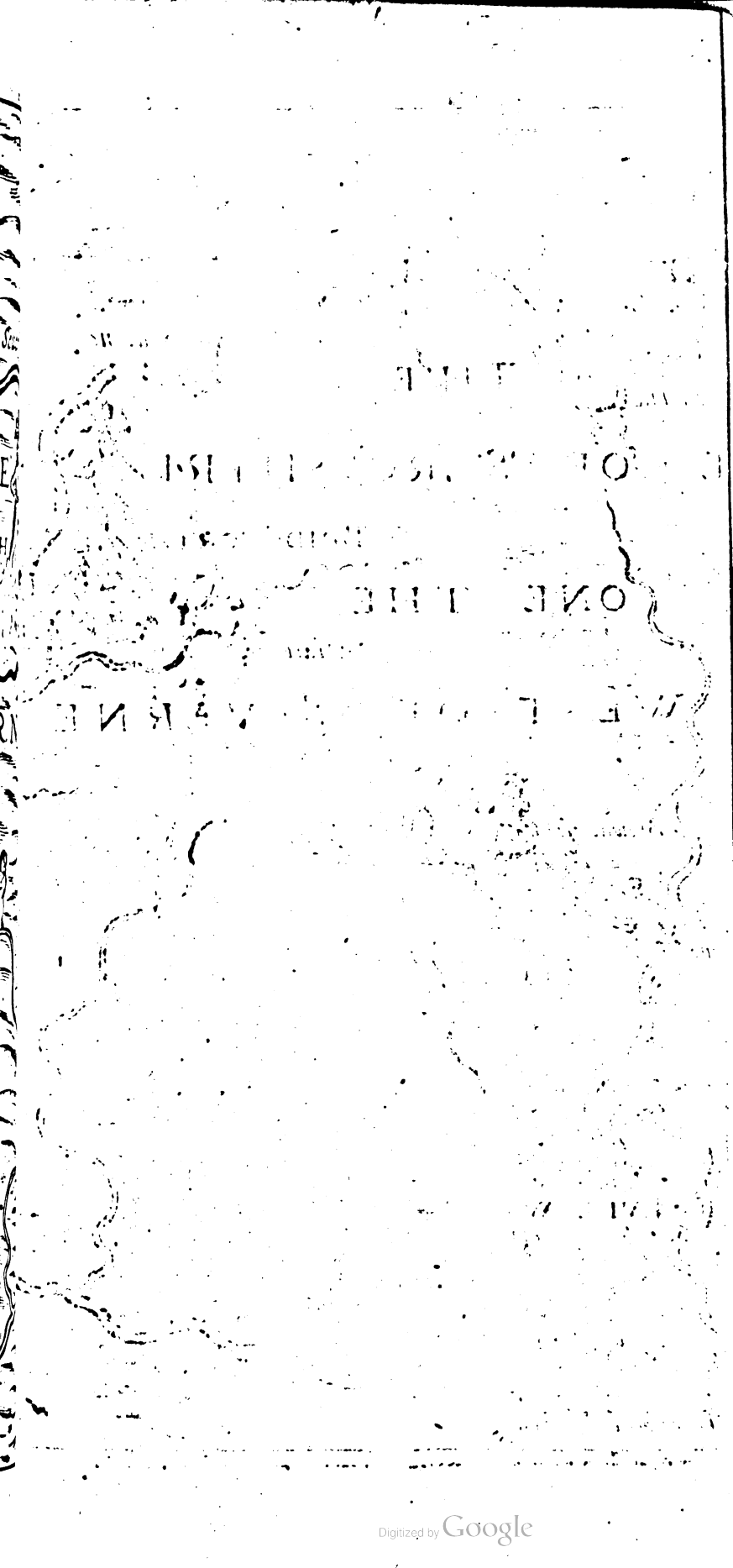
Clun

Bradfeld

Teame

Mockero



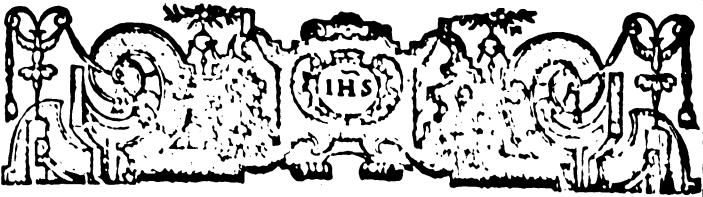


THE

OF THE

ONE THE

THE



The eight Song.

* THE ARGUMENT.

*The goodly Severne branch sings
The noblest of her British Kings
At Cæsars landing what we were,
And of the Roman Conquests here:
Then shewes, to her deare Britans fame,
How quicklie christned they became;
And of their constancie doth boast,
In sundry fortunes strangely toft:
Then doth the Saxons landing tell,
And how by them the Britans fell;
Cheeres the Salopian Mountaines his,
That on the west of Severne lie;
Calls downe each Riueret from her Spring,
Their Queene upon her way to bring;
Whom downe to Bruge the Muse attends:
Where, leauing her, this Song shee ends.*



O *Salop* when her selfe cleere *Sabrina* comes to shewe,
And wisely her bethinks the way shee had to goe,
South-west-ward casts her courle; & with an amorous eye
Those Countries whence shee came, suruayeth (passing by)
Those Lands in Ancient times old *Cambria* claym'd her due,
For refuge when to her th'oppressed *Britans* flew;
By *England* now vsurp't, who (past the wonted Meeres,
Her sure and soueraigne banks) had taken sundry Sheeres,
Which shee her Marches made: whereby those Hills of fame
And Riuers stood disgrac't; accounting it their shame,
S. That all without that Mound which *Mercian Offa* cast
To runne from North to South, athwart the *Cambrian* wast,
Could *England* not suffice, but that the stragling *Wye*,
Which in the hart of *Wales* was some-time said to lye,
Now onely for her bound proud *England* did prefer.
That *Severne*, when shee sees the wrong thus offred her,

L 2

Though

Though by iniurious Time deprived of that place
 Which anciently shee held: yet loth that her disgrace
 Should on the *Britans* light, the Hills and Riuer neere
 Austerly to her calls, commaunding them to heare
 In her decree childrens right (their Ancesters of yore,
 Now thrust betwixt her selfe, and the *Virginian* shore,
 S. Who draue the Giants hence that of the Earth were bred,
 And of the spacious Ile became the soueraigne head)
 VVhat from autentique bookes shee liberally could say.
 Of which whilst shee bethought her; West-ward euery way,
 The Mountaines, Floods, and Meeres, to silence them betake:
 When *Seuerne* lowting lowe, thus grauely them bespake:
 How mightie was that man, and honoured still to bee,
 That gaue this Ile his name, and to his children three,
 Three Kingdoms in the same? vvhich, time doth now denie,
 With his arriuall heere, and primer Monarchy.

* *Legria*, though thou canst thy *Lochrine* easely lose,
 Yet ^b *Cambria*, him, whom Fate her ancient Founder chose,
 In no wife will forgoe; nay, should ^c *Albania* leaue
 S. Her *Albanact* for ayde, and to the *Scythian* cleaue.
 And though remorselesse *Rome*, which first did vs enthrall,
 As barbarous but esteem'd, and stickt not so to call;
 The ancient *Britans* yet a sceptred King obey'd
 S. Three hundred yeeres before *Romes* great foundation laid;
 And had a thousand yeeres an Empire strongly stood,
 Ere *Casar* to her shores here stemd the circling Flood;
 S. And long before, borne Armes against the barbarous *Hun*,
 Heere landing with intent the Ile to ouer-run:
 And following them in flight, their Generall *Humber* drown'd
 In that great arme of Sea, by his great name renown'd;
 And her great Builders had, her Citties who did reare
 With Fanes vnto her Gods, and ^a *Flamin* euery where.
 Nor *Troynouant* alone a City long did stand;
 But after, soone againe by *Ebranks* powerfull hand
Yorke lifts her Towers aloft: which scarcely finisht was,
 But as they, by those Kings; so by *Rudhudibras*,
Kents first and famous ^b Towne, with *Winchester*, arose:
 And other, others built, as they fit places chose.

So *Britaine* to her praise, of all conditions brings;
 The warlike, as the wise. Of her courageous Kings,
Brute Green-shield: to whose name we prouidence impute,
 Diuinely to reuiue the Land's first Conqueror, *Brute*.

So had the thole were learn'd, endu'd with nobler parts,
 As, he from learned *Greece*, that (by the liberall Arts)
 S. To *Stamford*, in this Ile, seem'd *Athens* to transfer;
 Wife *Bladud*, of her Kings that great *Philosopher*

Who

* England.
 * Wales.
 * Scotland.

* Priests among
 idolatrous Ge-
 niles.

* Caenbury.

VWho found our boyling Bathes, and in his knowledge his,
Disdaining humane paths, heere practiced to lie.

Of iustly vexed *Leire*; and those who last did tug
In worle then Ciuill warre, the ^a sonnes of *Corbedug*
(By whose vnnaturall strife the Land so long was tost)
I cannot stay to tell, nor shall my *Britaine* boast;
But, of that man which did her Monarchy restore,
Her first imperiall Crowne of gold that euer wore,
And that most glorious type of souernignty regain'd,
Alulmutine: who this Land in such estate maintain'd
As his great Bel-fire *Brute* from *Albions* helres it wonne.

S. This Grand-child, great as he, those foure proud Streets begun
That each way crosse this Ile, and bounds did them allow.

Like priuiledge he lent the Temple and the Plow:
So studious was this Prince in his most forward zeale
To the Celestiall power, and to the Publique weale.

Belinus he begot, who *Dacia* proud subdu'd;
And *Brennus*, who abroad a worthier warre pursu'd,
Asham'd of ciuill strife; at home heere leauing all:
And with such goodly Youth, in *Germany* and *Gaul*
As he had gather'd vp, the *Alpin* Mountaines past,
And brauely on the banks of fatall *Allia* chas't
The *Romans* (that her streame distained with their gore)
And through proud *Rome*, display'd his *British* Ensigne bore:

S. There, ballancing his sword against her baser gold,
The Senators for slaues hee in her *Forum* sold.

At last, by power expell'd, yet proud of late successe,
His forces then for *Greece* did instantly addresse;
And marching with his men vpon her fruitfull face,
Made *Macedon* first stoope; then *Theffaly*, and *Thrace*;
His souldiers there enricht with all *Peonia's* spoyle;
And where to *Greece* he gaue the last and deadliest foyle,
In that most dreadfull fight, on that more dismall day,
O'rthrew their vtmost prowesse at sad *Thermopyla*;
And daring of her Gods, adventur'd to haue tane
Those sacred things enshrind in wise *Apollo's* Fane:
To whom when thundring Heauen pronounc't her fearefull word,
S. Against the *Delphian* Power he shak't his irefull sword.

As of the *British* blood, the natiue *Cambri* here
(So of my *Cambria* call'd) those valiant *Cymbri* were
(When *Britaine* with her brood so peopled had her seat,
The foyle could not suffice, it daily grew so great)
Of *Denmarke* who themselves did anciently possesse,
And to that straitned poynt, that vtmost Chersonesse,
S. My Countries name bequeath'd; whence *Cymbria* it tooke:
Yet long were not compriz'd within that little nooke,

• Ferret and
Porrex.

Belinus and
Brennus.

But with those *Almaine* powers this people issued forth:
 And like some boystrous wind arising from the North,
 Came that vnwieldie host; that, which way it did moue,
 The very burthenous earth before it seem'd to shoue,
 And onely meant to claime the Vniuerse its owne.
 In this terrestriall Globe, as though some vworld vknowne,
 By pampred Natures store too prodigally fed
 (And sursetting there-with) her surcrease vomited,
 These roaming vp and downe to seeke some setting roome,
 First like a Deluge fell vpon *Illyricum*,
 And with his *Roman* powers *Papyrius* ouer-threw;
 Then, by great * *Belus* brought against those Legions, slew
 Their forces which in *France* *Aurelius Scarnus* led;
 And after ward againe, as brauely vanquished
 The Consulls *Capio*, and stout *Manlius* on the Plaine,
 Where *Rhodanus* was red with blood of *Latines* slaine.

In greatnes next succeeds *Belinus* worthy sonne,
Gurgulius: who soone left what his great Father wonne,
 To *Guynteline* his heire: whose * *Queene*, beyond her kind,
 In her great husbands peace, to shew her vpright mind,
 S. To wise *Mulmutius* lawes, her *Martian* first did frame:
 From which we ours deriue, to her eternall fame.

So *Britaine* forth with these, that valiant Bastard brought,
Morindus, *Danius* sonne, which with that Monster fought
 His subiects that deuour'd; to shew himselfe againe
 Their *Martyr*, who by them selected was to raigne.

So *Britaine* likewise boasts her *Elidure* the iust,
 Who with his people was of such especiall trust,
 That (*Archigallo* false into their generall hate,
 And by their powerfull hand depriu'd of kingly state)
 Vnto the Regall Chayre they *Elidure* aduanc't:
 But long he had not raign'd, ere happily it chanc't,
 In hunting of a Hart, that in the Forrest wild,
 The late deposed King, himselfe who had exil'd
 From all resort of men, iust *Elidure* did meet;
 Who much vnlike himselfe, at *Elidurus* feet,
 Him prostrating with teares, his tender breast so strooke,
 That he (the *British* rule who lately on him tooke
 At th' earnest peoples pray'rs) him calling to the Court,
 There *Archigallo's* wrongs so liuely did report,
 Relating (in his right) his lamentable case,
 With so effectuall speech imploring their high grace,
 That him they reinthron'd; in peace who spent his dayes.

Then *Elidure* againe, crown'd with applausiue praise,
 As he a brother rais'd, by brothers was depos'd,
 And put into the Towre: where miserably inclos'd,

A great gene-
 all of those
 Northern Na-
 tions,

* *Maria*.

A certain M^r.
 Her often issu-
 ing from the
 Sea, deuoured
 diuerse of the
 British people.

Out-

Out-living yet their hate, and the Vsurpers dead,
Thrice had the *British* Crowne set on his reuerend head.

When more then thirty Kings in faire succession came
Vnto that mighty *Lad*, in whole eternall name
§. Great *London* still shall liue (by him rebuild'd) while
To *Citties* she remains the Soueraigne of this Ile.

And when commaunding *Rome* to *Caſar* gaue the charge,
Her Empire (but too great) still further to enlarge
With all beyond the *Alpes*; the aydes he found to paſſe
From theſe parts into *Gaul*, ſhew'd heere ſome Nation was
Vndaunted that remain'd with *Romes* ſo dreadfull name,
That durſt preſume to ayde thoſe ſhee decreed to tame.
Wherefore that matchleſſe man, whoſe high ambition wrought
Beyond her Empires bounds, by ſhipping wilely ſought
(Heere proling on the ſhores) this Iland to diſcry,
What people her poſſeſt, how faſhion'd ſhee did lie:
Where ſcarce a Strangers ſoote deſil'd her virgin breſt,
Since her firſt Conqueror *Brute* heere put his powers to reſt,
Onely ſome little Boats, from *Gaul* that did her feed
With try ſles, which ſhee tooke for niceneſſe more then need:
But as another world, with all abundance bleſt,
And ſatiſf'd with what ſhee in her ſelfe poſſeſt;
Through her exceſſiue wealth (at length) till wanton growne,
Some Kings (with others Lands that would enlarge their owne)
By innovating Armies an open paſſage made
For him that gap't for all (the *Roman*) to invade.
Yet with grim-viſag'd Warre when he her ſhores did greet,
And terribleſt did threat with his amazing Fleet,
Thoſe *British* bloods he found, his force that durſt aſſaile,
And poured from the Cleues their ſhafts like ſhowers of haile
Vpon his helmed head; to tell him as he came,
That they (from all the world) yet ſeared nor his name:
Which, their vndaunted ſpirits loone made that Conqueror feele,
Oft ventring their bare breſts gainſt his oft-bloodied ſteele;
And in their Chariots charg'd: which they with wondrous ſkill
Could turne in their ſwift'ſt courſe vpon the ſteepeſt hill,
And wheele about his troopes for vantage of the ground,
Or elſe diſfranke his force where entrance might be found:
And from their Armed ſeats their thrilling Darts could throwe;
Or nimble leaping downe, their valiant ſwords beſtowe,
And with an actiue ſkip remount themſelues againe,
Leaving the *Roman* horſe behind them on the Plaine,
And beat him back to *Gaul* his forces to ſupply;
As they the Gods of *Rome* and *Caſar* did delie.

Caſibalan renown'd, the *Britans* faithfull guide,
Who when th'*Italian* powers could no way be deny'd,

But

But would this Ile subdue; their forces to fore-lay,
 Thy Forrests thou didst sell, their speedy course to stay:
 S. Those armed stakes in *Tames* that stuckst, their horse to gore
 Which boldly durst attempt to forrage on thy shore:
 Thou such hard entrance heere to *Caesar* didst allow,
 To whom (thy selfe except) the *Western* world did bow.
 S. And more then *Caesar* got, three Emperours could not win,
 Till the courageous sonnes of our *Cannobelin*
 Sunke vnder *Plantius* sword, sent hither to discusse
 The former *Roman* right, by Armes againe, with vs.
 Nor with that Consull ioyn'd, *Vespasian* could prevaile
 In thirty seuerall fights, nor make them stoope their saile.
 Yea, had not his braue sonne, young *Titus*, past their hopes,
 His forward Father fetcht out of the *British* troopes,
 And quit him wondrous well when he was strongly charg'd,
 His Father (by his hands so valiantly enlarg'd)
 Had neuer more seene *Rome*; nor had he euer spilt
 The Temple that wise sonne of faithfull *Dauid* built,
 Subverted those high walls, and lay'd that Cittie wast
 Which God, in humane flesh, aboue all other grac't.

No maruaile then though *Rome* so great her conquest thought,
 In that the Ile of *Wight* shee to subiection brought,
 Our * *Belga* and subdu'd (a people of the West)
 That latest came to vs, our least of all the rest;
 When *Claudius*, who that time her wreath imperiall wore,
 Though scarce he shew'd himselfe vpon our Southerne shore,
 It scornd not in his stile; but, due to that his praise,
 Triumphall Arches claim'd, and to haue yeerely Playes;
 The noblest Nauall Crowne, vpon his Palace pitch;
 As with the *Oceans* spoyle his *Rome* who had enricht.

Her *Caradock* (with cause) so *Britaine* may prefer;
 Then whom, a brauer spirit it was nere brought forth by her:
 For whilst here in the West the *Britans* gather'd head,
 This Generall of the rest, his stout * *Silures* led
 Against *Ostorius*, sent by *Caesar* to this place
 With *Romes* high fortune (then the high'st in *Fortunes* grace)
 A long and doubtfull warre with whom he did maintaine,
 Vntill that houre wherein his valiant *Britans* slaine
 Hee grieuously beheld (o'represt with *Roman* power):
 Himselfe wel-neere the last their wrath did not deuour.
 VVhen (for reuenge, not feare) he fled (as trusting most,
 Another day might win, what this had lately lost)
 To *Cartismandua*, Queene of * *Brigants* for her ayde,
 He to his foes, by her, most falsely was betray'd.
 Who, as a spoyle of warre, t'adorne the Triumph sent
 To great *Ostorius* due, when through proud *Rome* hee went,

That

* A people
 the inhabiting
 Hamp. Dorset.
 Wilt. and Som-
 erset shires.

* Those of
 Monmouth, and
 the adiacent
 Shires.

* Those of
 Yorkshire, and
 there by.

That had her selfe prepar'd (as shee had all been eyes)
 Our *Caradock* to view; who in his Countries guile,
 §. Came with his bodie nak't, his haire downe to his waste,
 Girt with a chaine of Steele; his manly breast in chaste
 With sundry shapes of Beasts. And when this *Britaine* saw
 His wife and children bound as slaues, it could not awe
 His manlinesse at all: but with a settled grace,
 Vndaunted with her pride, hee lookt her in the face:
 And with a speech so graue as well a Prince became,
 Himselfe and his redeem'd, to our eternall fame.

Then *Romes* great * Tyrant next, the last adopted heire,
 That braue *Suetonius* sent, the *British* Coasts to cleere;
 The vtter spoyle of * *Men* who strongly did pursue
 (Vnto whose gloomy strengths, th' reuolted *Britans* flew)
 There entring, hee beheld what strooke him pale with dread:
 The frantick *British* Froes, their haire disheuelled,
 With fire-brands ran about, like to their furious eyes;
 And from the hollow vwoods the fearefulle *Druides*;
 VVho with their diuall threats, and execrable vowes,
 Inforc't the troubled heauen to knit her angry browes.

And as heere in the West the *Romans* brauely wan,
 Soall vpon the East the *Britans* ouer-ran:
 §. The Colony long kept at *Mauldon*, ouerthrowne,
 VVhich by prodigious signes was many times fore-showne,
 And often had diluaid the *Roman* souldiers: when
 Braue *Vasidia* made with her resolu'd st men
 To * *Virolam*; whose siege with fire and sword she plid;
 Till leueld with the earth. To *London* as shee hy'd,
 The Confull comming in with his auspicious ayde,
 The Queene (to quier her yoke no longer that delay'd)
 Him dar'd by dint of sword, it hers or his to try,
 With words that courage show'd, and vvith a voice as hie
 (In her right hand her Lannce, and in her left her Shield,
 As both the Battells stood prepared in the Field)
 Incouraging her men: which resolute, as strong,
 Vpon the *Roman* rusht; and shee, the rest among,
 Wades in that doubtfull warre: till lastly, when she saw
 The fortune of the day vnto the *Roman* draw,
 The Queene (t'out-lie her friends who highly did disdain,
 And lastly, for proud *Rome* a Triumph to remaine)

§. By poyson ends her dayes, vnto that end prepar'd,
 As lauishly to spend what *Suetonius* spar'd.
 Him scarcely *Rome* recall'd, such glory hauing wonne,
 But brauely to proceed, as erst she had begunne,
Agricola heere made her great Lieutenant, then
 Who hauing settled *Men*, that man of all her then

Appointed

* *Nero*.* *Anglesey*, the
chiefe place of
residence of the
Druides.* By *Saint*
Alban.

Appointed by the Powers apparantly to see
The wearied *Britans* sinke, and eately in degree
Beneath his fatall sword the *Ordovies* to fall
Inhabiting the West, those people last of all
VVhich stoutest him with-stood, renown'd for Martiall worth.

Thence leading on his powers vnto the vmost North,
When all the Townes that lay betwixt our *Trent* and *Tweed*,
Suffic'd not (by the way) his wasteful fires to feed,
He there some *Britans* found, who (to rebate their spleene,
As yet with griued eyes our spoyles not hauing scene)
Him at *Mount Grampus* met: which from his height beheld
Them lauish of their liues; who could not be compeld
The *Roman* yoke to beare: and *Galgacus* their guide
Amongst his murdered troupes there resolutely di'd.

Eight *Roman* Emperours raign'd since first that warre began;
Great *Julius Caesar* first, the last *Domitian*.

A hundred thirtie yeeres the Northerne *Britans* still,
That would in no wise stoupe to *Romes* imperious will,
Into the strained Land with theirs retired farre,
In lawes and manners since from vs that different are;
And with the *Irish Pict*, which to their ayde they drew
(On them oft breaking in, who long did them pursue)
S. A greater foete vs in our owne bowels bred,
Then *Rome*, with much expense that vs had conquered.

And when that we great *Romes* so much in time were growne,
That shee her charge durst leaue to Princes of our owne,
(Such as, vvithin our selues, our suffrage should elect)
S. *Aviragus*, borne ours, heere first she did protekt;
Who faithfully and long, of labour did her ease.

Then he, our *Flamins* seats who turn'd to Bishops *seas*;
Great *Lucius*, that good King: to vvhom we chiefly owe
S. This happinesse vve haue, Christ crucifi'd to knowe.

As *Britaine* to her praise receiud the Christian faith,
After (that Word-made Man) our deere Redeemers death
VVithin two hundred yeeres; and his Disciples heere,
By their great Maister sent to preach him euery where,
Most reuerently receiud, their doctrine and preferd;
Interring him, who eust the Sonne of God interd.

So *Britans* was the borne, though *Italy* her crown'd,
Of all the Christian world that Empresse most renown'd,
S. *Constantius* vvorthy wife; who scorning worldly losse,
Her selfe in person went to seeke that sacred Crosse,
VVhereon our Sauour di'd: which found, as it was sought,
From *Salem* vnto *Rome* triumphantly she brought.

As vvhen the Primer Church her Counsailes pleas'd to call;
Great *Britains* Bishops there were not the least of all;

S. Against

orth-wales

n the midle
Scotland.

'Joseph of Ari-
mathea.

'Jerusalem.

§. Against the *Arian* Sect at *Arles* hauing roome,
At *Sardica* againe, and at *Ariminum*.

Now, when with various Fate five hundred yeeres had past,
And some of her great charge grew weary heere at last;
The *Vandalls*, *Goths*, and *Huns*, that with a powerfull head
All *Italy* and *France* had wel-neare ouer-spread,
To much-endanger'd *Rome* sufficient warning gaue,
Those forces that shee held, within her selfe to haue.
The *Roman* rule from vs then vterly remou'd.

Whilst, we, in sundry Fields, our sundry fortunes prou'd
VWith the remorselesse *Pist*, still wasting vs with warre.
And twixt the froward Sire, licentious *Vortiger*,
And his too forward sonne, young *Vortimer*, arose
Much strife within our selues, whilst heere they interpose
By turns each others raignes; whereby, we weakned grew.
The warlike *Saxon* then into the Land we drew;
A Nation nurst in spoyle, and fitt't to vndergoe
Our cause against the *Pist*, our most inveterate foe.

When they, which we had hyr'd for souldiers to the shore,
Percei'd the wealthy Ile to wallow in her store,
And suttly had found out how vve infecbled were;
They, vnder false pretence of amitie and cheere,
The *British* Peeres invite, the *German* Healths to view
At *Stonehenge*; where they them vnmercifully slew.

Then, those of *Brutes* great blood, of *Armorick* posselt,
Extreamly grieu'd to see their kinsmen so distress,
Vs offred to relieue, or else with vs to die:
VVe, after, to requite their noble curtesie,

§. Eleuen thousand mayds sent those our friends againe,
In wedlock to be linkt with them of *Brute's* high Straine;
That none with *Brutes* great blood, but *Britains* might be mixt;
Such friendship euer was the stock of *Troy* betwixt.
Out of vvhose ancient race, that warlike *Arthur* sprong:
Whose most renowned Acts shall sounded be as long
As *Britains* name is known: which spread themselves so wide,
As scarcely hath for faine left any roomth beside.

My *Wales*, then hold thine owne, and let thy *Britains* stand
Vpon their right, to be the noblest of the Land.

Thinke how much better tis, for thee, and those of thine,
From Gods, and Heroës old to drawe your famous line,

§. Then from the *Scythian* poore; whence they themselves deriue
Whose multitudes did first you to the Mountaines driue.
Nor let the spacious Mound of that great *Mercian* King
(Into a lesser roomth thy burlinesse to bring)
Include thee; when my Selfe, and my deere brother *Dee*,
By nature were the bounds first limited to thee.

The ancient
bounds of
Wales.

Scarce

Scarce ended shee her speech, but those great Mountaines neere,
Vpon the *Cambrian* part that all for *Britains* were,
VVith her high truths inflam'd, look't euery one about
To find their severall Springs; and bad them get them out,
And in their fulness waite vpon their soueraigne Flood,
In *Britains* ancient right so brauely that had stood.

When first the furious *Teame*, that on the *Cambrian* side
Doth *Shropshire* as a Meere from *Hereford* diuide,
As worthiest of the rest; so worthily doth craue
That of those lesser Brooks the leading she might haue;
The first of which is *Clun*, that to her Mistis came:
Which of a * Forrest borne that beares her proper name,
Vnto the *Golden Vale* and anciently ally'd,
Of euery thing of both, sufficiently supply'd,
The longer that she growes, the more renowne doth win:
And for her greater State, next *Bradfield* bringeth in,
VVhich to her wider banks resignes a weaker streame.

* *Clun Forrest.*

When fiercely making forth, the strong and lustie *Teame*
A friendly Forest Nymph (nam'd *Nocktry*) doth imbrace,
Her selfe that brauely beares; twixt whom and *Bringwood-Chase*,
Her banks with many a wreath are curiously bedeckt,
And in their later shades they long time her protect.

Then takes shee *Oney* in, and forth from them doth fling:
VVhen to her further ayde, next *Bowe*, and *Warren*, bring
Cleere *Quenny*; by the way, which *Stradbroke* vp doth take:
By whose vnitd powers, their *Teame* they mightier make;
Which in her liuely course to *Ludlowe* comes at last,
Where *Corne* into her streame her selfe doth head-long cast.
VVith due attendance next, comes *Ledwith* and the *Rhea*.

Then speeding her, as though sent post vnto the Sea,
Her native *Shropshire* leaues, and bids those Townes adiew,
Her onely soueraigne Queene, proud *Severne* to pursue.

When at her going out, those Mountaines of command
(The *Glees*, like louing Twinnes, and *Stitterston* that stand)
Trans-Seuerned, behold faire *England* tow'rd the rise,
And on their setting side, how ancient *Cambria* lies.
Then *Stipperston* a hill, though not of such renowne
As many that are set heere tow'rd the going downe,
To thole his owne Allyes, that stood not farre away,
Thus in behalfe of *Wales* directly seem'd to say;

Deare *Corndon*, my delight, as thou art lov'd of mee,
And *Breedon*, as thou hop'st a *Britaine* thought to bee,
To *Cortock* strongly cleave, as to our ancient friend,
And all our utmost strength to *Cambria* let vs lend.
For though that envious Time iniuriously haue wroong
From vs those proper names did first to vs belong,

Yc

Yet for our Country still, stout Mountaines let vs stand.
 Here, every neighbouring Hill held vp a willing hand,
 As freely to applaud what *Stipperson* decreed:
 And *Hocklaw* when she heard the Mountaines thus proceed,
 With ecchoes from her Woods, her inward ioyes exprest,
 To heare that Hill she lov'd, which likewise lov'd her best,
 Should in the right of *Wales*, his neighbouring Mountaines stirre,
 So to aduance that place which might them both preferre;
 That she from open shouts could scarce her selfe refraine.
 When soone those other Rils to *Seuerne* which retaine,
 And tended not on *Teame*, thus of themselves do shoue
 The service that to her they absolutely owe.
 First *Camlet* commeth in, a *Mountgomerian* mayde,
 Her source in *Seuerns* banks that safely hauing layd,
 Mele, her great Mistris next at *Shrewsbury* doth meet,
 To see with what a grace she that faire towne doth greet;
 Into what sundry gyres her wondered selfe she throwes,
 And oft in-Iles the shore, as wantonly she flowes;
 Of it, oft taking leaue, oft turnes, it to imbrace;
 As though she onely were enamored of that place,
 Her fore-intended course determined to leaue,
 And to that most lov'd Towne eternally to cleaue:
 With much ado at length, yet bidding it adue,
 Her journey towards the Sea doth seriously pursue.
 VVhere, as along the shores she prosperously doth sweepes,
 Small *Marbrooke* maketh-in, to her enticing Deepe.
 And as she lends her eye to * *Bruges* lostie sight,
 That Forest-Nymph milde *Morffe* doth kindly her inuite
 To see within her shade what pastime she could make:
 VVhere she, of *Shropshire*, I my leaue of *Seuerne* take.

* *Bruges* 2. *Br.*

Illustrations.

Still are you in the *Welsh* March, and the Chorographie of this song includes
 it selfe, for the most, within *Shropshires* part ouer *Seuerne*.

That all without the Mound that Mercian Offa cast.

Of the *Marches* in generall you haue to the next before. The * particular
 bounds haue beene certaine parts of *Dee*, *Wye*, *Seuerne*, and *Offa* Dike. The an-
 cientest is *Seuerne*, but a later is obserued in a right line from * *Strigolt*-Castle
 vpon *Wye*, to *Chester* vpon *Dee*, which was so naturally a Meere betweene these
 two Countries *Wales* and *England*, that by apparant change of its channell to-
 wards eyther side superstitious iudgement was vsed to be giuen of successe in
 the following yeares battels of both nations; whence perhaps came it to bee
 call'd *Holy Dee*, as the author also often vses. Twixt the mouth's of *Dee* and
Wye in this line (almost C. miles long) was that *Offa* Dike cast, after such time
 as he had besides his before posselt *Mercland*, acquired by conquest euen al-
 most what is now *England*. King *Harold* * made a law, that whatsoeuer *Welsh*

* *Caradoc* *llan-*
coruan in *Co-*
nan *Tindacth-*
wy. *Girald. Iti-*
nerar. 2. cap. 11.
 & *Descript.* cap.
 15.
 * By *Chapman*
 in *Monmouth*.
Claudy *Offa*
 See to the X.
 Song for *Dee*.
A.D. C.
LXXX.
 * *Hiden.* in *Ph-*
lybrome. 1. cap.
 43.

M

tran-

transcended this Dike with any kind of weapon should haue, vpon apprehension, his right hand cut off; *Athelstan* after conquest of *Howel Dha K.* of *Wales* made *Wye* limit of *North-wales*, as in regard of his chiefe territory of *West-Saxonic* (so affirms *Malmesbury*) which well vnderstood impugneth the opinion receiued for *VVies* being a generall Meere instituted by him, and withall shewes you how to mend the Monkes published text, where you read * *Ludwalum regem Omnium Wallensium, & Constantinum regem Scottorum cedere regnum compulsi*. For plainly this *Ludwal* (by whom he meanes *Howel Dha* in other Chronicles call'd *Huwaf*) in *Athelstan*'s life time was not King of All *Wales*, but only of the South and *Westerne* parts with *Powis*, his cozen *Edwall Voel* then hauing *North-wales*, twice which and the part of *Howell* conquered, this limit was proper to distinguish. Therefore eyther read * *Occidentulum Wallensium* (for in *Trelorence* of *Worcester* and *Roger* of *Houeden* that passage is with * *Occidentulum Britonum*) or else beleeue that *Malmesbury* mistooke *Howel* to be in *Athelstan*'s time, as he was after his death, sole Prince of all *Wales*. In this coniecture I had aide from *Lbancarnans* History, which in the same page (as learned *Lbuid*'s edition in *English* is) sayes, that *Athelstan* made the Riuer * *Cambria* the frontier towards *Cornwall*; but there, in requitall, I correct him, and read *Tambra .i. Tamar*, diuiding *Devonshire* and *Cornwall*, as *Malmesbury* hath it expresly, and the matter selfe enough perswades.

Who draue the Giants hence, that of the earth were bred.

Somewhat of the Giants to the first Song, fabulously supposed begotten by Spirits vpon *Dioclesians* or *Danaus* daughters. But here the Author apriy rearms them bred of the Earth, both for that the antiquities of the *Gentiles* made the first inhabitants of most countries as produced out of the soile, calling them *Aborigines* and *Antiqui*, as also for imitation of those Epithets of *ἰσχυροί* and *ναυαί* among the *Greeks*, *Terra filij* among the *Latins*, the very name of Giants being thence deriued,

* *Ὀὐρανὸς ἰσχυροὶ καὶ ἀπὸ τῆς γῆς*.

Which misconceit I shall thinke abus'd the Heathen vpon their ill vnderstanding of *Adams* creation, and allegorique greatnes, touched before out of *Isaiah*'s Fiction.

Her Albanaet; for aide, and to the Scythian cleane.

Britaines tripartit diuision by *Brutes* III. sonnes, *Logrin*, *Camber* and *Alban* wall, whence all beyond *Senerne* was stil'd *Cambria*, the now *England* *Loegria* and *Scotland* *Albania*, is here shewed you: which I admit, but as the rest of that nature, vpon credit of our suspected Stories followed with sufficient iustification by the Muse; alluding here to that opinion which deduces the *Scots* and their name from the *Scythians*. Arguments of this likelyhood haue you largely in our most excellent Antiquary. I onely adde, that by tradition of the *Scythians* themselves, they had very anciently a generall name, tidling them * *Scythi* (soone contracted into *Scots*) whereas the *Gracians* call'd the Northerne * *Scythians*, perhaps the originall of that name being from *Shooting*, for which they were especially through the world famous, as you may see in most passages of their name in old Poets; and that *Lucians* title of *Toxarius*, is, as you should say, an *Archer*. For, the word *shoote* being at first of the *Tentonic* (which was very likely disperst largely in the Northerne parts) anciently written neerer *Schyth*, as among other testimonies, the name of * *Scytc* in *Ge*, i. the shooting finger, for the forefinger among our *Saxons*.

Thre

Be compeld
Edwall K. of
Wales, and
Constantine K.
Scotts to
sue their
crownes.
mondatis luffo.
a Malmshari.
of lib. 2. cap. 6.
West-Wales.
CCCC. XX.
I.
West-Britons
arabicus Lan-
arhenfis in Ed-
wall. Voel Con-
ecton.
Cambalanor
amel.

* Callimachus, in
lymn. Iouis.
* Because they
were bred of
earth, and the
dew of heauen.
* Orpheus ap.
Nat. Com. My-
tholog. 6. cap. 21.
* ἰσχυροὶ καὶ ἀπὸ τῆς γῆς.

* Herodotus. 8. el-
pomenes 2.
* Elystr. ap.
Strab. 2.
See to the IV.
Song.
* In τῷ Σκυτ-
τῶν ἄλλων
vocalis τῶν
καρδία & πο-
σῶν variatione.
Sagittar. 7.
Gorypium Bec-
celian. 2. sine
Amazonis.
* Alured. 1. reg.
cap. 40.

Three hundred yeares before Romes great foundation laid.

Take this with latitude: for betweene *Aeneas Syluius* King of the *Latins*, vnder whose time *Brute* is placed, to *Numitor*, in whose 11. yeare *Rome* was built, intercedes aboue CCC. XL. and with such difference vnderstand the Thousand vntill *Caesar*.

And long before borne armes against the barbarous Hun.

Our stories tell you of *Humber* King of *Huns* (a people that being *Scythian*, liued about those parts which you now call *Mar delle Zabach*) his attempt and victorie against *Albanall*, conflict with *Legion*, and death in this River, from whence they will the name. Distance of his country, and the vnlikely relation weakens my historicall faith. Obserue you also the first transmigration of the *Huns*, mentioned by *Prosopius*, *Agathias*, others, and you will think this very different from truth. And well could I thinke by coniecture (with a great Antiquary) that the name was first (or thence deriued) *Wabzen* or *Abert* which in *Brussel*, as appears by the names *Abergemenni*, *Abertiers*, *Aberbeidus* signifying the fall of the River *Genenni*, *Tewi*, *Rhodni*, is as much as a *Rivers mouth* in *English*, and fits it selfe specially, in that most of the *Yorkshire* Rivers here cast themselves into one confluence for the Ocean. Thus perhaps was *Seuerne* first *Hafren*, and not from the maide there drown'd, as you haue before; but for that, this no place.

* *Agathias* lib. 1.
* *Agathias* lib. 1.

* *Lat. and ad. Cy.*
* *Lat. and ad. Cy.*
* *Lat. and ad. Cy.*
* *Lat. and ad. Cy.*
* *Lat. and ad. Cy.*

To Stamford in this Isle seem'd Athens to transerre.

Looke to the III Song for more of *Bladud* and his Bath's. Sometime testimony 'is, that he went to *Athens*, brought thence with him IV. Philosophers, and instituted by them a Vniuersity at *Stamford* in *Lincolneshire*; But, of any perswading credit I finde none. Onely of later time, that profession of learning was there, authority is frequent. For when through discording parts among the Schollars (raising Ed. III.) a diuision in *Oxford* was into the *Northerne* and *Southerne* faction, the *Northerne* (before vnder Hen. III. also was the like to *Northampton*) made secession to this *Stamford*, and there profest, vntill vpon humble suite by *Robert* of *Stratford*, Chauncelor of *Oxford*, the K. by edict, and his owne presence, prohibited them; whence, afterward, also was that Oth taken by *Oxford* Graduats, that they should not professe at *Stamford*. *White* of *Basingstoke* otherwise guelles at the cause of this difference, making it the *Pelagian* heresie, and of more ancient time, but erroneously. Vnto this reserre that suppos'd prophesie of *Merlin*:

* *Merlin* apud
* *Merlin* apud
* *Merlin* apud
* *Merlin* apud
* *Merlin* apud

* *20 Cai. de
Cant. 2. Br. Tit.
15. 2. apud
Oxon. 5. 11. 6
Segg.*

* *Oxon. ford.*
* *Stam. ford.*

* *Spens. Facy
Q. lib. 4. Cant.
11. 1. 1. 1. 1.*

* *The maritim
part of Lin-
colnshire, where
W. island a R.
uer.*

Doctrina studium quod nunc viget ad vada Bonni.

Ante finem seculi celebrabitur ad vada Saxi.

Which you shall haue *Englished* in that solemnized marriage of *Thames* and *Medway*, by a most admired Muse of our nation, thus with aduantage:

And after him the fatal Welland went,
That, if old saies prone true (which God forbid)
Shall drowne all* *Holland* with his excrement,
And shall see *Stamford*, though now homely bid,
Then shine in learning more then euer did
Cambridge or *Oxford*, *Englands* goodly beames.

Not can you apply this, but to much younger time then *Bladud* saigne.

As be those four proud streetes began.

Of them you shall haue better declaration to the XVI. Song.

There ballancing his sword against her baser gold.

In that story, of *Brennus* and his *Gauls* taking *Rome*, is affirm'd, that by Senatorial authority *P. Sulpitius* (as a Tribune) was Committee to transact with the enemy for leauing the *Roman* territory; the price was* agreed 100. pound of gold; vniust weights were offered by the *Gauls*, which *Sulpitius* disliking, so farre were those insolent conquerors from mitigation of their oppressing purpose, that (as for them all) *Brennus* to the first vniustice of the ballance, added the poiz of his sword also, whence, vpon a murmuring complaint among the *Romans*, crying **Va villis*, came that to be as prouerbe applied to the conquered.

Against the Delphian power yet sbake his irefull sword.

Like liberty as others, takes the Author in affirming that *Brennus*, which was General to the *Gauls* in taking *Rome*, to be the same which overcame *Greece*, and assaulted the Oracle. But the truth of storie stands thus: *Rome* was afflicted by one *Brennus* about the yeare* CCC. LX. after, the building, when the *Gauls* had such a *Cadmeian* victory of it, that fortune conuerted by martiall opportunity, they were at last by *Camillus* so put to the sword, that a reporter of the slaughter was not left, as *Livy* and *Plutarch* (not impugned by *Polybius*, as *Polydore* hath mistaken) tell vs. About CX. yeares after, were tripartit excursions of the *Gauls*; of an armie vnder *Cerethrius* into *Thrace*, of the like vnder *Belgius* or *Belgins* into *Macedon* and *Illyricum*, of another vnder one *Brennus* and *Acichorius* into *Pannonia*. What successe *Belgius* had with *Ptolemy*, surnamed **Agathus*, is discovered in the same* authors which relate to vs *Brennus* his walling of *Greece*, with his violent, but somewhat voluntary, death; but part of this armie, eyther diuided by mutiny, or left, after *Apollo's* reuenge, betooke them to habitation in *Thrace* about the now *Constantinople*, where first vnder their King *Comontorius* (as *Polybius*, but *Livy* saith vnder *Lutatius* and *Comontorius*, which name perhaps you might correct by *Polybius*) they ruled their neighbouring States with imposition of tribute, and at last, growing too populous, sent (as it seemes) those colonies into *Asia*, which in **Gallagracia* left sufficient steps of their ancient names. My compared classique* authors will iustifie as much, nor scarce find I materiall opposition among them in any particulars, onely *Trogus*, epitomized by *Iustine*, is therein, by confusion of time and actions, somewhat abused; which hath caus'd that error of those which take Historicall liberty (Poeticall is allowable) to affirme *Brennus* which sackt *Rome*, and him, that died at *Delphos*, the same. Examination of time makes it apparantly false; nor indeede doth the *British* Chronologie endure our *Brennus* to be eyther of them, as *Polydore* and *Ruchanan* haue obserued. But want of the *British* name moues nothing against it; seeing the people of this Westerne part were all, vntil a good time after those warres, stiled by the name of *Gauls* or *Celts*, and those which would haue ranfackt the Oracle are said by *Callimachus* to haue come

* *de Empo. in xlviii. G.*

Which as well fits vs as *Gauls*. And thus much also obserue, that those names of *Brennus* and *Belinus*, being of great note, both in signification and personall

a Pos. Infirmitas
 in Cumbria, &
 apud Isl. Scen-
 leg. ad Anon.
 1. cap. 20. & P.
 Rhodius, lib. 1.
 cap. 28. & P.
 Bellerus, foliis
 N. 1. Apolline
 Gallus, Petri,
 thaus. Advers.
 subsec. lib. 1. cap.
 3. & 4. & 5. & 6.
 & 7. & 8. & 9.
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* Transformation of G. into C. was, anciently, often and easily, as Lippus Newtonus de promotione, at. ling. Latin. cap. 12.
 † Plutarchus de Mario & Hannibale lib. 9.
 ‡ Odyss. lib. 11.
 §, mod. s. amphip.

M 3

T.

To wise Molmutius lawes her Martian first did frame.

Particulars of *Molmutius* lawes, of Church-liberty, freedome of wayes, husbandry, and diuers other are in the *British* storie, affirming also that *Q. Martia* made a booke of lawes, translated afterward, and titled by *K. Alfred* *Mercen-lage*. Indeed it appears that there were three sorts of "lawes in the *Saxon* Hierarchy, *Mercen-lage*, *Dan-lage* & *West-Saxon-lage*. The *Mercian*, *Danish*, and *West-Saxon* law; all which three had their severall territories, and were in diuers things compiled into one volume by *Cnut*, and examined in that *Norman* constitution of their new Common-wealth. But as the *Danish* and *West-Saxon* had their name from particular people, so it seemes, had the *Mercian* from that Kingdome of *Mercland*, limited with the *Lancashire* River *Mercy* toward *Northumberland*, and ioining to *Wales*, hauing eyther from the River that name: or else from the word **Mapc*, because it bounded vpon most of the other Kingdomes, as you may see to the XI. Song.

— in whose eternall name,
Great London still shall line —

King *Lud* reedifying *Troinonant* (first built by *Brute*) and thence leauing the name of *Caer Lud* afterward turned (as they say) into *London* is not vnknowne, scarce to any that hath but lookt on *Ludgate* inner frontispice; and in old times thus I haue it exprest:

Walls *be lete make al aboute mo pater tw and down
And after *Lud* that was is name he cluped it *Lud* to me.
The herte pate of the town that put flout there mo is
He let hit clupe *Ludgate* after is owne name twis.
He let him tho he was ded burie at thulke pate
Therewe put after him me clup: thit *Ludgate*.
The town me clupeth that is w:de couth
And now me clupeth it *London* that is lighter in the mouth.
And new *Troy* it bet ere, and nouit is so ago
That *London* it is now cluped and worth euere mo.

Iudicious reformers of fabulous report I know haue more serious deriuations of the name: and seeing coniecture is free, I could imagine, it might be cald at first *Lhan Dlen* .i. the Temple of *Diana*, as *Lhan Dlen*, *Lhan Stephan*, *Lhan Wadern* *Clawtor*, *Lhan Clair* .i. *S. Dery's*, *S. Stephens*, *S. Patern* the great, *S. Marie*, and *Verulam* is by *H. Lhuid*, deriued from *Cler lhan* .i. the Church vpon the River *Ver*, with diuers more such places in *Wales*; and so afterward by strangers turned into *Londinium*, and the like. For, that *Diana* and her brother *Apollo* (vnder name of *Belin*) were two great Deities among the *Britons*, what is read next before, *Casars* testimony of the *Gauls*; and that she had her Temple there where *Paulus* is, relation in *Camden* discloses to you. Now, that the antique course was to title their Cities oftimes by the name of their power adored in them, is plaine by *Beth-el* among the *H-brewes*, *Heliopolis* (which in holy Writ is call'd *ⲙⲉⲗⲉⲗⲟⲩ*) in *Egypt*, and the same in *Greece*, *Phencia*, elsewhere; and by *Aibens* named from *Minerva*. But especially from this supposed deity of *Diana* (whom in substance *Homer* no lesse giues the Epithet of **ⲉⲗⲉⲗⲟⲩ* then to *Pallas*) haue diuers had their titles: as *Artemisium* in *Italy*, and *Eubea*, and that *Bubastis* in *Egypt*, so called from the same word, signifying in *Egyptian*, both a *Cat* and *Diana*.

Thofe

ooke to the
Song.
Tilbury
de Seaca.

A limitor
rud.

Rob. Glouc
ronf.
But it is affir-
med that *K. Col-*
laugher, mo-
her to *Constan-*
mo the great,
va'led this first,
and *Colcheffer*
Allo *Huntingdon*
ab. & *Simon*
Dunelm of ap.
Ston in *Wiltsh*
Londin. I shall
presently speake
of her also.

London deriued.

* *Thimo* cap. 43.
comm. vii.
* Patron of
Cities. v. *Homer*
hymn ad *Dian*.
* *Stephan*. also
v. in *Bolde*.
Herodes lib. 8.

Those armed stakes in Thames

He means that which now we call *Coway stakes* by *Oislands*, where only the *Thames* being without Boat passable, the *Britons* fixt both on the banks of their side, and in the water ^a sharpe stakes, to prevent the *Romanes* comming over, but in vaine, as the stories tell you.

^a Bed. lib. 1. cap. 1.

And more then Cæsar got, three Emperours could not win.

Vnderstand not that they were resisted by the *Britons*, but that the three successors of *Julius Cæsar*, *Augustus*, *Tiberius*, and *Caligula* never so much as with force attempted the Isle, although the last after K. *Cunobelinus* - sonne *Adminius* his traiterous revolting to him, in a seeming martiall vchemencie, made ^a all arme to the *British* voyage, but suddenly in the *German* shore (where he then was) like him selfe, turned the deligne to a jest, and commanded the armie to gather Cocksles.

^a Sueton. lib. 4. cap. 44. & 46. & Dio Cassius.

Came with his body nak't, his haire downe to his wast.

In this *Caradoc* (being the same which at large you haue in *Tacitus* and *Dio*, vnder name of *Caratacus* and *Casatacus*, and is by some *Scottish* Historians drawne much too farre Northward) the author expresse the ancient forme of a *Britons* habite. Yet I thinke not that they were all nak't, but, as is affirmed ^a of the *Gauls*, downe only to the Nauill; so that on the discovered part might be seene (to the terror of their enemies) those pictures of Beasts, with which ^b they painted themselves. It is iustificable by *Cæsar*, that they vs'd to haue all except their head & vpper lip, & ware very long haire, but in their old Coyne I see no such thing warranted: and in later ^c times about CCC. years since, it is especially attributed to them that they alwayes cut their heads close for auoyding *Abulons* misfortune.

^a Polydore lib. 1.

^b Solinus lib. 2. cap. 35.

^c Giraldus lib. 1. cap. 10.

The Colony long kept at Maldon

Olde Historians and Geographers call this *Camalodunum*, which some haue absurdly thought to be *Camelot* in the *Scottish* Shrifedome of *Stirling*, others haue sought it elswhere: but the *English* Light of antiquity (*Camden*) hath surely found it at this *Maldon* in *Essex*, where was a *Romish* Colonie, as also at *Glocester*, *Chester*, *York*, and perhaps at *Colchester*, which proues expressly (against vulgar allowance) that there was a time when in the chiefest parts of this Southerne *Britany* the *Roman* lawes were vled, as euery one that knowes the meaning of a Colony (which had all their rights and institutions deduced with it) must confesse. This was destroyed vpon discontentment taken by the *Iceni* and *Trinobantes* (now *Norfolke*, *Suffolke*, *Middlesex*, and *Essex* men) for intollerable wrongs done to the wife and posterity of *Prasutagus* King of the *Iceni* by the *Romans*, which the K. (as others in like form) thought, but vainly, to haue prevented by instituting *Nero*, then Emperour, his heire. The signes, which the author speaks of, were, a strange, and, as it were, voluntary falling downe of the Goddess *Victories* statue, erected by the *Romans* heere; women, as distracted, linging their ouerthrow; the Ocean looking bloody; vn-couth howlings in their assembles, and such like. *Potinius Cerealis*, Lieutenant of the IX. Legion, comming to aide, lost all his footmen, and betooke himselfe with the rest to his fortified Tents. But for this read the History.

^a Hecet. Book. lib. 3.

^b Antiq. Infinit. Lepides & Nomen.

^c P. Fortens de land. leg. Ang. cap. 17. & Full. Basing. lib. 4. nos. 36. Roman lawes vled in Bruden. = Agellus lib. 16. cap. 13. = Tacitus, ann. 14. Dio lib. 6.

By

By poison end her dayes.

So Tacitus; but Dio, that she died of sickness. Her name is written diuersly *Poodicia*, *Boodicia*, *Bundica*, and *Boudica*: she was wife to *Prasutagus*, of whom last before.

A greater foe to vs in our owne bowels bred.

Every story, of the declining *British* state, will tell you what miseries were endured by the hostile irruptions of *Scots* and *Picts* into the Southerne part. For the passage here of them, know, that the *Scottish* stories, which begin the continued Monarchique gouernment at *Ferguze*, affirme the *Picts* (from the *Scythian* territories) to haue arrived in the now *Island*, and thence passed into *Scotland* some CCL. yeares after the *Scots* first entring *Britaine*, which was, by account, about LXXX. yeares before our Sauours birth, and thence continued these a State by themselves, vntill *K. Kenneth* about DCCC. XL. yeares after *Christ* vterly supplanted them. Others, as *Bede* and his followers, make them elder in the Isle then the *Scots*, and fetch them out of *Ireland*; the *British* storie (that all may be discords) sayes, they entred *Albania* vnder conduct of one *Roderic* their King (for so you must read in * *Monmouth* and not *Londric*, as the Print in that and much other mistakes) and were valiantly oppos'd by *Marin*: then King of *Britons*, *Roderic* slain, and *Catbenes* giuen them for habitation. This *Marin* is placed with *Vespasian*, & the grosse differences of time make a suspicious; so that you may as well beleue none of them, as any one. Rather adhere to learned *Camden*, making the *Picts* very genuine *Britons*, distinguished onely by accidentall name, as in him you may see more largely.

Arviragus of ours first taking to protect.

His marriage with (I know not what) *Genissa*, daughter to *Clandius*, the habitude of friendship twixt *Rome* and him, after composition with *Vespasian* then vnder the Emperor, employ'd in the *British* warre, the common storie relate. This is *Armitagus*, which *Iuuenal** speakes of. *Polydore* referres him to *Nero* time, others rightly to *Domitian*, because indeed the Poet* then flourished. The fabulous *Heitor Boetius* makes him the same with *Phasurgus*, as he calls him in *Tacitus*; he meanes *Prasutagus*, hauing misread *Tacitus* his copie.

This happines we haue *Christ* crucified to know.

Neer C. LXXX. after *Christ* (the Chronologic of *Bede* herein is plainly false) and obserue what I told you of that kind to the I V. Song) this *Lucius* vpon request to Pope *Eleutherius* receiued at the hands of * *Eugenius* and *Damianus*, holy Baptism; yet so, that by *Ioseph of Arimathea* (of whom to the III. Song) (see of true Religion were here before sowne: by some I finde it* without warrant affirm'd that he conuerted *Arviragus*,

And gaue him then a shilde of silver white,
A Crosse endlong and ouerthwart full perfect,
These armes were vsed through all *Britaine*
For a common signe each man to know his nation
From enemies, which now we call certaine.
* *Georges* armes

But thus much collect, that, although vntill *Lucius* we had not a *Christi* King (for you may well suspect, rather denie, for want of better authority, th

* *Historia in Brit-*
annia (*patius*
Di. Thomae ita n.
exiatur) *primus*
verum non Roma-
rum Panegy-
r. Resoluto inter-
ales, qui Con-
stantiniana en-
comijs adloqui-
tur, & in placet
admo Hunfred.
Linn. Br. Br.
Brit. & Bucha-
nam. lib. 2. 377.
Scot. and Cam-
den Scoti &
Pictor. Rob. Glo-
cesterensis discun-
tor *WICKE.*

* *Gulfredus*
Monomasthenis
Correllus, & ibi-
dem vice in
Macimarius
lege Vestmaria.

* *Satyr. 4.*
** Suetonius in Iou-*
enali.

* These names
are very diffe-
rently written. S.
Georges crosse.
* *Ex N. H. Har-*
ding. cap. 4. & A. B.
Codices q. quos
confuso me
Nenni antiquos
configis huiusce
ve patrum sunt
memores.

of *Armagus*) yet (vnlesse you beleue the tradition of *Gunderic* K. of *Iudy*, converted by *S. Thomas*, or *Abagar* K of *Edessa*, to whom those letters written, as is suppoled, by our Sauours owne hand. kept as a pretious relique in *Constantinople* vntill the Emperour *Isaaci* Angelus, as my authors say, were sent) it is apparant that *This Island had the first Christian King in the world*, and cleerly in *Europe*, so that you cite not *Tiberius* his priuate seeming Christiansity, which is obserued out of *Tertullian* even in whose time also *Gildas* affirms, *Britaine* was comforted with wholsome beames of religious Light. Not much different from this age was *Donald* first King Christian of the *Scots*; so that if Priority of time swayed it, and not custome (deriued from a communicable attribute giuen by the Popes) that name of *Moss Christian* should better fit our Soueraigns then the *French*. This *Lucius*, by helpe of those two Christian aids, is said to haue, in roome of III. Arch-Flamins and XXVIII. Flamins (through whose doctrine, polluting sacrifices, and idolatry raigned here in stead of true seruice) instituted III. Archbishopriques at *London*, *York*, and *Caerleon* vpon *Vike*, & XXVIII. Bishopriques; of them, all beyond *Hambre* subiect to *York*; al the now *Wales* to *Caerleon* to *Londō*, the now *England* with *Cornwal*, And so also was the custome in other Countries, euen grounded vpon *S. Peters* own command, to make substitution of Arch-bishops or Patriarches to Arch-Flamins, and Bishops to Flamins, if you beleue a *Popes* assertion. For *York*, there is now a Metropolitan Sea; *Caerleon* had so vntill the change spoken of to the V. Song. And *London*, the Cathedral Church being at *S. Peters* in *Cornhill*, vntill translation of the Pall to *Canterbury* by *Augustine*, sent hither by *Gregory* the I. vnder K. *Ethelbert*, according to a prophetic of *Merlin*, that *Christianity should saile, and then reniue when the See of London did adorne Canterbury*, as, after comming of the *Saxons*, it did. This moued that ambitious *Giibert* of *Foliot* Bishop of *London* to challenge the Primacy of *England*, for which he is bitterly taxed by a great Clerke of the sametime. If I adde to the *British* glorie that this *Lucius* was cause of like conuersion in *Banaria* and *Rhetia*, I should out of my bounds. The learned *Mark Velfer*, and others, haue enough remembered it.

Constantius worthy wife

That is *Helen*, wife to *Constantius* or *Constans Chlornus* the Emperour, and mother to *Constantine* the great, daughter to *Coile* King of *Britaine*, where *Constantine* was by her brought forth. Doe not obiekt *Nicephorus Callistus* that erroneously affirms him borne in *Drepanum* of *Bithynia*, or *Iul. Firmicus*, that sayes at *Tarsus*, vpon which testimony (not vn corrupted) a great Critique^a hath violently offered to depriue vs both of him and his mother, affirming her a *Bithynian*, nor take aduantage of *Cedrenus*, that will haue *Dacia* his birth soile. Burour Histories, and, with them, the *Latine Ecclesiastique* relation (in passages of her inuention of the Crosse and such like) allowed also by Cardinall *Baronius*, make her thus a *British* woman. And for great *Constantines* birth in this land you shall haue authority; against which I wonder how *Lipsius* durst oppose his conceit. In an old Panegyrist^b speaking to *Constantine*: * *Liberavit ille* (he meanes his father) *Britannias servitutem, et etiam nobiles illic Oriundo fecisti*; and another, * *O fortunata & nunc omnibus beator terris Britannia, qua Constantinum, Casarem, prima vidisti*. These might perswade, that *Firmicus* were corrupted, seeing they liued when they might know as much of this as he. *Nicephorus* and *Cedrenus* are of much later time, and deserue no vndoubted credit. But in certaine orientall admenitions^c of State (newly published by *John Mourfins* professor of Greeke storie at *Leiden*) the Emperour *Constantine Porphyrogenetes* aduises his son *Romanus*, that he should

not

First *Christian King in the world.*
^a *Abdias* hist. *Apostolic* *Ense* lib. 1. cap. 22.
^b *Nicet. Chron.* in *Andronic.* *Commun.* lib. 1.
^c *Nicephor. ed* lib. 1. cap. 7. & 8.

^d *Deust. lib. 2. c.* in *the Church* *PP.*
^e *J. Kemph* in *Epist. ad Leonem* *PP.* apud *G.* *Malmesb* lib. 1. de reg. & l. de *Pontific.* vide *Basing* lib. 1. hyl. 2. mot. 11. *Ston.* *Survey of London* pag. 479.
^f *Ioann. Carn-* *tem* *Epist.* 172.
^g *Helen* mother to *Constantine.* *Constantine* born in *Britain.*
^h *Matheus* lib. 1. cap. 4.
ⁱ *Lipf. de Rom.* *magnitud.* lib. 4. cap. 11. *nam* *Lapsus.*
^j *Panegyric.* *di-* *xerint* *licet.* *Maximian* & *Ille* freed *Britaine* of bondage, Thou enobledst it with thy birth.
^k O happy *Britaine* that first of all sawest *Constantine.* *Panegyric.* *Pacc-* *tem.* *Constanti-* *no.*
^l *Constantin.* *Porphyrogenet.* *de aduulsi* *im-* *perio* cap. 29.

In the II. Councell at *Arles* in *Prouence*, held vnder *Constantine* and *Syl-
vester*, is subscribed the name of *Reſtitutus* Biſhop of *London*, the like reſpe-
ctively in other Councells ſpoken of by the Author. It is not vnfit to note here
that in later time the ſe hath bene (when and where *Romes* Supremacy was
acknowledged) to ſend alwayes to generall Councells, out of every Chriſtian
State, ſome Biſhops, Abbots and Priors; and I find it affirmed by the Clergie
vnder *Hen. II.* that, to a generall Councell, onely ſoure Biſhops are to be ſent
out of *England*. So, by reaſon of this courſe added to State-allowance afterward
at home, were thoſe Canons received into our law; as of *Bigamie* in the Coun-
cell of *Loons*, interpreted by Parliament vnder *Ed. I.* Of *Pluralities* in the Coun-
cell of *Lateran*, held by *Innocent III.* raigning our *K. John*; and the law of *Laps* in
Benefices had fo its ground from that Councell of *Lateran* in *cio. c. lxxix.*
vnder *Alexander* the III. whither, for our part, were ſent *Hugh* Biſhop of *Dur-*
ham, *John* Biſhop of *Norwich*, *Robert* Biſhop of *Hereford*, and *Rainold* Biſhop
of *Rath*, with diuers Abbots, where the Canon was made for preſentation
within ſix moneths, and title of *Laps*, given to the Biſhop in caſe the Chapter
were Patron, from the Biſhop to them if he were Patron: which, although, in
that, it be not law with vs, nor alſo their difference betwene a lay and Eccleſi-
aſtique patron for number of the months, allowing the lay-man but ſoure, yet
ſhewes it ſe ſe certainly to be the originall of that cuſtom anciently & now vſed
in the Ordinaries collation. And hither *Henry* of *Bracton* referres it expreſly
by whom you may amend *John le Briton*, and read *Lateran* in ſtead of *Lions*;
about this ſame matter. Your conceit, truly ioining theſe things, cannot but per-
ceiue that Canons & conſtitutions, in Popes Councells, abſolutely neuer bound
vs in other forme then, fitting them by the ſquare of *Engliſh* law & policie, our

reuerend Sages and Baronage allowed and^e interpreted them, who in their former Writs would mention them as law and custome of the Kingdom, and not otherwise.

Eleuen thousand maids sent these our friends againe.

Our common story affirms, that in time of *Gratian* the Emperor, *Conan* King of *Armorique Britaine* (which was filled with a Colony of this Isle by this *Conan* and *Maximus*, otherwise *Maximian* that slew *Gratian*) hauing warre with the neighbouring *Gauls*, delired of *Dinorh* Regent of *Cornwall*, or (if you will) of our *Britaine* (by neerenes of bloud, so to establish and continue loue in the posterity of both countries) that he might himselfe match with *Dinorh's* daughter *Vrsula*, and with her a competent multitude of Virgins might be sent ouer to furnish his vnwi'd Batchelers: whereupon were xi. c. of the nobler bloud with *Vrsula* and lx. c. of meaner ranke (elected out of diuers parts of the Kingdome) Shipt at *London* for satisfaction of this request. In the coast of *Gaul*, they were by tempest disperst, some rauisht by the Ocean, others for chaunce deniall of their maiden-heads to *Gnaue* and *Melga*, Kings of *Huns* and *Picts* (whom *Gratian* had animated against *Maximus*, as vllurping title of the *British* Monarchie) were miserably put to the sword in some *German* coast, whether misfortune caried them. But because the Author slips it over with a touch, you shall haue it in such old Verse, as I haue.

This maidens were ygad:ed and to London come
 And were glad ther of and wel so: some
 That hit hold of londe twende and neuerst bo: friend ple
 And some to lese bo: maidenbod woues bo: to be.
 Tho but were in shipes ydo, and in the se ver were
 So guttrempt ther come that drof bein here and there.
 So that the ydredel adreined were in the se
 And to other londe some ydru: that ne come neuer age,
 A king there was of thungry, Gnaue was his name
 And Melga is, Picardie that countenou of same,
 The waters bo: to lolt aboute the se but were
 A companie of this maidens so that humet there,
 Tho but solit but wolde: home nune and bo: men also
 At the maidens wold rather die than conceit thereto
 Tho twende bo: the luther men and the maidens slo: to e: none
 So that to the lasse Britaine there ne come alie none.

Somelay all this wickednes absurdly (for time endures it not) to *Atilla's* charge, who raigned King of *Huns* about CCCC. L. (about LX. years after *Gratian*) and affirme their suffering of this (as they call it) martyrdome at *Cologne*, whither, in at the mouth of *Rhine*, they were carried, others also particularly tell you that there were foure companions to *Vrsula*, in greannes and honor, their names being *Pynosa*, *Cordula*, *Eleutheria*, *Florentia*, and that vnder these were to eury of the xi. c. one President, *Iota*, *Benigna*, *Clementia*, *Sapientia*, *Carpophora*, *Columba*, *Benedicta*, *Odilia*, *Celyntris*, *Sibylla* and *Lucia*: and that custome at *Cologne* hath excluded all other bodies from the place of their buriall. The strange multitude of lxxi. c. Virgins thus to be transported, with the difference of time (the most excellent note to examine truth of historie by) may make you doubt of the whole report. I will not iustifie it, but only admonish thus, that those our old Stories are in this followed by that great Historian *Baronius*, allowed by *Francis de Bar*, *Whate of Basingstoke*, and before any of them, by that learned Abbot *Tritemius*, beside the Martyrologies, which to the honor of the xi. c. haue dedicated the xi. day of our October. But indeed how they can stand with what in some copies of *Nennius* we read, I cannot

* D. M. Colp. in
 de l'art Regn. an-
 tiquiss.
 * R. G. Orig.
 fol. 42.

See to the IX.
 Song.

But see to the
 XIII. Song, of
 Country.

Rob. Glouc. Hist.

* They.
 * There.

* Most part.
 * Again.
 * Of the Picts.

* Them ubi.
 * Laud.

* Heston. Hist.
 hist. Scotie. y. 20
 antiquioribus
 verum falsum.

* P. Suard. Ma-
 tyrolog. 24
 Octob.

* Sunt enim an-
 tiqui Codices
 quibus hoc m-
 to doct. nec. n-
 ro glossa illud
 non interpretasse,
 sententia sumpta.

not (see) it is there reported, that those *Britons* which went thither with *Maximus* (the same man and time with the former) tookethem *Gaulish* wives, and cut out their tongues, lest they should possesse their children of *Gaulish* language, whence our *Welsh* called them afterward * *Lehit* *Uddion*, because they spake confusedly. I see that yet there is great affinity twize the *British* *Armorique*, and the *Welsh*, the first (to glue you a tale) saying, *Won tad pebun* *fon en ebron*, the other, *En tad yr bwn pblot pr y nesoedd* for *Our Father* which *are in heauen*, but I suspect extremely that fabulous Tongue-cutting, & would haue you, of the two, helieve rather the Virgins, were it not for the exorbitant number, and that, against infallible credit, our Historians mixe with it *Gratian* *furuiuing Maximus*, a kind of fault that makes often the very truth doubtful.

That from the Scythian poore whence they themselves deriue.

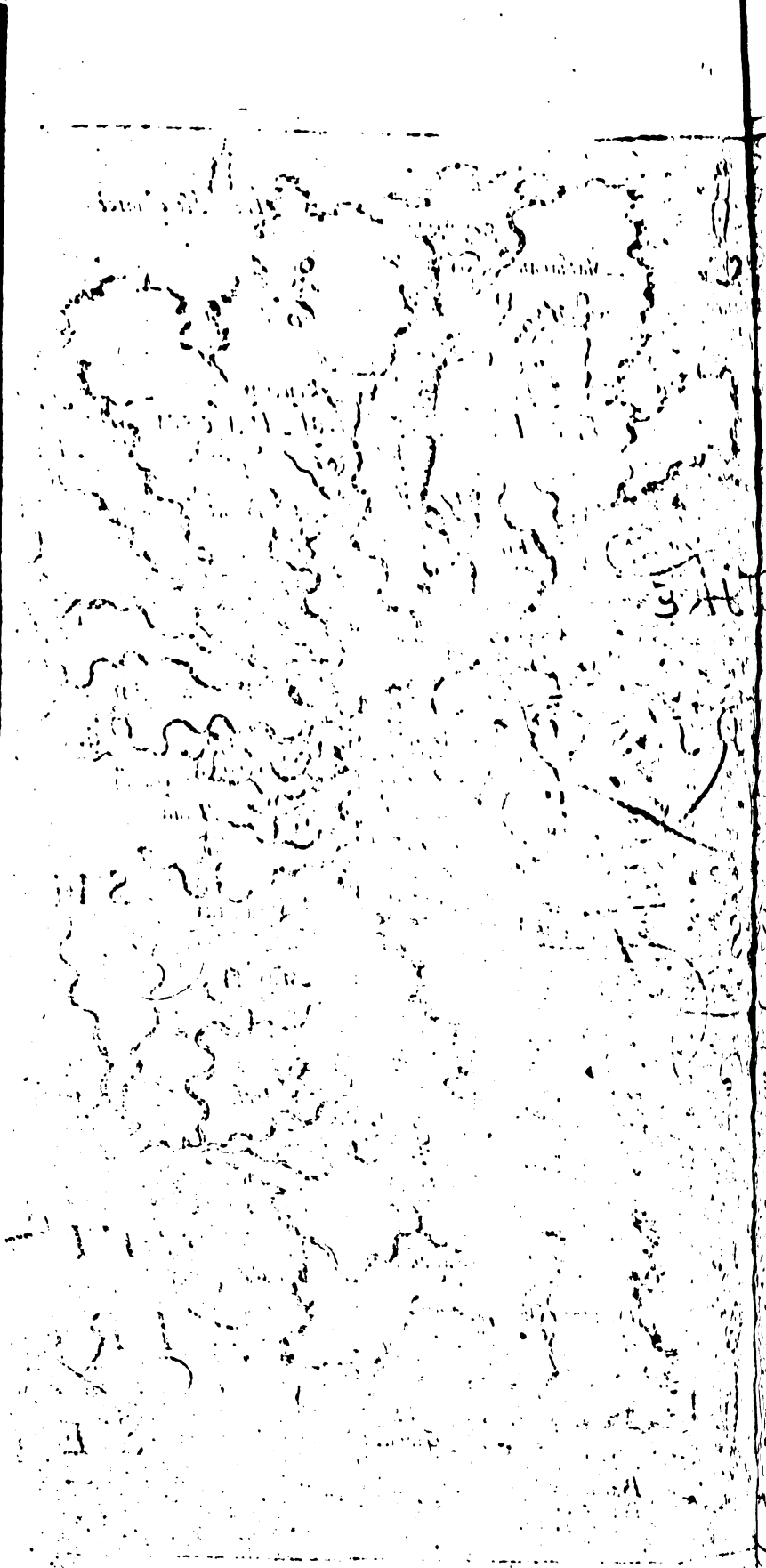
He meanes the *Saxons*, whose name, after learned men, is to the IV. Song deriu'd from a *Scythian* nation. It pleases the Mufe in this passage to speake of that originall, as meane and worthy of comparison with the *Troian British*, drawne out of *Iupiters* blood by *Venus*, *Anchises*, and *Aeneas*; I iustifie her phrase, for that the *Scythian* was indeed poore, yet voluntarily, not through want, liuing commonly in field-tents; and (as our *Germans* in *Tacitus*) so Stoicall, as not to care for the future, hauing provision for the present, from nature's liberality. But, if it were worth examining, you might find the *Scythian* as noble and worthy a nation as any red of, and such a one as the *English* and others might be as proud to deriue themselves from, as any which do search for their ancestors glory in *Troian* ashes. If you helieve the old report of themselves, then can you not make them lesse then descended by *Targitanus* from *Iupiter* and *Roryshenes*; if what the *Greeks*, who, as alterward the *Romans*, accounted and stiled all barbarous, except themselves; then you must draw their pedigree through *Agathyrus*, *Gelonus* and *Scythia*, from *Hercules*; neyther of these haue, in this kind, their superior. If among them you desire learning, remember *Zamolxis*, *Dicennus*, and *Anacharsis* before the rest. For although to some of these, other Patronymiques are giuen, yet know that anciently (which for the present matter obserue seriously) as all, Southward, were call'd *Ethiopian*; all Eastward, *Indians*; all West, *Celts*; so all Northernes were stiled *Scythians*; as *Ephorus* is Author. I could adde the honorable allegories, of those their golden Yoake, Plough, Hatchet, & Cup sent from heauen, wittily enough deliuered by *Geropius*, with other coniecturall testimonies of their worth. But I abstaine from such digression.

* *Uddion* silent.
* *Welsh* Moral.
* of *Welsh* part. 2.
* *Welsh*. cap. 13.

* *Herodotus* *de*
* *geogr.*

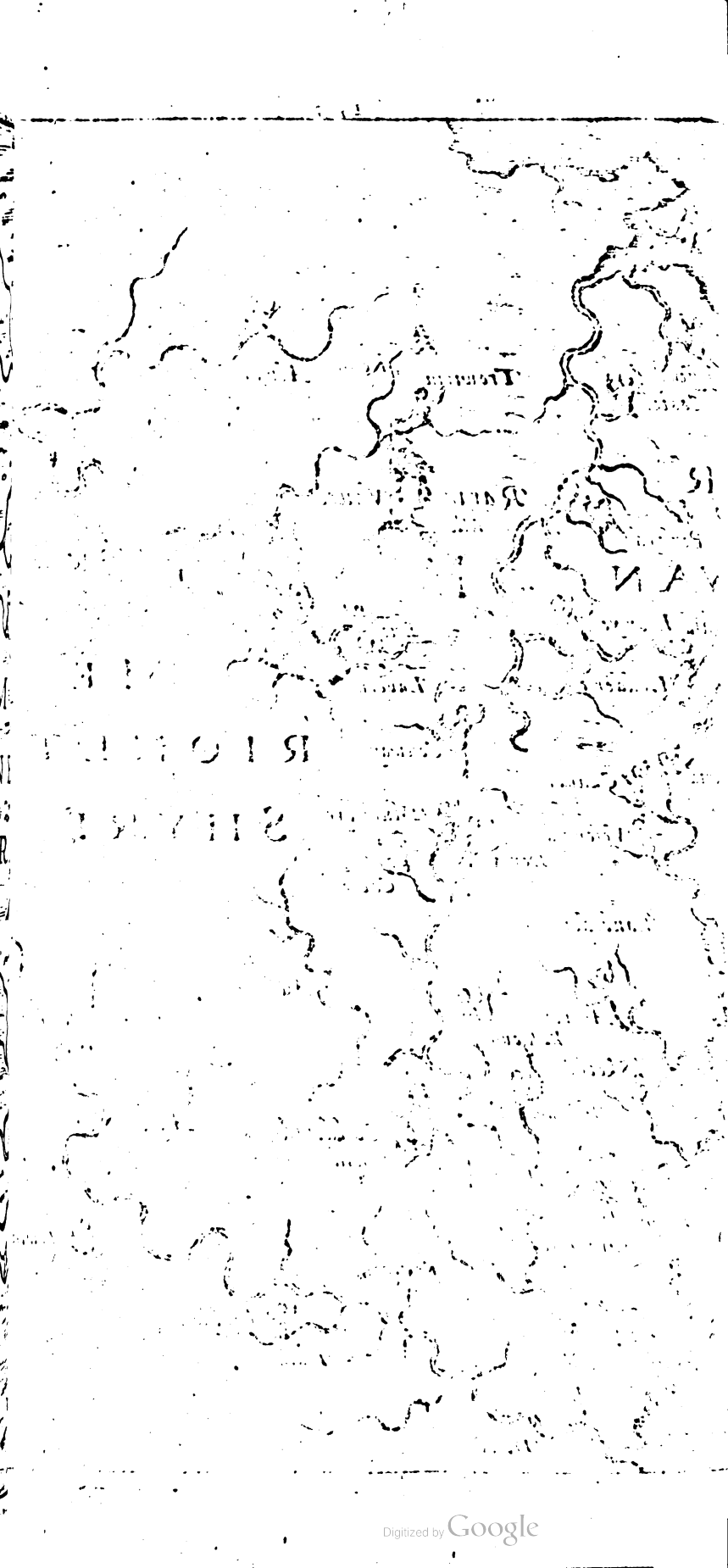
* *Apud* *Strabo*
* *lib. 2.*
* *Amazonic.*
* *Beccus* *idem* *8.*

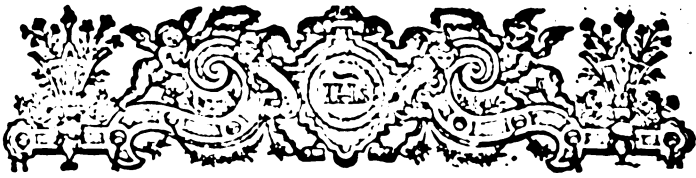
THE











The ninth Song.

* THE ARGUMENT.

*The Muse beere Merioneth vaunts,
And her proud Mountaines highly chaunts.
The Hills and Brooks, to branery bent,
Stand for precedence from Descent:
The Rivers for them shewing there
The wonders of their Pimblemere.
Proud Snowdon gloriously proceeds
With Cambria's native Princes deeds.
The Muse then through Carnarvan makes,
And Mon (now Anglesey) awakes
To tell her ancient Druides guise,
And manner of their Sacrifice.
Her Rillets see together calls;
Then back for Flint and Denbigh falls.*

Of all the *Cambrian* Shires their heads that beare so hie,
And farth'it surway their soyles with an ambitious eye,
*Mervinia** for her Hills, as for their matchlesse crowds,
The neereſt that are ſaid to kiſſe the wandring clouds,
Eſpeciall Audience craues, offended with the throng,
That ſhee of all the reſt neglected was ſo long:
Alleging for her ſelfe; When through the *Saxons* pride,
The God-like race of *Brute* to *Severns* ſetting ſide
Vvere cruelly inſorc't, her Mountaines did relieue
Thoſe, whom deuouring warre elſe euery-where did grieue.
And when all *Wales* beſide (by Fortune or by might)
Vnto her ancient foe reſign'd her ancient right,
A conſtant Mayden ſtill ſhee onely did remaine,
§. The laſt her genuine lawes which ſtoutly did retaine.
And as each one is prayd for her peculiar things;
So onely ſhee is rich, in Mountaines, Meres, and Springs,
And holds her ſelfe as great in her ſuperfluous waſt,
As others by their Townes, and fruitfull tillage gract.

N

And

* *Mervinia*,
Merioneth.

Acres of
 er, from
 nce Rivers
 Rivers as
 order they
 into the
 Sea.

North-walk.

And therefore, to recount her Rivers, from their * Lins,
 Abbridging all delayes, *Mervinia* thus begins;
 Though *Dovy*, which doth far her neighboring Floods surmount
 (Whose course, for hers alone *Mountgomery* doth account)
 Hath *Angell* for her owne, and *Keriog* she doth cleere,
 With *Towin*, *Gwedall* then, and *Dulas*, all as deere,
 Those tributary streames she is maintain'd withall:
 Yet, boldly may I say, her rising and her fall
 My Country calleth hers, with many another Brooke,
 That with their crystill eyes on the *Vergiuian* looke.
 To *Dovy* next, of which *Desunny* sea-ward driues,
Lingorvill goes alone: but plentiful *Avon* strives
 The first to be at Sea; and faster her to hie,
 Cleere *Kessilgum* comes in, with *Hergum* by and by.
 So *Derry*, *Moothy* drawes, and *Moothy* calleth *Caine*,
 Which in one channell meet, in going to the Maine,
 As to their utmost power to lend her all their aydes:
 So *Atro* by the arme *Lanbeder* kindly leads.
 And *Velenrid* the like, observing th'others lawe,
 Calls *Cunnell*; shee againe, faire *Druuid* forth doth draw,
 That from their mother Earth, the rough *Mervinia*, pay
 Their mixed plentiful Springs, vnto the lesser Bay
 §. Of those two noble armes into the Land that beare,
 Which through * *Gwinethia* be so famous euery where,
 On my *Carnarvan* side by nature made my Mound,
 As *Dovy* doth diuide the *Cardiganian* ground.
 The pearly *Conwayes* head, as that of holy *Dee*,
 Renowned Rivers both, their rising haue in mee:
 So, *Llunern* and the *Lue*, themselves that head-long throwe
 §. Into the spacious Lake, where *Dee* vnmixt doth flowe.
Trowerrin takes his streame, here from a natie Lin;
 Which, out of *Pimblemere* when *Dee* him selfe doth win,
 Along with him his Lord full curteously doth glide:
 So *Rudock* riseth heere, and *Cletor* that doe guide
 Him in his rugged path, and make his greatnes way,
 Their *Dee* into the bounds of *Denbigh* to conway.
 The lostie Hills, this while attentively that stood,
 As to suruey the course of euery seuerall Flood,
 Sent forth such echoing shoutes (which euery way so shrill,
 With the reuerberate sound the spacious ayre did fill)
 That they were easely heard through the *Vergiuian* Maine
 To *Neptunes* inward Court; and bearing there, constraine
 That mightie God of Sea t'awake: who full of dread,
 Thrice threw his three-forkt Mace about his griesly head,
 And thrice about the Rocks his fore-head rays'd to see
 Amongst the high-topt Hills what tumult it should bee.

So

So that with very sweet *Caderidre* did drop,
And mighty *Raran* shooke his proud sky-kilsing top,
Amongst the furious rout whom madnes did enrage;
Vntill the Mountaine Nymphs, the tumult to asswage,
Vpon a modest signe of silence to the throng,
Conforting thus, in praye of their *Mervinia*, song;

Thrice famous *Saxon* King, on whom Time nere shall pray,

O *Edgar*! vvhio compeldst our *Ludw* all hence to pay

Three hundred VVolues a yeere for trybute vnto thee:

And for that tribute payd, as famous may'st thou bee,

O conquer'd *British* King, by whom was first destroy'd

\$. The multitude of Woules, that long this Land annoy'd;

Regirdlesse of their rape, that now our harmlesse Flocks,

Securely heere may sit vpon the aged Rocks;

Or wandring from their walks, and straggling here and there

Amongst the leattered Clecues, the Lambe needs neuer feare;

But from the threatning storme to saue it selfe may creepe

Into that darke some Cane where once his foe did keepe:

That now the clambing Goat all day which hauing fed,

And clyming vp to see the sunne goe downe to bed,

Is not at all in doubt her little Kid to loſe,

VVhich grazing in the Vale, secure and safe she knowes.

VVhere, from theſe lofty hills which spacious heauen doe threat,

Yet of as equall height, as thick by nature ſet,

We talke how wee are stor'd, or what wee greatly need,

Or how our flocks doe fare, and how our heards doe feed,

When else the hanging Rocks, and Vallyes dark and deepe,

The Sommers longest day would vs from meeting keepe.

Yee *Cambrian* Shepheards then, whō theſe our Mountaines please,

And yee our fellow Nymphs, yee light * *Oreades*,

\$. Saint *Hellens* wondrous way, and *Herberts* let vs goe,

And our diuided Rocks with admiration shoue.

Not meaning there to end, but ſpeaking as they were,

A suddaine fearefull noyle ſurpriſed euery eare.

The water-Nymphs (not faue) *Lin-Teged* that frequent,

With browes belmeat'd with ooze, their locks with dewe beſprent,

Inhabiting the Lake, in ſedgy bowres belowe,

Their inward grounded griefe that onely ſought to ſhowe

Against the Mountaine kind, which much on them did take

About their watry brood, thus proudly them beſpake;

Tell vs, ye haughtie Hills, why vainly thus you threat,

Eſteeming vs ſo meane, compar'd to you ſo great.

To make you know your felues, you this muſt vnderſtand,

That our great Maker layd the ſurface of the Land,

As leuell as the Lake vntill the generall Flood,

VVhen ouer all ſo long the troubled waters ſtood:

N 2.

Which

The wondrous
Mountaine is
of *oreades*.

* Nymphs of
the Mountains.

VVhich, hurried with the blasts from angry heauen that blew,
 Vpon huge masy heapes the loosened grauell threw :
 From hence we would yee knew, your first beginning came.
 W'hich, since, in tract of time, your selues did Mountaines name.
 So that the earth, by you (to check her mirthfull cheere)
 May alwaies see (from heauen) those plagues that poured were
 Vpon the former world; as t'were by scarres to shewe
 That still shee must remaine disfigur'd with the blowe :
 And by th'infectious slime that doomefull Deluge left,
 Nature herselfe hath since of puritie beene rest ;
 And by the seeds corrupt, the life of mortall man
 Was shortned. With these plagues yee Mountaines first began.

But, ceasing you to shame ; What Mountaine is there found
 In all your monstrous kind (seeke yee thelland round)
 That truly of him selfe such wonders can report
 As can this spacious *Lin*, the place of our resort ?
 That when *Doe* in his course faine in her lap would lie,
 Commixtion with her store, his streame shee doth deny,
 By his complexion prou'd, as he through her doth glide.
 Her wealth againe from his, she likewise doth divide :
 Those White-fish that in her doe wondrously abound,
 Are neuer seen in him ; nor are his Salmon found
 At any time in her : but as shee him disdaines ;
 So hee againe, from her, as willfully abstaines.
 Downe from the neighboring Hills, those plentious Springs that fall,
 Nor Land-floods after raine, her neuer moue at all.
 And as in Sommers heat, so alwaies is she one,
 Resembling that great Lake which seemes to care for none :
 §. And with sterne *Eolus* blasts, like *Thetis* waxing ranke,
 Shee onely ouer-swells the surface of her bank.

But, whilst the Nymphs report these wonders of their Lake,
 Their further cause of speech the mightie *Snowden* brake ;
 Least, if their watry kind should suffred be too long,
 The licence that they rooke, might doe the Mountaines wrong.
 For quickly he had found that straitned poynt of Land,
 Into the *Irish* Sea which puts his powrefull hand,
 Pust with their watry praise, grew insolently proud,
 And needs would haue his Rills for Riuer be allow'd :
 Short *Darent*, neer'st vnto the vtmost poynt of all
 That th'Isle of *Gelin* greets, and *Bardsey* in her fall ;
 And next to her, the *Saue*, the *Gir*, the *Er*, the *May*,
 Must Riuer be at least, should all the world gaine-lay :
 And those, whereas the Land lyes East-ward, amply wide,
 That goodly *Conway* grace vpon the other side,
 Borne neere vpon her banks, each from her proper *Lin*,
 Soone from their Mothers out, soone with their Mistris in.

The wonders
 of *Lin-seg*,
 or *Pembroke*

* The most fa-
 mous Moun-
 taine of all
 Wales, in *Cer-
 narn*shire.

As *Ledder*, her Allie, and neighbour *Legwy*; then
Goes *Parloyd*, *Castell* next, with *Giffin*, that agent
Oblieve faire *Conway's* courle; and though their race be short;
Yet they their Soueraigne Flood inrich with their reort.
And *Snowdon*, more then this, his proper Mere did note
(S. Still *Deles* like, wherein a wandering Ile doth floate)
Was peremptory growne vpon his higher ground;
That Poole, in which (besides) the one-eyed fish are found,
As of her wonder proud, did with the Floods partake.

The wonder
vpon the
don.

So, when great *Snowdon* saw, a Faction they would make
Against his generall kind; both parties to appeale,
Hee purpoeth to sing their native Princes praise.
For *Snowdon*, a Hill, imperiall in his seat,
Is from his mighty foote, vnto his head to great;
That were his *Wales* distrest, or of his helpe had need,
Hee all her Flocks and Heardes for many months could feed.
Therefore to doe some-thing were worthy of his name,
Both tending to his strength, and to the *Britans* fame,
His Country to content, a signall hauing made,
By this Oration thinks both Parties to perwade:

The glory
Snowdon.

VVhilst heere this generall Ile, the ancient *Britans* ow'd,
Their valiant deeds before by *Severne* haue been shew'd;
But, since our furious Foe, these powrefull *Saxon* (warmer
(As mercilesse in spoyle, as well approu'd in Armes)
Heere called to our ayde, *Loegria* vs berest,
Thole poore and leaeter'd few of *Brutes* high linage left,
For succour hither came; where that vnmixed race
Remaines vnto this day, yet owners of this place:
Of whom no Flood nor Hill peculiarly hath long.

As the
glory
of the
Saxons.

These, then, shall be my Theame: least Time too much should wrong
Such Princes as were ours, since leuer'd we haue been;
And as themelues, their fame be limited between
The *Severne* and our Sea, long pent within this place,
S. Till with the tearme of *Welsh*, the *English* now embale

As the
glory
of the
Welsh.

The nobler *Britains* name, that welneere was destroy'd
With Pestilence and Warre, which this great Ile annoy'd;
Cadwallader that draue to the *Armorick* shore:

To which, drad *Conan*, Lord of *Denbigh*, long before,
His Countrymen from hence auspiciously conuay'd:
Whole noble feates in warre, and neuer-fayling ay'd,
Got *Maximus* (at length) the victorie in *Gaul*,
Vpon the *Roman* powers. Where, after *Gratians* fall,
Armerica to them the valiant Victor gaue:

Where *Conan*, their great Lord, as full of courage, draue
The *Celts* out of their seats, and did their roome supply
S. With people still from hence; which of our Colony

N. 3.

Was

VVas little *Britaine* call'd. Where that distressed King,
Cadwallader, him selfe awhile recomforting
 With hope of *Alans* ayde (which there did him detain)
S. Forewarned was in Dreames, that of the *Britans* raigne
 A sempiternall end the angry Powers decreed,
 A Reclute life in *Rome* inioyning him to lead.
 The King resigning all, his sonne young *Edwall* left
 With *Alan*: who, much grieu'd the Prince should be bereft
 Of *Britains* ancient right, rigg'd his vnconquer'd Fleet;
 And as the Generalls then, for such an Army meet,
 His Nephew *Inor* chose, and *Hiner* for his pheere;
 Two most vndaunted spirits. These valiant *Britans* were
 The first who *West-sex* wonne. But by the ling'ring warre,
 When they those *Saxons* found t'haue succour still from farre,
 They tooke them to their friends on *Seuerns* setting shore:
 Where finding *Edwall* dead, they purpos'd to restore
 His sonne young *Roderick*, whom the *Saxon* powers pursu'd:
 But hee, who at his home heere scorn'd to be subdu'd,
 With *Aldred* (that on *Wales* his strong invasion brought)
Garthmalack, and *Penceoyd* (those famous battailes) fought,
 That *North* and *South-wales* sing, on the *West-Sexians* wonne.

Scarce this victorious taske his bloodied sword had done,
 But at *Mount Carno* met the *Mercians*, and with wounds
 Made *Ethelbald* to feele his trespass on our bounds;
 Prevail'd against the *Pict*, before our force that slew;
 And in a valiant fight their King *Dalargan* slew.

Nor *Conan's* courage lesse, nor lesse prevail'd in ought
 Renowned *Rodericks* heire, who with the *Englisch* fought
 The *Herefordian* Field; as *Ruthlands* red with gore:
 Who, to transfer the warre from this his native shore,
 Marcht through the *Mercian* Townes with his reuengefull blades
 And on the *Englisch* there such mighty hauock made,
 That *Offa* (when he saw his Countries goe to wrack)
 From bick'ring with his folke, to keepe vs *Britains* back,
 Cast vp that mighty Mound of eighty miles in length,
 Athwart from Sea to Sea. Which of the *Mercians* strength
 A witnesse though it stand, and *Offa's* name doe beare,
 Our courage was the cause why first he cut it there:
 As that most dreadful day at *Gauelford* can tell,
 Where vnder eithers sword so many thousands fell
 VVith intermixed blood, that neither knew their owne;
 Nor which went Victor thence, vnto this day is knowne.

Nor *Kettles* conflict then, lesse martiall courage show'd,
 Where valiant *Mervin* met the *Mercians*, and bestow'd
 His nobler *British* blood on *Burthreds* recreant flight.

As *Roderick* his great sonne, his father following right,

Bare

be West-
 ons coun-
 compre-
 ding Deu-
 e, Somers-
 e, and
 it adjacent.

A hill neere
 Long-cromney
 Monmouth.

Offa's Ditch

Bare not the *Saxons* scornes, his *Britains* to out-brance;
At *Gwythen*, but againe to *Bartbred* battell gaue;
Twice driuing out the *Dane* when he invasion brought.
Whose no lesse valiant sonne, againe at *Conway* fought
With *Danes* and *Mercians* mixt, and on their hatefull head
Down-shower'd their dire reuenge whom they had murdered.

And, we're not that of vs the *English* would report
(Abusing of our Tongue in most malicious sort
As often-times they doe) that more then any, wee
(The *Welsh*, as they vs tearme) loue glorifi'd to bee,
Heere could I else recount the slaughter'd *Saxons* gore
Our swords at *Crosford* spilt on *Severns* wandring shore;
And *Griffith* here produce, *Lewellins* valiant sonne
(May wee belieue our *Bards*) who five pitcht Battels wonne;
And to reuenge the wrongs the envious *English* wrought,
His vwell-train'd martiall troupes into the Marches brought
As farre as *Worster* walls: nor thence did he retire,
Till *Powse* lay wel-neere spent in our reuengefull fire;
As *Hereford* layd waste: and from their plentious soyles,
Brought back with him to *Wales* his priloners and his spoyles.

Thus as we valiant were, when valour might vs steed:
With those so much that dar'd, wee had them that decreed.
For, what *Mulmutian* lawes, or *Martian*, euer were
\$. More excellent then those which our good *Howell* heere
Ordain'd to gouerne *Wales*? which still with vs remaine.

And when all-powerfull Fate had brought to passe againe,
That as the *Saxons* earst did from the *Britains* win;
Vpon them so (at last) the *Normans* comming in,
Tooke from those Tyrants heere, what treacherously they got
(To the perfidious *French*, which th'angry heauens allot)
Nere could that Conquerors sword (which roughly did decide
His right in *England* heere, and prostrated her pride)
\$. Vs to subiection stoope, or make vs *Britains* beare
Th'vnwiely *Norman* yoke: nor basely could we feare
His Conquest, entring *Wales*; but (with stout courage) ours
Defi'd him to his face, with all his *English* powers.

And when in his reuenge, proud *Rufus* hither came
(VWith vowes) vs to subvert; with slaughter and with shame,
O're *Severn* him we sent, to gather stronger ayde.

So, when to *Englands* power, *Albania* hers had lay'd,
By *Henry Beauclarke* brought (for all his diuclith wit,
By which he raught the Wreath) hee not prevail'd a whit:
And through our rugged straits when he so rudely prest,
Had not his proued Maile fate surely to his breast,
A skilfull *Britisb* hand his life had him bereft,
As his sterne brothers hart, by *Tirrills* hand was cleft.

And

And let the *English* thus which vilifie our name,
 If it their greatnes please, report vnto our shame
 The foyle our *Gwyneth* gaue at *Elints* so deadly fight,
 To *Maud* the Empresse Ionne, that there he put to flight;
 S. And from the *English* power th'imperiall Ensigne tooke
 About his plumed head which valiant *Owen* thooke.

As when that King againe, his fortune to advance
 About his former foyle, procur'd fresh powers from *France*,
 A surely-leveld shaft if *Sent-eleare* had not scene,
 And in the very looke, not thrust himselfe betweene
 His Soueraigne and the shaft, he our reuenge had tid:
 Thus, to prelerue the King, the noble subiect dy'd.

As *Nadock* his braue sonne, may come the rest among;
 Who, like the God-like race from which his Grandfires sprong,
 Whilst heere his Brothers tyr'd in sad domestick strife,
 On their vnnaturall breasts bent eithers murderous knives;
 This braue aduenturous Youth, in hore pursute of fame,
 VVith such as his great spirit did with high deeds inflame,
 Put forth his well-rigg'd Fleet to seeke him forraine ground,
 And sayled West so long, vntill that world he found
 To Christians then vnknowne (saue this aduentrous crue)
 Long ere *Columbus* liv'd, or it *Vesputius* knew;
 And put the now-nam'd *Welsh* on *India's* parched face,
 Vnto the endlesse praise of *Brutes* renowned race,
 Ere the *Iberian* Powers had toucht her long-sought Bay,
 S. Or any eare had heard the sound of *Florida*.

S. And with th^r *Croggens* name let th^r *English* vs disgrace
 When there are to be scene, yet, in that ancient place
 Fro whence that name they fetch, their cōquer'd Grandfires Graues:
 For which each ignorant sor, vniustly vs depraues.

And when that Tyrant *Iohn* had our subversion vow'd,

S. To his vnbridled will our necks we neuer bow'd:
 Nor to his mightie sonne; whose host wee did inforce
 (His succours cutting off) to eate their war-like horse.

Vntill all-ruling Heauen would haue vs to resigne:
 VVhen that braue Prince, the last of all the *British* Line,
Lewellin, *Griffiths* sonne, vnluckily was slaine,

S. As Fate had spar'd our fall till *Edward Longshanks* raigne.

Yet to the stock of *Brute* so true wee euer were,

VVe would permit no Prince, vnlesse a natiue here.

VVhich, that most prudent King percciuing, wisely thought

To satisfie our wills, and to *Carnarvan* brought

His Queene being great with child, euen ready downe to lyes

Then to his purpos'd end doth all his powers apply.

Through euery part of *Wales* hee to the Nobles sent,

That they vnto his Court should come incontinent,

Of things that much concern'd the Country to debate :
But now behold the power of vnauoyded Fate .

When thus vnto his will he fitly them had wonne,
At her expected houre the Queene brought forth a sonne.
And to this great designe, all hapning as he would,
He (his intended courle that clearkly manage could)
Thus queintly traines vs on: Since he perceiu'd vs prone
Here onely to be rul'd by Princes of our owne ,
Our naturalnes therein he greatly did approue ;
And publicly protests, that for the ancient loue
He euer bare to *Wales* , they all should plainly see,
That he had found out one, their loue aigne Lord to bee:
Com'n of the race of Kings, and (in their Country borne)
Could not one *English* word: of which he durst be sworne.
Besides, his vpright heart, and innocence was such,
As that (he was assur'd) blacke Enuie could not tuch
His spotlesse life in ought. Poore we (that not espie
His subtilty herein) in plaine simplicity,
Soone bound our selues by oath, his choice not to refuse:
When as that craftie King, his little childe doth chuse,
Yong *Edward*, borne in *Wales*, and of *Carnarwan* call'd.
Thus by the *English* craft, we *Britans* were enthralld:
Yet in thine owne behalfe, deare Country dare to say ,
Thou long as powerfull wert as *England* euery way.
And if she ouermuch should seeke thee to imbase,
Tell her thou art the Nurse of all the *British* race;
And he that was by heauen appointed to vnite
(After that tedious warre) the red Rose and the white ,
A *Tudor* was of thine, and natue of thy *Mon*,
From whom descends that King now sitting on her Throane.

This speech , by *Snowdon* made, so luckie was to please
Both parties, and them both with such content appeale;
That as before they stroue for soueraignty and place,
They onely now contend, which most should other grace.

Into the *Irisb* Sea, then all those Rilles that ronne,
In *Snowdons* praille to speake, immediatly begon ;
Lewenny, *Lynan* next, then *Gwelly* gaue it out,
And *Kerriog* her compeere, soone told it all about:
So did their sister Nymphs, that into *Mena* straine;
The flood that doth diuide *Mon* from the *Cambrian* Maine.
It *Gorway* greatly prais'd, and *Seint* it lowdly song.
So, mighty *Snowdons* speech was through *Carnarwan* rong ;
That scarcely such a noise to *Mon* from *Mena* came,
When with his puissant troupes for conquest of the same ,
On Bridges made of Boxes, the *Roman* powers her sought,
Or *Edward* to her sicke his *English* Armies brought :

That

A King hath
valiant and
politique.

That *Mona* strangely stir'd great *Snowdens* praise to heare,
 Although the stock of *Troy* to her was euer deare;
 Yet (from her proper worth) as shee before all other
 §. Was call'd (in former times) her Country *Cambria's* mother,
 Perswaded was thereby her praises to pursue,
 Or by neglect, to lose what to her selfe was due,
 A signe to *Neptune* lent, his boystrous rage to slake;
 Which suddainly becalm'd, thus of her selfe she spake;

What one of all the Isles to *Cambria* doth belong
 (To *Britaine*, I might say, and yet not doe her wrong)
 Doth equall me in soyle, so good for grasse and graine?
 As should my *Wales* (where still *Brutes* offspring doth remaine)
 That mighty store of men, yet more of beasts doth breed,
 By famine or by warre constrained be to need,
 And *Englands* neighboring Shires their succour would denie;
 My onely selfe her wants could plentifully supply.

What Island is there found vpon the *Irish* coast,
 In which that Kingdome seemes to be delighted most
 (And seeke you all along the rough *Verginian* shore,
 Where the incountring tydes outrageously doe rore)
 That bowes not at my beck, as they to me did owe
 The dutie subjects should vnto their Soueraigne shewe;
 §. So that th' *Eubonian* Man, a kingdome long time knowne,
 Which wisely hath been rul'd by Princes of her owne,
 In my alliance ioyes, as in th' *Albanian* Seas
 The *Arrans*, and by them the scatt'rd *Embides*
 Reioyce euen at my name; and put on mirthfull cheere,
 VVhen of my good estate, they by the Sea-Nymphs heare.

Sometimes within my shades, in many an ancient wood,
 Whole often-twined tops, great *Phæbus* fires with stood,
 §. The searelesse *Brittish* Priests, vnder an aged Oake,
 Taking a milk-white Bull, vnstrained with the yoke,
 And with an Axe of gold, from that lone-fac'd tree
 The Mistleto cut downe; then with a bended knee
 On th' vnlew'd Altar layd, put to the hallowed fires:
 And whilst in the sharpe flame the trembling flesh expires,
 As their strong furie mou'd (when all the rest adore)
 Pronouncing their desires the sacrifice before,
 Vp to th' eternall heauen their bloodied hands did reare:
 And, whilst the murmuring woods euen shudd'rd as with feare,
 Preacht to the bearded youth, the soules immortal state;
 To o'her bodies still how it should transmigrate,
 That to contempt of death them strongly might excite.

To dwell in my blacke shades the Wood-gods did delight,
 Vntroden with resort that long so gloomy were,
 As when the *Roman* came, it strooke him sad with feare

* Lies vpon the
 West of Scot-
 land.

To

To looke vpon my face, which then was call'd the *Darke*;
Vntill in after time, the *English* for a marke
Gaue me this hatefull name, which I must euer beare,
And *Anglesey* from them am called euery where.

My Brooks (to whole sweet brimmes the *Syluans* did resort,
Inglyding through my shades, to mightie *Neptunes* Court,
Of their huge Oakes bereft) to heauen so open lie,
That now ther's not a roote discern'd by any eye:
My *Brent*, a pretty Beck, attending *Menus* mouth,
VWith thole her sister *Rills*, that beare vpon the South,
Guint, forth along with her *Lewenny* that doth draw;
And next to them againe, the fat and moory *Frawe*,
§. Which with my Princes Court I some-time pleas'd to grace,
As thole that to the West directly runne their race.

Smooth *Allo* in her fall, that *Lyncu* in doth takes
Nathanon, that amaine doth tow'rs *Neylroniad* make,
The Sea-calfes to behold that bleach them on her shore,
Which *Gweger* to her gets, as to increase her store.
Then *Dulas* to the North that straineth, as to see
The Ile that breedeth Mice: whose store so lothsome bee,
That shee in *Neptunes* brack her blewish head doth hide.

VWhen now the wearied Muse her burthen hauing ply'd,
Her selfe awhile betakes to bathe her in the *Sound*;
And quitting in her course the goodly *Monian* ground,
Assayes the *Penmenmaur*, and her cleere eyes doth throwe
On *Conway*, tow'rs the East, to *England* back to goe:
Where finding *Denbigh* fayre, and *Flint* not out of sight,
Cries yet afresh for *Wales*, and for *Brutes* ancient right.

Illustrations.

More Westerne are you carried into *Merioneth*, *Carnarvan*, *Anglesey*, &
those maritime coasts of *Northwales*,

The last her genuine lawes which stoutlie did retaine.

Vnder *William Rufus*, the *Norman-English* (animated by the good successe
which *Robert Fitz-hamon* had first against *Rees ap Tiddont*, Prince of *South-
wales*, and afterward against *Iestin*, Lord of *Glamorgan*) beeing very desirous
of these Welsh territories; *Hugh*, 'furnamed *Wolfe*, Earle of *Chester*, did ho-
mage to the King for *Tegengl* and *Rynorioc*, with all the Land by the Sea vnto
Conwey. And thus pretending title, got also possession of *Merioneth*, frō *Gruf-
sith ap Conan*, Prince of *Northwales*: but hee soone recovered it, and thence
left it continued in his posteritie, vntill *Llewelyn ap Gruffsith*, vnder *Edward 1.*
lost it, himselfe, and all his dominion. Whereas other parts (of *South* and *West-
wales* especially) had before subiected themselues to the *English* Crowne; this,
through

* Printed Co-
rades. Llan-
corn. & Camb.

through frequency of cragge Mountaines, accessible with too much difficulty, being the last stronge refuge vntill that period of fatall conquest.

Of these two noble armes into the land that beare.

In the confines of *Merioneth* and *Cardigan*, where these Rivers ioyned poure themselves into the *Irish* Ocean, are these two armes or creekes of the Sea, famous, as he saith, through *Guinebia* (that is one of the old titles of the *North-Wales*) by their names of *Tracth Mawr* and *Tracth Bachan*, i. as were, the great haue, and the little haue, *Tracth*, in *British*, signifying a tract of Sand whereon the Sea flows, and the ebbe discouers.

Into that spacious Lake where Dee vnmixt doth flow.

That is *Llyn-segied* (otherwise call'd by the *English* *Pemalsmere*) through which, *Dee* rising in this part runnes whole and vnmixt, neyther Lake nor River communicating to each other water or fish, as the Author anon tels you. In the ancients, is remembered specially the like of *Rhosne* running vnmixt, and (as it were) ouer the Lake of *Genewa*, as, for a greater wonder, the most learned *Casaubon* hath deliuered also of *Arna*, running whole through *Rhosne*, and duers other such like are in *Plini's* collection of Natures most strange effects in waters.

The multitude of Wolues that long this land annoy'd.

Our excellent *Edgar* (hauing first enlarged his name with diligent and religious performance of charitable magnificence among his *English*, and confirmed the farre-spread opinion of his greatnes, by receipt of homage at *Chester* from VIII Kings; as you shall see in and to the next Song) for encrease of his benefits towards the Isle, ioyned with preservation of his Crowne-dueties, conuerted the tribute of the *Welsh* into CCC. Wolues a yeare, as the Author shews. The King that paid it,

Thy yet he huld is terme rent at the berthe was behinde
Clo; he sende the King word that he ne mighte ne mo binde,

As, according to the story my old Rimer deliuers it. Whom you are to account for this *Ludwall* K of *Wales* in the *Welsh* historic, except *Hewel ap Ieuaf*, that made warre against his vncke *Iago*, deliuered his father, and tooke on himselfe the whole Principality towards the later yeares of *Edgar*, I know not. But this was not an utter destruction of them; for, since that time, the Mannor of *Piddesley* in *Leicester* shire was held by one *Henry* of *Angage*, per *sericantiam capiti sui*, as the inquisition deliuers it.

*S. Helens wondrous way*_____

By *Festeneog* in the confines of *Carnarvan* and *Merioneth* is this highway of note; so call'd by the *British*, and suppoled made by that *Helen*, mother to *Constantine* (among her other good deedes) of whom to the last Song before.

As leuell as the lake vntill the generall flood.

So is the opinion of some Diuines*, that, vntill after the flood, were no Mountaines, but that by congestion of sand, earth, and such stuffe as we now see hills strangely fraughted with, in the waters they were first cast vp. But in that

* *Girald. Itin.*
1. 2. cap. 6.

* *Ammon. Mar.*
ed. lib. 1. 5. P. 10.
M. lib. 2. P. 10.
lib. 2. cap. 10.
101.
* *Ad Strabo.*
lib. 2.

* *John Leicest.*
27. Hen. 1. in
Archib. Torr.
Londin.

* *Hippod. alio*
refragatur B.
Petrus ad Ge-
nes. 1. quæst. 101.

^a *Trans. 8.*
^b *Ts. 104.*

* *Phidippus*
Scribble, 11/10

a Buchanan. f. 5.
 tit. Hist. 2.
 b Brasiliab. 3.
 cap. 1. cap. 19.
 Leg. G. onquif.
 d. Colp. 1.
 Cap. Calum.
 c Ad a mudi de
 g. 1. res. 1.
 d Peru. Meru.
 Confus. part. 1.
 lib. 3. cap. 31.
 e J. Enflath. ad
 euandem.
 f Hist. Natib. 4.
 cap. 17 quem
 super Iperim
 Bitamios hos Sotos
 dixisset, mure. P.
 Meruliam tam
 constanter affir-
 massi.
 g Bed. lib. 1. cap.
 3. quem scilicet
 P. Merula.

French

French historie, which you may ioynewith most worthy *Camdens* treatise of this matter; whither (for a learned declaration of it) I send you.

Forewarned was in dreames that of the Britons raigne.

Cadwallader driven to forsake this land, especially by reason of plague & famine, tyrannizing among his subiects, ioyned with continuall irruptions of the *English*, rettyred himselfe into little *Bretaigne*, to his cozen *Alan* then King: where, in a dreame he was admonisht by an Angel (I iustifie it but by the story) that a period of the *British* Empire was now come, and vntill time of *Merlins* propheticie, given to King *Arthur*, his country or posterity should haue no restitution; & further, that he should take his iourney to *Rome*, where for a transitory he might receiue an eternall Kingdome. *Alan*, vpon report of this vision, compares it with the *Eagles* prophesies, the *Sibylles* verses, & *Merlin*; nor found he but all were concording in prediction of this cealing of the *British* Monarchie. Through his aduice therefore, and a prepared affection *Cadwallader* takes voyage to *Rome*, receiued of *PP. Sergius*, with holy tincture the name of *Peter*, and within very short time there died; his body very lately vnder Pope *Gregory* the XIII. was found^a buried by *S. Peters* Tombe where it yet remaines, and *W.ite* of *Basingstoch* sayes, he had a peece of his rayment of a Chestnut colour, taken vp (with the corps) vncorrupted; which hee accounts, as a *Romish* Pupill, no slight miracle. It was added among *British* traditions, that, when *Cadwalladers* bones were brought into this Isle, then the rule of the posterity of their Princes haue restitution: concerning that, you haue enough to the II. Song. Obseruing concurrence of time and difference of relation in the storie of this Prince, I know not well how to giue my selfe or the Reader satisfaction. In *Monmouth*, *Robert* of *Glocester*, *Florilegus*, and their followers, *Cadwallader* is made the sonne of *Cadwall* K. of the *Britons* before him; but so, that he descended also from *English-Saxon* blood, his mother being daughter to *Penda* K. of *Mercland*. Our Monkes call him K. of *West-Saxons*, succellor to *Kentwine*, and sonne to *Kenbrith*. And where *Caradoc Llancarnan* tels you of warres twixt *Ine* or *Inor* (succellor to *Cadwallader*) and *Kentwine*, it appeares in our Chronographers that *Kentwine* must be dead about three years before. But how soeuer these things might be reconcilable, I thinke cleerely that *Cadwallader* in the *British*, and *Cadwal* K. of *West-Saxons* in *P. de*, *Malmesbury*, *Florence*, *Huntingdon*, and other stories of the *English*, are not the same, as *Geffrey*, and, out of *Girald*, *Randall* of *Chester*, and others since erroneously haue affirmed. But strongly you may hold, that *Cadwallo* or *Caswallo*, living about DC. XL. slaine by *Oswald* K. of *Northumberland*, was the same with *Bede* first *Cedwalla*, whom he calls K. of *Britons*, and that by misconceit of his two *Cadwal* (the other being, almost L. years after, K. of *West-Saxons*) and by communicating of each others attributes vpon indistinct names, without obseruation of their severall times, these discordant relations of them, which in storie are too palpable, had their first being. But to satisfie you in present, I keepe my selfe to the course of our ordinary stories, by reason of difficulty in finding an exact truth in all. Touching his going to *Rome*; thus: Some will, that he was Christian before, and receiued of *Sergius* onely confirmation; others, that hee had there his first Baptisme, and liued not about a moneth after; which time (to make all dissonant) is extended to VIII. yeares in *Llancarnan*. That, once *Cadwal* went to *Rome*, is plaine by all, with his now imposed name and buriall there: For his baptisme before, I haue no direct authority but in *Polychronicon*, many arguments prouing him indeed a well-willer to Christianity, but one that had not yet receiued its holy testimony. The very phraze in most

Ms. Ca.
Floriac.
-per P. Pi-
-um.

re to the II.
ong.

Anton. Maior.
F. Basingstoch.
b. 9. fol. 32.

Ranolph. Hig-
don. lib. 9. cap. 20.

Cadwallo Rex
Britonum Bed.
Hist. Recl. 3.
cap. 1. ceterum
v. Nennium ap.
Camd. in Ottad-
on pag. 664 &
665 & Bed. lib
9. cap. 7.

the ninth Song.

our Historians is plain that he was baptized, and so also his Epitaph then made at Rome, in part here inserted.

• Percipiensq; alacer redimere premia vita,
Bithericam rabem, nomen & inde sumo.
Conversus, convertit ovis, Petrumq; vocari,
Sergius antistes, Iussit ut ipse pater
Fonte renascentis, quem Christi gratia purgand
Protinus ablatum vexit in arce Poli.

This shews also his short life afterward, and agrees fully with the *English* story. His honorable affection to Religion, before his cleansing marke of regeneration, is seene in that kind respect given by him to *Wilfrid* first Bishop of *Selsey* in *Suffex*; where the Episcopall See of *Chester* (hither was it translated from *Selsey*, vnder *William* the Conqueror) acknowledges in publique monuments, rather him founder then *Edirwalch* the first Christian King of that Province, from whom *Cedwalla* violently tooke both life and Kingdom: nor doth it lesse appeare, in that his paying Tenths of such spoyles, as by wars fortune, accrued to his greaues, which notwithstanding, although done by one then not receiued into the Church of eyther Testament, is not without many examples among the ancient *Gentiles*, who therein imitating the *Hebrews*, Tithed much of their possessions, and acquired substance to such Deities as vnhalloved religion taught them to adore; which, whether they did vpon Mystery in the Number, or, therein as paying first fruits (for the word *Tithe* which was for *Abels* offerings, and *Tithe* for *Maschjesdech*s tithes, according to that little calculation in *Cabalistike* Concordance of identity's in different words, are of equall number, and by consequent of like interpretation) I leaue to my Reader. Speaking of this, I cannot but wonder at that very wonder of learning *Joseph Scaliger*, affirming, tithes among those Ancients onely payable to *Hercules*; whereas by expresse witnes of an old inscription at *Delfos*, and the common report of *Camillus*, it is iustified, that both *Greekes* and *Romans* did the like to *Apollo*, and no lesse among them and other together, was to *Mars*, *Iupiter*, *Iuno*, and thenumber of Gods in generall, to whom the *Athenians* dedicated the Tenth parts of *Lesbos*. He which the Author, after the *British*, calls here *Inor*, is affirmed the same with *Ine* K. of *Wessex* in our Monkish chronicles. although there be scarce any congruity twixt them in his descent. What follows is but historicall and continued succession of their Princes.

More excellent then those which our good Howel here.

For, *Howel Dda* first Prince of *Southwales* and *Powis*, after vpon death of his cozen *Edwal Vael*, of *Northwales* also, by mature aduise in a full Councell of Barons and Bishops, made diuers vniuersall constitutions. By these, *Wales* (vntill *Edward I.*) was ruled. So some say; but the truth is, that before *Ed. I.* conquered *Wales*, and, as it seemes, from XXVIII. but especially XXXV. of *Hen. III.* his Empire enlarged among them, the *English* Kings Writ did runne there. For when *Ed. I.* sent Commision to *Reginald of Grey*, *Thomas* Bishop of *S. Denies*, and *Walter* of *Hopton*, to enquire of their customs, and by what lawes they were ruled, diuers Cases were vpon oath returned, which by, and according to, the Kings law, if it were betweene Lords or the Princes themselves, had bene determined, if betweene Tenants, then by the Lords (seising it into his hands, vntill discovery of the title in his Court; but also that none were decided by the lawes of *Howel Dda*. Of them, in *Llynys*'s annotations to the *Welsh* Chronicle,

O 2

you

• Dad, rec'd. 1st
1st g. cap. & Eng.
1st in sub.
Hance, if you
lay, He was bat-
tled, and found
died.

A.C.H.R.D.C.
LXXXVIII.
Judicious com-
missioners cannot
but attribute all
this to the Woff.
Saxon Colonel,
and not the
British.
See to the XL
Song.

• Ratio Cabali-
 stica Minor Je-
 rusalem quam
 Centenario qua-
 libet & Denario
 veritatem accipi-
 unt, reliqui no-
 metos in vtroque
 vocabulo testi-
 mones rei Arbi-
 tary & Burgom-
 mens in Dog. Ca-
 balistia.

Ad Festum.
verb. Decima.
a lemnus Alex-
and. Strom a G
Steyls. et. et.
in Alex. et. et.
tandem: prae
alio. et. et. et.
mos.

* Lucian de i Or
χόντες. 8' απο
αρ. Ματθ. 3.
cap. 11.

- Herodotus.
- Same as Herodotus.
- Thucydides.

^b Rot. Clans. de
ann. 9. Ed. 1. 10
Archiv. Tur.
Londie.

you have some particulars, and in the Roule which hath aided me. Touching those other of *Molmutius* and *Martia*, somewhat to the IX. Song.

*Us to subiection stomp, or makes vs Britons beare
Th' unweldy Norman yoke*

Snowden properly speaks all for the glory of his country, and follows suppositions of the *British* storie, discording herein with ours. For in *Matthew Paris*, and *Florislegus* vnder the yeare C10. 2. x. xv. 111. I read that the Conqueror subdued *Wales*, and tooke homage and hostages of the Princes; so of *Hen. I.* C10. c. xiii. *Hen. II.* in C10. c. xvii. and other times; Of this *Hen. II.* hath beene vnderstood that prophesie of *Mertin*, *When the freckle face's Prince* (so was the King) *passes ouer*, *Abbd Pencon* then should the *Welsh* forces be weakened. For hein this expedition against *Kees ap Gryffith* into *South-Wales*, comming mounted neere that Foord in *Glamorgan*, his Steed madd with sudden sound of Trumpets, on the banke violently, out of the purposed way, carries him through the Ford: which compar'd with that of *Mertin* gaue to the *British* armie no small discomfiture; as a *Cambro-Briton*, then liuing, hath deliuered. But, that their stories and ours are so different in these things, it can be no maruell to any that knowes how often it is vsed among^h Historians, to flatter their owne nation, and wrong the honor of their enemies. See the first note here for *Rafin* his time.

And from the English Power the Emperiall Standard tooke.

Henry of *Essex*, at this time Standard bearer to *Hen. II.* in a straight *Confrontation* neere *Flint*, call downe the Standard, thereby animating the *Welsh*, and discomfiting the *English*, adding much danger to the dishonor. He was afterward accused by *Robert* of *Monisfort*, of a trayterous designe in the action. To cleere himselfe, he challenges the combat: they both, with the royall assent and iudiciall course by law of armes, enter the lists; where *Monisfort* had the victory, and *Essex* pardoned for his life; but forfeiting^h all his substance, entered Religion, and profest in the Abbey of *Reding*, where the combat was performed. I remember a great^m Clerke of those times sayes, that *Monisfort* spent a whole night of deuotions to *S. Denis* (so I vnderstand him, although his copie seeme corrupted) which could make Champions inuincible; where he referres the successe. That it was vsuall for Combatants to pray ouer night to seuerall Saints, is plaine by^m our Law-annals.

Or any care had heard the sound of Florida.

About the yeare C10. c. lxx. *Aladoc*, brother to *Danid ap Owen*, Prince of *Wales*, made this Sea voyage; and, by probability, those names of *Capo de Briton* in *Normbee*, and *Penguin* in part of the Northerne *America*, for a *white Rocke* and a *white headed Bird*, according to the *British*, were reliques of the discovery. So that the *Welsh* may challenge priority, of finding that new world, before the *Spaniard*, *Genoway*, and all other mentioned in *Lopez*, *Aluarez*, *Cortez*, and the rest of that kind.

And with that Croggins name let th' English vs disgrace.

The first cause of this name, take thus: In one of *Henry* the II. his expeditions

The Foord
at the Rocks
head.

Givold. Itine-
rar. l. cap. 6.

De quibz pla-
cis, videas com-
pendiori apud
Alberic. Gentil.
de Arm. Rom. l.
cap. 8.

Gail de Nono
Borgo lib. 1.
cap. 5.
" Rom. Satisf-
actiones Ep 159.

" 10. Ed. 3. fol.
10.

tions into *Wales*, diuers of his Campetent ally a passage ouer *Offa's-Dike*, at *Croen Castle* were entertained with preuention by *Britis* forces, most of them there slaine, and so per se review, yet lying buried. Afterward, this word *Croen*, the *Engl* sh vied to the *Welsh*, but as remembling cause of reuenge for such a slaughter, although time hath made it usual in ignorant mouthes for a disgracefull attribute.

To his vnbri'dled will our neckes we neuer bow'd.

Sufficiently iustificable is this of *K. Iohn*, although our Monkes therein not much discord from *Britis* relation, deliuer. that he subdued all *Wales*; especially this Northern^e part vnto *Shen don*, and receiuid XXX. l. lages for surety of future obedience. For, at first, *Lherlein ap Iorwerth* P. of *North-Wales*, had by force ioynd with stratagem the better hand, and compeld the *Engl* sh Campeto victuall themselves with Horse-fish; but afterward indeed vpon the second rode made into *Wales*, *K. Iohn* had the conquest. This compared with these changes ensuing vpon the Popes wrongfull vncrowning him, his Barons rebellion, and aduantages in the meane time taken by the *Welsh*, proues onely that, his winnings here were little better then imaginary, as on a Tragique Stage. The stories may, but it fits not me to informe you of large particulars.

* *Gwynn* was the chief Principality, and so it was said to it. *Shen don* was a tribute, as out of the *Laws of Howel* it is noted by *Doctor Towne*.

* Note that *North-Wales* was the chief Principality, and so it was said to it. *Shen don* was a tribute, as out of the *Laws of Howel* it is noted by *Doctor Towne*.

As Fate had spar'd our fall till Edward Longshankes raigne.

But with all obserue the truth of storie in the meane time. Of all our Kings vntill *Iohn*, somewhat you haue already. After him, *Hen. III.* had waies with *Lherlein ap Iorwerth*, who (a most worthy Prince) desiring to blesse his feebleer dayes, with such composed quiet, as inclining age affects, at last put himselfe into the Kings protection. Within short space dying, left all to his sonnes, *David* and *Gruffith*, but *David* onely being legitimat, had title of gouernment. He by Charter^e submitts himselfe and his Principality to the *Engl* sh Crowne, acknowledges that hee would stand to the iudgement of the Kings Court, in contentions twixt his brother and himselfe, and that what portions to euer were so allotted to eyther of them, they would hold of the Crowne in Chief; and briefly makes himselfe and his Barons (they toying in deare homeage) Tenants and subiects of *England*. All this was confirmed by oath, but the oath, though fauour, purchast at *Rome*, and delegat authority in that kind to the Abbots of *Conwy* and *Romer*, was (according to peruersion of those times), the more easily induced, because gaine of Regall liberty was the consequent, soone released, and in lieu of obedience, they all drew their rebellious swords; whereto they were the sooner vrged, for that the King had transferr'd the Principality of *Wales* (by name of *vacuum*, *Conquestum sine Walla*) to *Pr. Edward Longshankes* (afterward *Edward I.*) since when our Soueraignes eldest sonnes haue borne that hopefull Title. But when this *Edward*, after his father, succeeded in the *Engl* sh Crowne, soone came that fatal conversion, here spoken of by the Author, euen executed in as great and worthy a Prince, as euen that third part of the Isle was ruled by; that is *Lherlein ap Gruffith*, wth of after vncertain fortune of warre, on both sides, and reuoluing of *Somerset* was constrained to enter a truce (or rather subiection) resigning his Principality to be annexed wholly to the Crown after his death, and referring, for his life only, the Isle of *Anglesey* and five Baronies in *Shen don*, for which the Kings Exchequer should receiue a yearly rent of c. 10. Markes, granting also that all the Baronies in *Wales* should bee held of the King, excepting those five referred, with diuers other

* *Chara David* was a King, *Shen don* was to *Gruffith* then imprisoned, was with others a pledge for her husband's part.

* In *Archie*, *Scaron*, & *Th* *1400* *last* *Angl* 16.

c. 10. cc. lxxvii.

other particulars in *Walsingham*, *Matthew of Westminster*, *Nicholas Trivet*, and *Humphrey Lhuyd*, at large reported. The Articles, of this instrument were not long obscured, but at length the death of *Llewelyn*, spending his last breath for maintenance of his Ancestors rights against his owne covenant, freely cast vpon *K. Edward* all that, whereof he was, as it were, instituted there. What ensued, and how *Wales* was gouerned afterward, and subiect to *England*, Stories and the Statute of * *Rubrican* will largely shew you; and see what I haue to the VII. Song. In all that followes concerning *Edward of Carnaruan*, the Author is plaine enough. And concluding, obserue this proper personating of *Snowdon Hill*, whose limits and adiacent territories are best wittneses, both of the *English* assaults, and pacifying couenants betwene both Princes.

Was call'd in former times her country Cambria's mother.

In the *Welsh* Proverb * *Sponnam Gymbry*; in such sense as *Sicile* was styled *Italies* Store-house, by reason of fertile ground, and plentiful liberty of corne thence yearly supplied. And *Gualtelus* me, that this little Isle was wont to be able to furnish all *Wales* with such prouision, as *Snowdon Hills* were for Pasture. Of its antiquities and particulars, with plaine confutation of the idle opinion in *Polydore*, *Heller Boethius*, and others, taking the (now call'd) Isle of *Man* for this *Alca* (now *Anglesey*) learned *Llwyd* in his Epistle to *Ortelius* hath sufficied. Although it be diuided as an Isle (but rather by a shallow Forde, then a Sea: and in the *Roman* times, we see by *Tacitus*, that *Paulinus* and *Agricola*'s souldiers swamme ouer it) yet is it, and of ancient time hath beene, County by it selfe, as *Carnaruan*, *Denbigh*, and the rest neighbouring.

That the Eubonian Man, a Kingdome long time knowne.

It is an Isle lying twixt *Cumberland*, and the *Irish* *Dunn* County, a' most In the mid-Sea, as long since *Iulius Caesar* could affirme, calling it * *Atena*, which beinge equalent, as well for this, as for *Anglesey*, hath with imposture blinded some knowing men. *Nennius* (the eldest Historian amongst vs extant) giues the name of *Lutonia-manay*, like that created by the Author. It was of ancient time gouerned by Kings of its owne, as you may see in the *Chronicles of Kiffin*, deduced from time of *S. Edward*, into the raigne of *Edward* the first. After this, the gouernment of the *English* and *Scots* were now and then interchanged in it, being at last recouered, and with continuance, ruled by such as the fauour of our Soueraignes (to whose Crowne* it belonged) honoured with that title *King of Man*. It is at this day, and since time of *Henry III.* hath beene, in that Noble family of the *Stanley's* Earles of *Derby*; as also is the parronage of the Bishopricke of *Sodor*, whereto is all iudiciall gouernment of the Isle refer'd. There was long since a Controuersie, whether it belonged to *Ireland* or *England* (for you may see in the Ciuill¹ law, with which, in this kind, ours somewhat agrees, that all lesser Isles are reckoned part of some adjoining continent, if both vnder the same Empire) and this by reason of the equall distance from both. To decide it, they tryed if it would endure venemous beasts, which is certainly denied of *Ireland*; and, finding that it did, adjudged it to our *Britaine*. The other Isles here spoken of, lie further North in *Scotland*, and are to it subiect.

II. Ed. I.

From the mo-
es of Wales,
Guald. Itine-
re. 2. cap. 7. & 9.
Strabo. lib. 6.

* Commentar. 5.

* *Walsingham*
Ed. I.

* Camden. in *Is-
sula*.

* *Politian* ff. de
Indignit. l. 9. &
verb. §. l. 99.
* *Trotter* ff. de
Hern. l. 1. §. 2. cap.
15.

^a *Thim. lull. no.*
^b *Deop. 44.*
^c *Diador. Sicil.*
do - entomom
cap. 1. ab. 5.
^d *C. otomom Gab.*
lar. 9
^e *Deop. 1000*
ad. a. 1000
ab. Cap. de
Ab. Cab. 11.
^f *2. q. ad. 1000*
in v. 10. 1000
1000. 1000
^g *Deop. 1000*
1000. 1000
^h *Deop. 1000*
1000. 1000
ⁱ *Deop. 1000*
1000. 1000
^j *Deop. 1000*
1000. 1000
^k *Deop. 1000*
1000. 1000
^l *Deop. 1000*
1000. 1000
^m *Deop. 1000*
1000. 1000
ⁿ *Deop. 1000*
1000. 1000
^o *Deop. 1000*
1000. 1000
^p *Deop. 1000*
1000. 1000
^q *Deop. 1000*
1000. 1000
^r *Deop. 1000*
1000. 1000
^s *Deop. 1000*
1000. 1000
^t *Deop. 1000*
1000. 1000
^u *Deop. 1000*
1000. 1000
^v *Deop. 1000*
1000. 1000
^w *Deop. 1000*
1000. 1000
^x *Deop. 1000*
1000. 1000
^y *Deop. 1000*
1000. 1000
^z *Deop. 1000*
1000. 1000

* Cal. Rhodigia
Antig. Inf. 10.
Cap. 1.

Song. Their more priuat and sacred learning consisted in Diuinity, and Philosophy (see somewhat of that to the I Song,) which was such, that although I thinke you may truly say with *Origen**, that, before our Saviours time, *Britain* acknowledged not one true God, yet it came as neere to what they should haue done, or rather neerer, then most of other. cyther *Greeke* or *Roman*, as by their positions in *Cæsar*, *Strabo*, *Lucan*, and the like discoursing of them, you may be satisfied. For although *Apollo*, *Mars*, and *Mercury* were worshipt among the vulgar *Gauls*, yet it appeares that the *Druids* inuocation was to one * *All-healing* or *All-saving* power. In Morality, their instructions, were so perswasive, and then the lues of such reverence, that the most fiery rage of *Mars* kindled among the people, was by their graue counsels * often quenched. Out of *Pliny* receiue their forme of rituall *SACRIFICE* (here described by the Author) thus: In such gloomy shadows, as they most vsually for contemplation retired their ascending thoughts into, after exact search, finding an Oake, whereon a *Mistletoe* grew, on the VI. day of the Moone (about all other times) in which, was beginning of their yeare, they religiously and with inuocation brought with them to it a ceremoniall banquet, materials for sacrifice, with two white Bulles, filleted on the horns, all which they plac'd vnder the Oake. One of them, honoured with that function, clothed all in white, climbeth the tree, and with a golden Knife or Suth cuts the *Mistletoe*, which they solemnly wrapt in one of their white garments. Then did they sacrifice the Bull, earnestly calling on the * *All-healing* Deity, to make it prosperous and happy on whom soeuer they shal bestow it, and accounted it both preseruatue against all Poisons, and a remedy against Barrennes. If I should imagine by this *All-healing* Deity, to be meant *Apollo*, whom they worshipt vnder name of *Belin* (as I tel you to the VIII. Song) my coniecture were every way receiueable; seeing that *Apollo** had both among *Greeks* and *Latins* the Diuine titles of * *Amphicarpus*, *Medicus*, and to him the inuocation was * *sanctus*, all concurring in the same proofes; but also if they had (as probability is enough to coniecture it) an Altar inscrib'd for this deuotion, and vsed *Greek* letters (which to the next Song shal be somewhat examined) I could well think the dedication thus conceiued

* BEAIONΩ.,

ΤΩ

ΠΑΝΑΚΕΙ

ΟΡ,

* BEAIONΩ. Θ Ε Ω.

Which, very probably, was meant by some, making in *Latin* termination, and neerer *Apollo's* name

* DEO

ABELLIONI.

As, an Inscription, in *Gauls*, to abiding memory committed by that most noble *Ioseph** *Scaliger* is red; and perhaps some reliques or allusion to this name is in that

DEO

SANCTO BELA-

TVCADRO....

Yet remayning in *Cumberland*. Nor is it strange that *Apollo's* name should be thus

the ninth Song.

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thus fure of ancient time, before communication of Religion twixt thele Northern parts and the learned *Gentiles*, seeing that *Cajar* affirms him for one of their Deities; and long before that, *Abaris* (about the beginning of the *Olympiad*) an *Hiperborean* is recorded for *Apollō's* Priest among the vtmost *Seythians*, being further from *Hellenism*: then our *British*. But I returne to the Mistle: Hereto hath some referred that which the *Sibyl* counsell'd *Æneas* to carrie with him to *Proserpine*;

—————* *latet arbore opacā*

Aurcus & folijs & lento vimine ranius

In noui inferna dillus sacer: hunc regit omnis

Lucis, & obscuris claudant conualibus umbra.

Which may as well be so applied, as to *Chymistry*; seeing it agrees also with what I spake before of *Dew*, and that, *Virgil* expressly compares it to the Mistle,

—————* *quod non sua seminat arbor.*

for it springs out of some particular Nature of the Oaken Stemme, wherupon it is called by an old Poet *ap. & ite*; and although it be not ordinarily found vpon Oakes, yet, that oftentimes it is, any Apothecary can tell, which preferueth it for medicine, as the Ancients vied to make Lime of it to catch birds: of which *Argentarius* hath an admonitory Epigram to a Blacke-bird, that she should not sing vpon the Oake, because that

—————* *in O'p'it'is adparit'is adparit'is*

but on the Vine, dedicated to *Bacchus*, a great fauorite of Singers. Vpon this *Druidian* custome, some haue grounded that vnto this day vsed in *France*, where the younger country fellows, about New-yeares tide in every Village giue the wish of good fortune at the Inhabitants doores, with this acclamation, ** Anguy l'an neuf*; which as I remember, in *Rablais* is read all one word, for the same purpose. Whether this had any community with the institution of that ** Temple* *regarding* in *Antiqu*, or that *Ouid* alluded to it in that verse, commonly cited out of him,

* *Ad (some read ad) i' i' cum Druides, cum clamare solbant;*

I cannot assure you, yet it is enough like'y. But I see a custome in some parts among vs, in our language (nor is the digression too faulty) the same in effect; I meane the yearly *was halles* in the country on the vigil of the New yeare, which halles beginning, as some say from that of *Romix* (Daughter to *Hengist*) her drinking to *Fortigern*, by these wordes ** Louerdring was-hell*, he answering her by direction of an Interpreter, *Dine-hell*, and then,

Dine hire and sette hire adoune and glad by onke hire hell
And that was tho in this land the best was-hall
As in langage of Harorne that me might euer write
And so wel he puth the sole about, that he is not put bypote.

Afterward it appeares that *was halles* and *Dine hell* were the vsuall phrases of quaffing among the *English*, as we see in *Thomas de la Moore*, and before him that old *Hamillan*, thus:

Ecce uazante cifo disento gutture was-hell

Ingeminant was-hell—————

But I rather coniecture it a vsuall ceremony among the *Saxons* before *Hengist*, as a note of health-wishing (and so perhaps you might make it *was-hell*) which

* *in p'p'ia: ap. Sordani Abat. de archim, vti Pythagora. Virgil. Aeneid. 6. Procr. Crum. Hist. Post. 6. cap. 10.*

* She directeth him to seek a golden branch in the dark woods, consecrated to *Proserpine*.

* *Branschin* *igne vita.*

* Which grows not of itselfe.

* Sweet of the Oake, *Ion apud Athenaeum* *Deuotoph. 10.* *Antholog. a cap. 1.*

* Bred Lime to catch beet.

* *In Gorgopim Gallic. 5. & 11.*

* To the Mistle, this new yeare.

* *Plutarch. Problem. Rom. 10. Carim Rodingim. Antiqu. lib. 18. cap. 14.*

* As if you should say of Mistlewort, To the Mistle, the Druids vied to cure.

* *Galfred. Monumeth 1.3. cap. 1.*

* Lord King a health.

* Drinke the health.

* *Rob. Glouc. strens.*

* *P. de Edward 11.*

* *In Archibum lib. 2.*

which was exprest among other nations in that form of drinking to the Health of their Mistresses and friends,

*Reue * vos, bene nos, bene te, bene me, bene nostram etiam
Stephanum.*

In *Plinius*, and infinite other testimonies of that nature (in him *Marshall*, *Onid*, *Horace*, and such more) agreeing neerely with the fashion now used, we calling it a *Health*, as * they did also in direct termes which, with an *Idoll* call'd *Heal*, anciently worshipt, at *Cerne* in * *Dorsetshire*, by the *English Saxons*, in name expresse both the ceremony of Drinking, and the New-years acclamation (wherein in some parts of this Kingdom is usyn'd also solemnity of drinking out of a * cup, ritually compos'd, deckt, and fill'd with countrey liquor) just as much & as the same wth that *All-healing Deity*, or *All-helping medicine* did among the *Druids*. Yo may to all this adde, that, as an Earnest of good luck to follow the New-year beginning, it was * vsuall among the *Romans*, as with vs, and I thinke, in all *Europe*, at this day is, to greet each other with auspicious gifts. But hereof you say I vnjustly expatiate: I omit, therefore their sacrificing of humane bodies, and such like, and come to the *PLACES* of their assembly. This was about *Chartres* in *Gaule*, as *Cesar* tells vs; *Paul Merula* (for affinity of name) imagines it to be *Dreux*, some eight miles on this side *Chartres*. And peradventure the *Galatians* publique Councell call'd * *Drymenium* had hence Originall. The *British Druids* took this Isle of *Anglesey* (then well stor'd with thicke Woods, and religious Groves, in so much that it was call'd * *Ynys Dwyd*) for their chiefe residence; as, in the *Roman* storie of *Paulinus* and *Agricola's* adventuring on it, is deliuered. For their *SVBVERSIO* N; vnder *Augustus* and *Tiberius* they were prohibited * *Rome*; and *Claudius*, endeouored it in * *Gaule*; yet in the succeeding Emperors times there were of them left, as appeares in *Lampridius* and *Vopiscus*, mentioning them in their liues; and, long since that, *Procopius* * writing vnder *Iustinian* about 500 yeares after *Christ*, affirms that then the *Gaules* vs'd sacrifices of human flesh, which was a part of *Druidian* doctrine. If I should vpon testimony * of, I know not what, *Veremund Campbell*, and the *Irish Cornill*, tell you that some C. LXX. yeares before *Christ*, *Finnan K.* of *Scotland* first gaue them the Isle, or that *K. Crathlin* in *Diocletians* persecution turned their Religion into *Christianisme*, and made *Amphibalus* first Bishop of *Sodor*, I should fabulously abuse time, as they haue ignorantly mistooke that Isle of *Man*, for this. Or to speake of the supposed their *Dwittenstall*, a Pentagonal figure, ingrauen with *runes* or *runes*. (it is the same, in talluon, with the victorious scale of *Antichius Soter* *, being admonished by *Alexander* in a dreame, to take it) which in *Germany* they reckon for a preseruation against *Hobgoblins*, were but to be indulgent to olde wiues traditions. Onely thus much for a corollary, I will note to you; *Conrad* * *Celtic* obserues, to be in an Abbey at the foot of *Fichtelberg* hill, neer *Votland*, six Statues, of stone, set in the Church-wall, some VII. foote every one tall, bare head and foote, cloakt and hooded, with a bagge, a becke, a staffe, a beard hanging to his middle, and spreading a Mustachio, an auftere looke and eyes fixt on the earth; which he coniectures to be Images of them. Vpon mistaking of *Strabo*, and applying what he saith in generall, and bracelets and gold chaines of the *Gaules*, to the *Druids*, I once thought that *Conrad* had bene deceiued. But I can now vpon better aduice incline to his iudgement.

Which with my Princes Court I sometimes pleas'd to grace.

For, as in *South Wales*, *Carmarabin*, and after ward *Dinenowr*, in *Powis*, *Shrewsbury*, and then *Maithranal*, so in *North Wales* was *Aber-fran*, in *Anglesey*, chiefe place of the Princes * residence.

Least

Least (by reason of the Composition in Print) some pages should
have been idle, and because also here is to much of the *Welsh* Storie, I
inserted this Chronologie of the Kings and Princes of *Wales*, from
Arthur, vntill the end of the *British* blood in them.

of *Christ*.

XVI.

XLII.

XLV.

LXXXVIII.

LXXXI.

LXXXVI.

About DC.

About DC. XXX.

DC. LXXVI.

DC. LXXXVIII.

DCC. XX.

DCC. LV.

Near DCC. XX.

DCCC. XLIII.

DCCC. LXXVII.

DCCC. XIII.

DCCC. XL.

Arthur succeeded his father *Piber Pendragon* of his
death, see to the III. Song.

Constantine sonne to *Cador* Duke of *Cornwall* (vnder-
stand *Gouernor* or *L. Lieutenant*, for, neither in those
times nor long after, was any such title particularly Ho-
norary :) he lies buried at *Stonebenge*.

Aurelin: *Conan*.

Vertiper.

Malgo.

Cathric. In his time the *Britons* had much aduerse
fortune in Warre with the *Saxons*, and then, most of all,
made that secession into *Wales* and *Cornwall*, yet in name
retayning hercof remembrance.

Cadwan.

Cadwalin or *Cadwallo*: the *Britons* as in token of his
Powerfull resistance and dominion against the *Saxons*,
put * him, being dead, into a brazen Horse, and set it on
the top of the West gate of *London*, it seemes he means
Ludgate.

Cadwalader sonne to *Cadwallo*. Of him and his name,
see before. Northinke I the *British* and *English* Chro-
nicles, concerning him, reconcilable. In him the chic
Monarchy and Glory of the *British* failed.

Inor sonne to *Alan*, K. of *Armorique Britaine*. This
Inor they make (but I examine it not now) the K. of *Wesst*,
Saxons in our Monkes; that is, he which began the *Pis-
ter-pence* to *Rome*.

Roderique Molwinoc sonne of *Edwal* * *Pluch*.

Conan Tindastbury sonne of *Roderique*.

Meruin Vrich, in right of his wife *Esfylbi*, daughter and
heire to *Roderique*.

Roderique Mawr sonne to *Mervin* and *Esfylbi*. A-
mong his sonnes was the tripartit diuision of *Wales* (as to
the VII. Song) into *Powise*, *North*, and *Southwales*.

* *Anarawd* sonne to *Roderique*.

Edward Voel sonne of *Anarawd*.

Howel Dba, cozen German to *Edwal*, hauing before,
the

I will not fulli-
fic the times of
this *Arthur*, nor
the rest, before
Cadwalader: to
discrediting our
Chronologers:
not had time to
examine, nor think
that any man
hath sufficient
means to recti-
fie them.

* This report
is, as the *British*
storie tells, hard-
ly iustifiable, if
examined.

* The *Ry*.

DCCCC.XLVIII
 DCCCC.LXXXII
 DCCCC.XXCIV.
 DCCCC.XXCVI.
 DCCCC.XOII.
 clō. III.
 clō XV.
 clō. XXI.
 clō. XXXVII.
 clō LXI.
 clō. LXXIII.
 clō. LXXVIII.

 clō.C.XXXVII.
 clō.C.LXIX.

 clō.C.XCIV.
 clō.CC.XL.
 clō.CC.XLVI.

 clō.CC.LXXXII.

the Principality of *Southwales* and *Powis*. This is the whole Lawes are so famous and inquired of in *Re. Claus. Wall. 9. Ed. 1.* in the Tower.

Ienaf and *Iago*, sonnes of *Edwal Yach*.

Howel ap Ienaf.

Cadwalther ap Ienaf.

Meredith ap Owen.

Edwal ap Meric.

Edan ap Blegored.

Llewelin ap Sisyllor.

Iago ap Edwal ap Meyric.

Gruffyth ap Llewelin.

Blethin and Rhywallon ap Conan.

Trabaern ap Caradoc.

Gruffyth ap Conan. He reform'd the *Welsh* Poets and Minstrels, and brought over others out of *Ireland* to instruct the *Welsh*, as to the IV. Song.

Owen Gwineth ap Gruffyth ap Conan.

David ap Owen Gwineth. In his time, *Madoc* his brother discovered part of the *West Indies*.

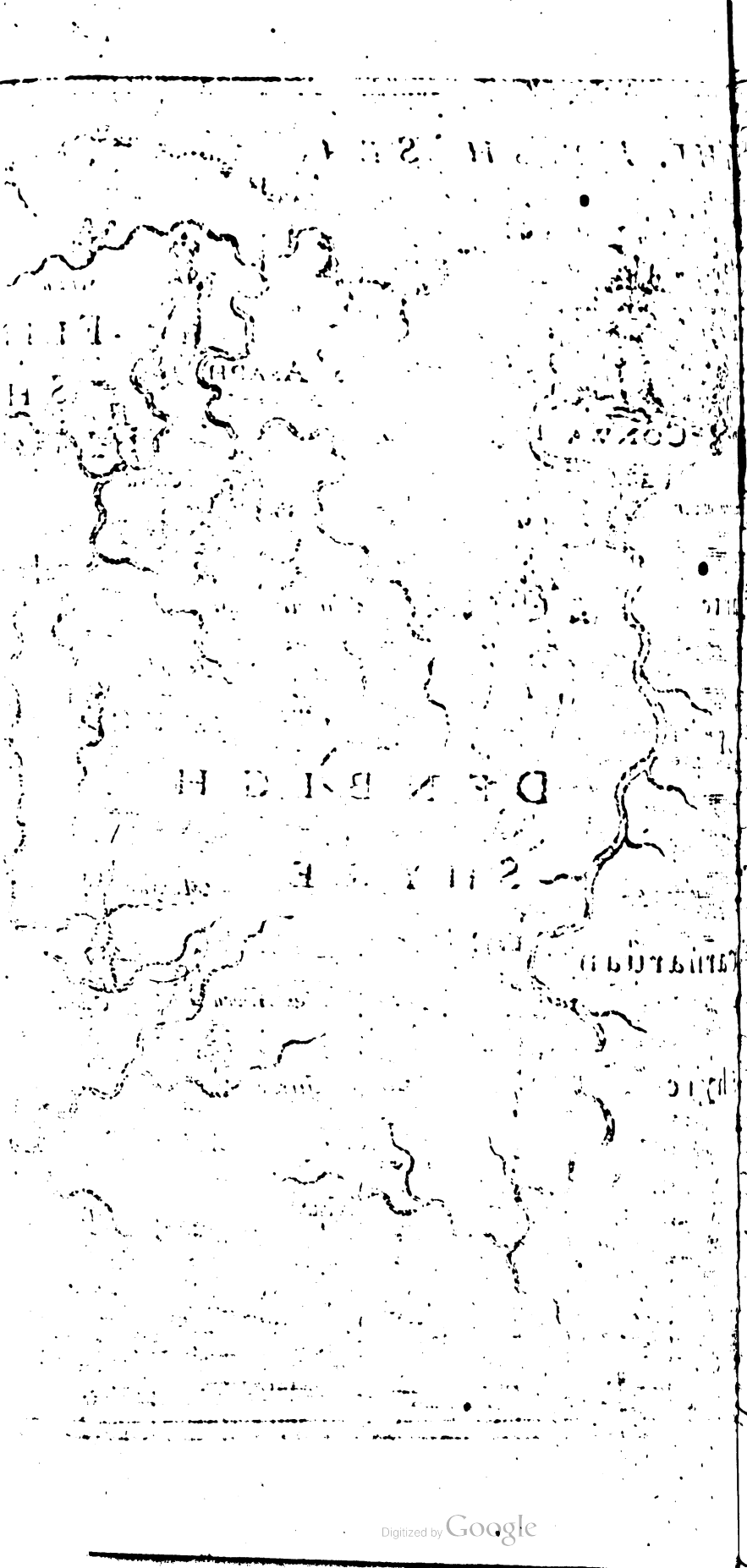
Llewelin ap Iorwerth ap Owen Gwineth.

David ap Llewelin ap Iorwerth.

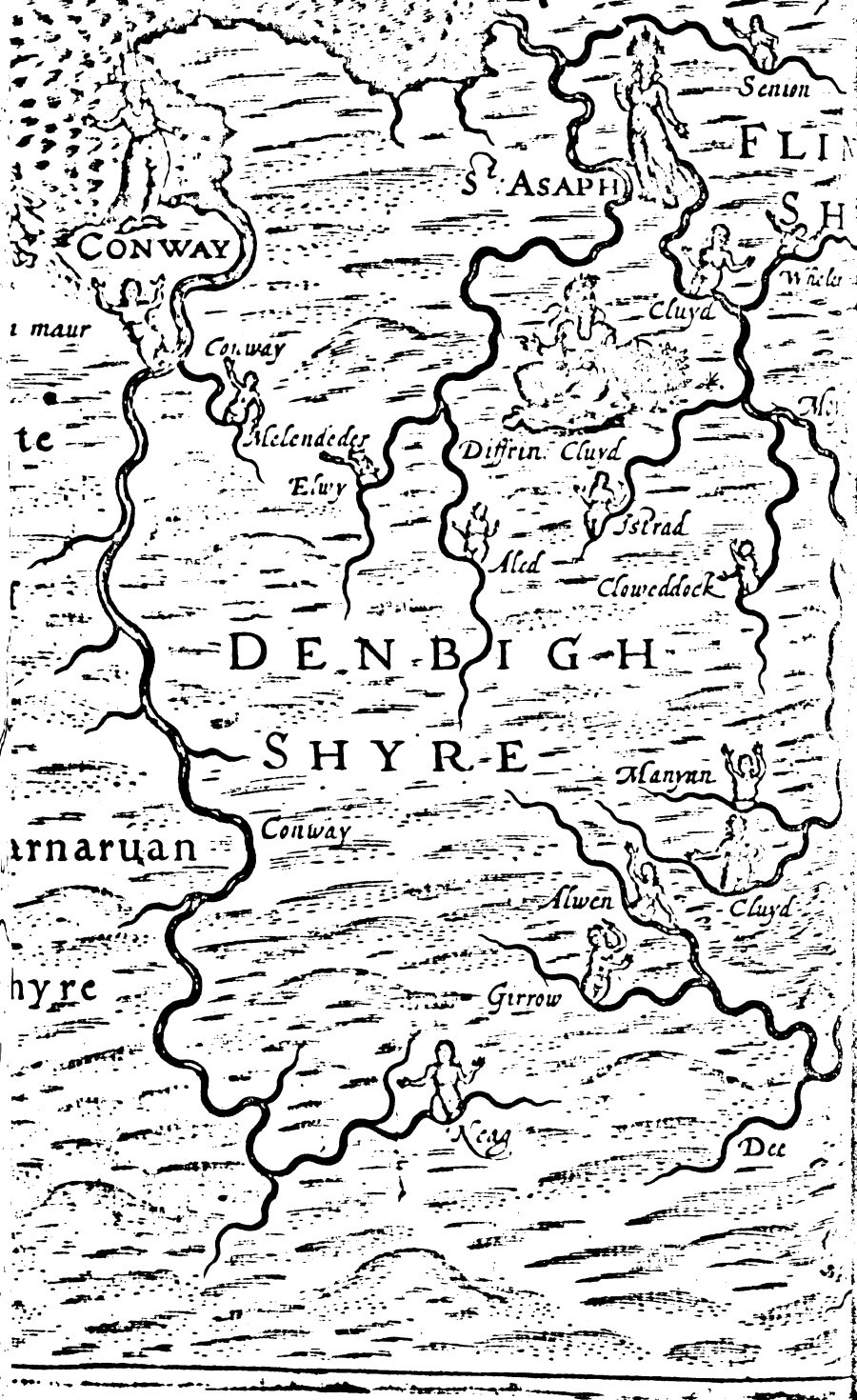
Llewelin ap Gruffyth ap Llewelin ap Iorwerth, the last Prince of *Wales* of the *British* blood.

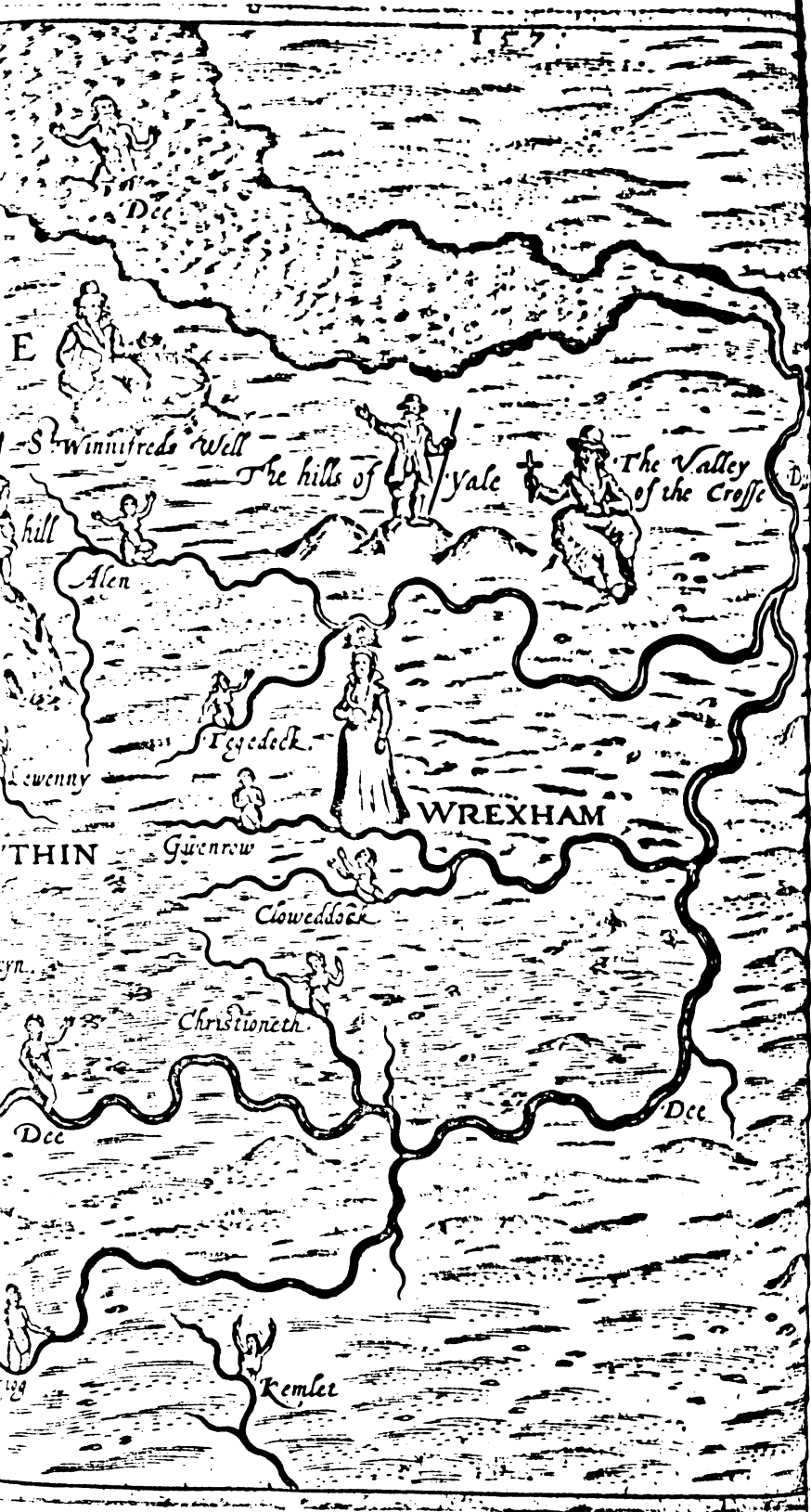
Ed. I. Conquered *Wales*, and got the Principality, *Llewelin* then slain; and since that (*Henry III.* before gave it also to his sonne Prince *Edward*) it hath beene in the eldest sonnes, and heires apparant of the *English* Crowne.

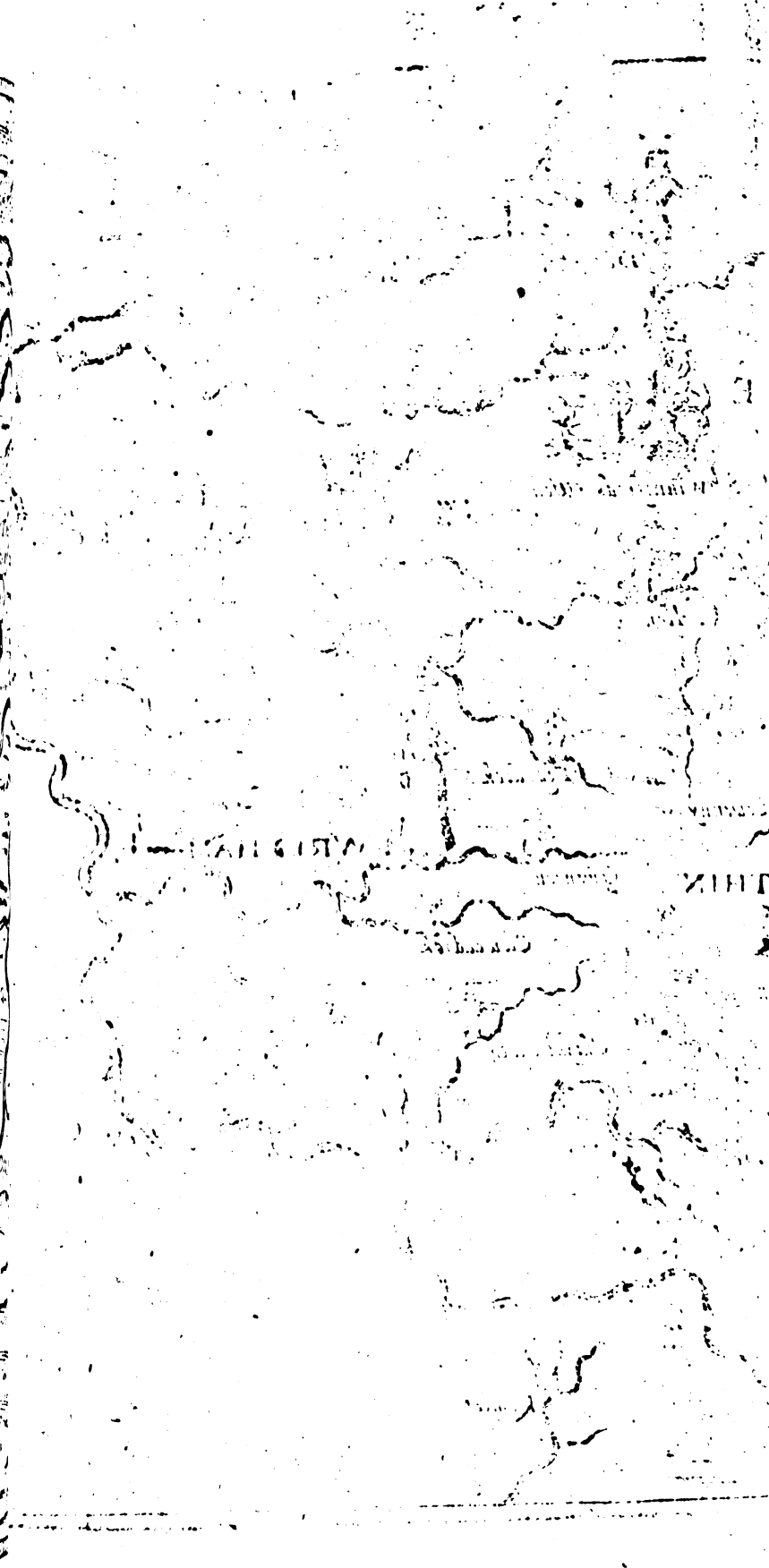
But note, that after the Division among *Roderique Mair's* sonnes, the Principality was chiefly in *Northwales*, and the rest as Tributary to Prince of that Part: and for him as supreme K. of *Wales*, are all these deductions of time and Persons, vntill this last *Llewelin*.



THE IRISH SEA









The tenth Song.

* THE ARGUMENT.

*The serious Muse her selfe applies
To Merlins ancient prophecies,
At Dinas Emris; where hee shew'd
How Fate the Brittaines rule bestow'd.
To Conway next she turnes her tale,
And sings her Cluyds renowned Vale;
Then of Saint Winifrid doth tell,
And all the wonders of her Well;
Makes Dee, Bruit's historie pursue:
At which, shee bids her Wales Adieu.*

A While thus taking breath, our way yet faire in view,
The Muse her former course doth seriously pursue.
From *Penmens* craggy height to try her failly wings,
Her selfe long hauing bath'd in the delicious Springs
(That trembling from his top through long-worne crannies creepe,
To spend their liquid store on the insatiate Deepe)
Shee meets with *Conway* first, which lyeth next at hand:
Whole precious orient Pearle that breedeth in her find,
About the other floods of *Britaine* doth her grace:
Into the *Irish* Sea which making out her race,
Supply'd by many a Mere (through many seuerall Rills
Into her bosome pour'd) her plentifully thee fills.
O goodly Riuer! neere vnto thy sacred Spring
\$. Prophetique *Merlin* fate, when to the *British* King
The changes long to come, auspiciously he told.
Most happy were thy Nymphs, that wondring did behold,
His grauer wrinkled brow, amazed and did heare
The dreadfull words he spake, that so ambiguous were.
Thrice happy Brooks, I say, that (euery way about)
Thy tributaries be: as is that Towne, where-out
Into the Sea thou fall'st, which *Conway* of thy name
Perpetually is call'd, to register thy fame.
For thou, cleere *Conway*, heard'st wise *Merlin* first relate
The Destinies Decree, of *Britains* future fate;

p

Which

Penmens

Pearls in the
River Conway.

Little Britaine
France.

Part of the
island.

VVhich truly he fore-told proud *Portiger* should lose:
As, when him from his seat the *Saxons* should depose:
The forces that should heere from *Armoë* arrive,
Yet farre too weake from hence the enimie to drive:
And to that mightie King, which rashly vnder-tooke
A strong-wall'd Tower to reate, those earthly spirits that shooke
The great foundation still, in Dragons horrid shape,
That dreaming Wifard told; making the Mountaine gape
With his most powerfull charmes, to view those Caverns deepe;
And from the top of *Brith*, so high and wondrous steepe,
Where *Dinas Emris* stood, shew'd where the Serpents fought,
The White that tore the Red; from whence the Prophet wrought
The *Britains* sad decay then shortly to ensue.

O! happy yee that heard the man who all things knew
Vntill the generall Doome, through all the world admyr'd:
By whole Prophetick Sawes yee all became inspyr'd;
As well the forked *Neage*, that neer't her Fountaine springs,
With her beloued maid, *Melandidar*, that brings
Her flowe, where *Conway* forth into the Sea doth slide
(That to their Mistris make from the *Denbighian* side)
As thole that from the hills of proud *Carnarvan* fall.

This scarce the Muse had said, but *Clwyd* doth quickly call
Her great recourte, to come and gard her while shee glide
Along the goodly Vale (which with her wealthy pride
Much beautifies her banks; so naturally her owne,
That *Dyffren Clwyd* by her both farre and neere is knowne)
With high embatteld hills that each way is enclos'd
But onely on the North: and to the North dispos'd,
Fierce *Boreas* finds accessse to court the dainty Vale:
Who, whisp'ring in her eare with many a wanton tale,
Allures her to his loue (his Leman her to make)
As one that in himselfe much sustreth for her sake.

The *Orcades*, and all thole *Enbides* imbrace
In *Neptunes* aged armes, to *Neptune* seeming chaste,
Yet prostitute themselues to *Boreas*; who neglects
The *Calsonian* Downes, nor ought at all respects
The other in-land Dales, abroad that scattred lie,
Some on the *Englishe* earth, and some in *Albany*;
But, courting *Dyffren Clwyd*, her beautie doth prefer.
Such dalliance as alone the North-wind hath with her,
Orithya not enioy'd, from *Thrace* when hee her tooke,
And in his laylie plumes the trembling Virgin shooke:
But through the extreame loue hee to this Vale doth beare,
Growes icalous at the length, and mightily doth feare
Great *Neptune*, whom he sees to smug his horrid face:
And, fearing least the God should so obtaine her grace,

The situation
of *Dyffren*.
Clwyd.

4 lies upon the
North-east &
West of Scot-
land.

In the vj. booke
of *Ovids* *Metamorph.*

From

From the Septentrion cold, in the breem freezing ayre,
 VWhere the bleake North-wind keeps, still dominering there,
 From *Sbetland* stradling wide, his foote on *7 buly* lets:
 Whence storming, all the vast *Dencalidon* hee threts,
 And beares his boystrous waues into the narrower mouth
 Of the *Verginian* Sea: where meeting, from the South,
 Great *Neptunes* surlier tides, with their robustious shocks,
 Each other shoulder vp against the grisly Rocks;
 As strong men when they meet, contending for the path:
 But, comming neere the Coast where *Clwyd* her dwelling hath,
 The North-wind (calme become) forgets his Ire to wreake,
 §. And the delicious Vale thus mildly doth bespeake;

Deere *Clwyd*, th'abundant sweets, that from thy bosome flowe,
 When with my actiue wings into the ayre I throwe,
 Those Hills whole hoarie heads seeme in the clouds to dwell,
 Of aged become young, enamor'd with the smell
 Of th'odoriferous flowers in thy most precious lap:
 Within whose veluit leaues, when I my selfe enwrap,
 They suffocate with scents; that (from my native kind)
 I seeme some flowe perfume, and not the twilfist wind.
 With ioy, my *Dyffren Clwyd*, I see thee brauely spred,
 Suruaying euery part, from foote vp to thy head;
 Thy full and youthfull breasts, which in their meadowy pride,
 Are brancht with riuey veines, Meander-like that glide.
 I further note in thee, more excellent then thele
 (Were there a thing that more the amorous eye might please)
 Thy plump and swelling wombe, whole mellowy gleabe doth beare
 The yellow ripened sheafe, that benderth with the eare.

VWhilt in this sort his sute he amorously preferd,
Moyleuennill neere at hand, the North-wind ouer-heard:
 And, vexed at the hart, that hea Mountaine gear,
 Which long time in his breast had felt loues kindly heat,
 As one whom cry stall *Clwyd* had with her beauty caught,
 Is for that Riuer take neere of his wits distraught,
 VWith inly rage to heare that Valley to extold;
 And yet that Brooke who'e courle to batfull makes her mould,
 And one that lends that Vale her most renowned name,
 Should of her meaner farre, be ouer-gone in fame.
 Wherefore, *Moyleuennill* will'd his *Clwyd* her selfe to shewe
 Who, from her native Fount, as proudly shee doth flowe,
 Her hand-maids *Manian* hath, and *Hespin*, her to bring
 To *Ruthin*. Whose faire leate first kindly visiting,
 To lead her thence in state, *Lewenny* lends her courle:
 That when *Moyleuennill* sees his Riuer great recourse,
 From his intrenched top is pleas'd with her supplies.
Claweddock commeth in, and *Iltrad* likewise hies

The Tydes
 out of the
 N. rth and
 South Seas,
 meeting in §.
 Georges chanel.

Riueres run-
 ning into *Clwyd*
 out of *Dwale*
 and *Fleethin*.

Vnto

Vnto the Queene-like *Clwyd*, as shee to *Denbigh* draws;
 And on the other side, from whence the Morning dawes,
 Downe from the *Flintian* hills, comes *Wheler*, her to beare
 To sacred *Asaph's* See, his hallowed Temple; where
 Faire *Elwy* hauing wonne her sister *Aleds* power,
 They entertaine their *Clwyd* neere mighty *Neptunes* bower:
 Who likewise is sustain'd by *Senion*, last that falls,
 And from the Virgins Well doth wash old *Ruthlands* walls.

Moyluernill with her sight that neuer is suffic'd,
 Now with excessiue ioy so strongly is surpriz'd,
 That thus he proudly spake; On the *Gwynethian* ground
 (And looke from East to West) what Country is there crown'd
 As thou ^b *Tegenia* art? that, with a Vale so rich
 (Cut thorough with the *Clwyd*, whose graces me bewitch)
 The fruitfullst of all *Wales*, so long hast honor'd bin:
 As also by thy Spring, such wonder who doest win,
 S. That naturally remote, sixe *British* miles from Sea,
 And rising on the Firme, yet in the naturall day
 Twice falling, twice doth fill, in most admired wise.
 VVhen *Cynthia* from the East vnto the South doth rise,
 That mighty *Neptune* flowes, then strangely ebs thy Well:
 And when againe he sinks, as strangely shee doth swell;
 S. Yet to the sacred fount of *Winifrid* giues place;
 Of all the *Cambrian* Springs of such especiall grace,
 That oft the ^{*} *Deuian* Nymphs, as also those that keepe
 Amongst the Corall-Groues in the *Verginian* Deepe,
 Haue left their watry bowers, their secret safe Retire,
 To see her whom report so greatly should admire
 (VVhose waters to this day as perfect are and cleere,
 As her delightfull eyes in their full beauties were,
 A virgin while she liu'd) chaste *Winifrid*: who chose
 Before her mayden-gem she forcibly would lose,
 To haue her harmlesse life by the leud Rapter spilt:
 For which, still more and more to aggrauate his guilt,
 The liuellesse teares shee shed, into a Fountaine turne.
 And, that for her alone the water should not mourne,
 The pure vermillion blood, that issu'd from her vaines,
 Vnto this very day the pearly Granell stains;
 As erst the white and red were mixed in her cheeke.
 And, that one part of her might be the other like,
 Her haire was turn'd to mosse; whose sweernesse doth declare,
 In liuelinesse of youth the naturall sweets she bare:
 And of her holy life the innocence to shew,
 What-euer liuing thing into this Well you throwe,
 Shee strongly beares it vp, not suffring it to sinke.
 Besides, the whole come v/e in bathing, or in drinke

^b Part of the
 Vale call'd
Teg-Fen-le-i.
 Faire England.

A Fountaine
 ebbing and
 flowing, con-
 trary to the
 course of the
 Sea.

^{*} Of Dee.

Doth

Doth the diseased cure, as thereto shee did leaue
 Her vertue with her name, that time should not bereaue.
 Scarce of this tedious tale *Moylevennill* made an end,
 But that the higher * *Yale*, whose beeing doth ascend
 Into the pleatant East, his lottier head aduanc'e.
 This Region, as a man that long had been intranc'e
 (Whilft thus himselfe to pleate, the mightie Mountaine tells
 Such * farlies of his *Cluyd*, and of his wondrous Wells)
 Stood thinking what to doe: least faire *Tegenia*, plac't
 So admirably well, might hold her selfe disgrac't
 By his so barren site, being Mountainous and cold,
 To nothing more vnlike then *Dyffren's* barfull mould;
 And in respect of her, to be accounted rude.
Yale, for he would not be confounded quite by *Cluyd*
 (And for his common want, to coyne some poore excuse)
 Vnto his proper praise, discretely doth produce
 A Valley, for a Vale, of her peculiar kind;
 In goodnesse, breadth, and length, though *Dyffren* farre behind:
 On this yet dare he stand, that for the naturall frame,
 §. That figure of the Crosse, of which it takes the name,
 Is equall with the best, which else excell it farre:
 And by the power of that most sacred Character,
 Respect beyond the rest vnto her selfe doth win.
 When now the sterner *Dee* doth instantly begin
 His ampler selfe to shoue, that (downe the verdant Dale)
 Straines, in his nobler courie along the rougher *Yale*,
 T'invite his fauouring Brookes: where from that spacious *Lis*
 Through which he comes vnmixt, first *Alwin* falleth in:
 And going on along, still gathering vp his force,
 Gets *Gerrow* to his ayde, to hasten on his courie.
 With *Chriſtioneth* next, comes *Keriog* in apace.
 Out of the leaden Mines, then with her sullied face
Claweddock casts about where *Gwenrow* shee may greet,
 Till like two louing friends they vnder *Wrexam* meet.
 Then *Alen* makes approach (to *Dee* most inty deere)
 Taking *Tegiddog* in; who, earnest to be there,
 For haste, twice vnder earth her crystall head doth runne:
 VVhen instantly againe, *Dee's* holinesse begun,
 By his contracted front and sterner waues, to show
 That he had things to speake, might profit them to know;
 A Brooke, that was suppos'd much businest to haue scene,
 Which had ^b an ancient bound twixt *Wales* and *England* been,
 And noted was by both to be an ominous Flood,
 That changing of his Foards, the future ill, or good,
 Of either Country told; of eithers warre, or peace,
 The sicknes, or the health, the dearth, or the increase:

* A place not famous, and some what incredible.

* Strange things.

The River is the East of Dumbry, falling into Dee.

^b See to the VIII. Song.

And that of all the Floods of *Britaine*, he might boast
 His streame in former times to haue been honor'd most,
 When as at *Chester* once king *Edgar* held his Court,
 §. To whom eight lesser Kings with homage did resort:
 That mightie *Mercian* Lord, him in his Barge bestow'd,
 And was by all those Kings about the Riuer row'd.
 For which, the hallowed *Dee* so much vpon him tooke.
 And now the time was come, that this imperious Brooke,
 The long traduced *Brute* determin'd to awake,
 And in the *Britains* right thus boldly to them spake;
 O yee the ancient race of famous *Brute* that bee,
 §. And thou the Queene of Iles, great *Britaine*; vwhy doe yee
 Your Grand-fires God-like name (with a neglectfull care)
 In so reproachfull tearmes and ignominy heare,
 By euery one of late contemptuouslie disgrac't;
 That he whom Time so long, and strongly hath imbrac't,
 Should be reiected quite? The reason vrged why,
 Is by the generall soe thus answer'd by and by:
 That *Brutus*, as you say, by Sea who hither came,
 From whom you would suppose this Ile first tooke the name,
 Meerelie fictitious is; nor could the *Romans* heare
 (Most studious of the truth, and neer'st those times that were)
 Of any such as hee: nay, they who most doe strue,
 From that great Stock of *Troy* their lineage to deriue,
 In all the large descent of *Iulus*, neuer found
 That *Brute*, on whom wee might our first beginning ground.
 To this Assertion, thus I faithfully reply;
 And as a friend to Truth, doe constantlie denie
 Antiquitie to them, as neerer to those times;
 Their writings to precede our ancient *British* Rimes:
 But that our noble *Bards* which so diuinely sung
 That remnant of old *Troy*, of which the *Britaines* sprung,
 Before those *Romans* were, as prooffe we can produce;
 §. And learning, long with vs, ere t'was with them in vse.
 And they but idly talke, vpbayding vs with lies.
 §. That *Geffray Monmouth*, first, our *Brutus* did deuise,
 Not heard of till his time our Aduersary saies:
 When pregnantlie wee proue, ere that Historians dayes,
 A thousand ling'ring yeeres, our Prophets cleerely song
 The *Britaine*-founding *Brute*, most frequent them among.
 From *Talieffen* wife (approou'd so with vs,
 That what he spake, was held to be oraculous,
 So true his writings were) and such immortall men
 As this now-waning world shall hardly heare agen
 In our owne genuine tongue, that natiues were of *Isles*
 Our *Geffray* had his *Brute*. Nor were these idle tales

(As

(As he may find, the truth of our descents that seekes)
 Nor fabulous, like those deuic'd by the *Greeks* :
 But from the first of Time, by Iudges still were heard,
 Discreetlie euery ^a yeere correcting where they err'd.
 And that whereon our Foe his greatest hold doth take,
 Against the handled Caule and most doth seeme to make,
 Is, that we shewe no Booke our *Brutus* to approue;
 But that our idle *Bards*, as their fond rage did moue,
 Sang what their fancies pleas'd. Thus doe I answere these;
 That th'ancient *British* Priests, the fearelesse *Druides*,
 That ministred the lawes, and were so trulie wise,
 That they determin'd states, attending sacrifice,
 To letters neuer would their mysteries commit,
 For which the breasts of men they deem'd to be more fit.
 VVhich questionlesse should seeme from iudgement to proceed.
 For, when of Ages past wee looke in bookes to read,
 Wee retchlesly discharge our memory of those.
 So when iniurious Time, such Monuments doth lose
 (As what so great a Work, by Time that is not wrackt?)
 VVee vterly forgoe that memorable act:
 But when we lay it vp within the minds of men,
 They leaue it their next Age; that, leaues it hers agen:
 So strongly which (me thinks) doth for Tradition make,
 As if you from the world it altogether take,
 You vterly subuert Antiquitie thereby.
 Forthough Time well may proue that often shee doth lie,
 Potteritie by her yet many things hath known,
 That ere men learn'd to write, could no way haue been shown:
 For, if the spirit of God, did not our faith assure,
 The Scriptures be from heauen, like heauen, diuinely pure,
 Of *Moses* mightie works, I reuerently may say
 (I speake with godlie feare) Tradition put away,
 In power of humane wit it easely doth not lie
 To proue before the Flood the Genealogie.
 Nor any thing there is that kindlier doth agree
 With our descent from *Troy* (if things compar'd may be)
 Then peopling of this place, neerer to those Ages, when
 Exiled by the *Greeks*, those poore world-wandering men
 (Of all hope to returne into their Country rest)
 Sought shores whereon to set that little them was left:
 From some such God-like race we questionlesse did spring,
 Who soone became so great heere once inhabiting.
 So barbarous nor were wee as manie haue vs made,
 And *Cæsar*'s enuious pen would all the world perswade,
 His owne ambitious ends in seeking to aduance,
 When with his *Roman* power arriuing heere from *France*,

* At the End
 me: see to the
 fourth Song.

The *Druides*
 would not ob-
 scure their my-
 steries to wr-
 ting.

If

If hee the *Britains* found experienc't so in warre,
 That they with such great skill could weeld their armed Carre;
 And, as he still came on, his skilfull march to let,
 Cut downe their aged Oakes, and in the Riuer set
 The sharpe Steele-poynted stakes, as hee the Foards should pass;
 I saine would vnderstand how this that Nation was
 So ignorant hee would make, and yet so knowing warre.

But, in things past so long (for all the world) we are
 Like to a man embarqu't, and traouelling the Deepe:
 Who sayling by some hill, or promontory steepe
 Which iuts into the Sea, with an amazed eye
 Beholds the Cleecues thrust vp into the lofty skie.
 And th'more that hee doth looke, the more it drawes his sight;
 Now at the craggy front, then at the wondrous weight:
 But, from the passed shore still as the swelling saile
 (Thrust forward by the wind) the floating Barque doth haile,
 The mightie Giant-heape, so lesse and lesser still
 Appareth to the eye, vntill the monstrous hill
 At length shewes like a cloud; and further beeing cast,
 Is out of kenning quite: So, of the Ages past;
 Those things that in their Age much to be wondred were,
 Still as wing-footed Time them farther off doth beare,
 Doe lessen euery howre. When now the mighty prease,
 Impatient of his speech, intreat the Flood to cease,
 And cry with one consent, the *Saxon* state to shoue,
 As angry with the Muse such labour to bestowe
 On *Wales*, but *England* still neglected thus to be.

And hauing past the time, the honorable *Dee*
 At *Cheller* was arriu'd, and bad them all adieu:
 When our intended course, with *England* we pursue.

Illustrations.

Returning into the land, the Muse leads you about *Denbigh* and *Flint*, most
 Northerne and Maritim shires of *Wales*, which conclude these seauen last
 booke dedicated to the glory of that third part of Great *Britaine*.

Prophetique Merlin fate, when to the British King.

In the first declining State of the *British* Empire (to explaine the Author in
 this of *Merlin's Fortigern*, by aduice of his Magicians, after diuers vnfortunat
 succelles in warre, resolued to erect a strong Fort in *Snouden hils* (not far from
Conwey's head in the edge of *Merioneth*) which might be as his last and surest
 Refuge, against the increasing power of the *English*. Masons were appointed,
 and the worke begun; but what they built in the day, was alwayes swallowed vp
 in the earth next night. The King askes counsell of his Magicians, touching
 this prodigie: they aduise that he must finde out a childe which had no father,

and

and with his loud sprinkle the stones and mortar, and that then the Castle would stand as on a firme foundation. Search was made, and in *Caer-Merabin* (as you haue it to the V. Song) was *Amerlin Ambrose* found: he, being higher brought to the King, slighted that pretended skill of those Magicians as palliated ignorance, and with confidence of a more knowing spirit, vndertakes to shew the true cause of that amazing ruine of the stone-works, telsethem that in the earth was a great water, w^{ch} could endure continuance of no heauy superstruction. The workmen digged to discover the truth, & found it so. He then beseeches the King to cause them make further inquisition, & affirms, that in the bottom of it were two sleeping Dragons; which proued to likewise, the one *white*, the other *red*; the *white* he interpreted for the *Saxons*, the *red* for the *Britons*: and vpon this euent here in * *Dinas Emrys*, as they call it, began he those prophecies to *Vortigern*, which are common in the *British* storie. Hence questionles was that Fiction of the Muscs best pupil, the noble *Spenser*, in supposing *Amerlin* vsually to visit his old *Timon*, whose dwelling he places

*low in a valley Greene
Vnder the foot of Rauran moor
From whence the River Dec as silver cleane
His tumbling billows rolls with gentle rore.*

For this *Rauran-Vaur* hill is there by in *Amerlin*: but obserue with-all, the difference of the *Amerlin*, *Ambrose*, and *Syluester*, which is before to the IV. Song; and permit it, only as Poeticall that he makes *K. Arthur* and this *Merlin* of one time. These prophecies were by *Geoffrey* ap *Arthur* at request of *Alexander* Bishop of *Lincolne* vnder *Hen.* I, turned into *Latine*, and some CCC. years since had interpretation bestowed on them by a *German* Doctor, one *Alanus de Insulis*, who neuer before, but twice since that happy inauguration & mighty increase of Dominion in our Present Soueraigne hath beene imprinted. It is certainethat of times they may be directly and without constraint applied to some euent of succeeding time, as that which we haue before to the V. Song of *Caerleon*, and this, the *Isle* shall againe be named after *Brute*, which is now scene by a publique Edict, and in some of his Maiesties present Coins, and with more such: yet seeing learned men account him but a professor of vnjustifiable Magicque, and that all prophecies eyther fall true, or elie are among the attesters of such vanity perpetually expected, and that of later time the Councell of *Trent* haue by their Exurgatories, prohibited it, I should abuse you, if I endeuored to perswade your beleefe to to conceit of a true foreknowledge in him.

And the delicious Vale thus mildly doth bespeake.

If your conceit yet see not the purpose of this Fiction, then thus take it. This Vale of Cluid (for so is the *English* of *Dryghid Clwyd*.) extended from the middle of *Denbigh-shire* to the Sea, about XVII. miles long, and some V. in bredth, hauing those three excellencies, a fertile soile, healthful ayre, & pleasant seat for habitation, walke through the middle with this Riuer, and encompass on the East, West, and South with high Mountaines, freely receiues the wholesome blasts of the Northwinde (much accounted of among builders and Geoponiques for immision of pure ayre) comming in from that part which lies open to the Sea: whereupon the Muse very properly makes the Vale here *Boreas* his beloued; and in respect of his violence against the waters, supposeth him jealous of *Neptune*, whose rauishing waves in that troubled *Irish* Sea and the deprest state of the Valley warrants it. And for that of *Aluennus* loue to the Riuer, wantonly running by him, I know your conceit cannot but apprehend it.

That

* *Amerlin* in
ry. *Itinerary*. l.
cap. 8.
* *Perry* Q. 11.
l. *Caer*. g. *Ston*.
4.

Merlin Pro-
phesies.

Great Britain

* *Writ. de prof.*
s. 1. *Demon.*
cap. 16. 27.

That naturally remote fix British miles from Sea.

It is in the Parish of *Kilken* in *Flintshire*, where it ebberth⁴ and floweth in direct opposit times to the Sea, as the Author describes; they call it⁵ *Finon* *Reit* into: Such a one is there about a furlong from the *Seuerne* Sea, by *Newton* in⁶ *Glamorganshire*, and another ebbing and flowing (but with the common course of the Moone, ascending or setting) by *Dinewor*⁷ in *Caermersdshshire*. Nor thinke I any reasons more difficult to be giuen, then those which are most specially hidden, and most frequently strange in particular qualities of Flouds, Welles, and Springs; in which (before all other) Nature seemes as if she had, for mans wonder, affected a not intelligible variety, so different, so remote from conceit of most piercing wits; and such vnlookt for operations both of their first and second qualities (to vie the Schoole phrase of them) are in every Chronographer, Naturalist, and Historian.

Yet to the sacred fount of Winifrid gines place.

At *Haltwell* a Maritime village, neere *Basingwerke* in *Flint*, is this *Winifred* Well, whose sweetnes in the Moisse, whollomnes for bath, and other such vsful qualities haue beene referred to her martyrdome in this place. But *D. Powel* vpon *Girald*, in effect thus: *Hen. II.* in his first *Welsh* expedition fortified the Castle of *Basingwerke*, and neere by, made a Cell for *Templers*, which continued there vntill their dissolution vnder⁸ *Edward II.* and was after conuerted to a nest of lubberly Monkes, whose superstitious honouring her, more then much, caused this dedication of the Fountaine; so much to their profit (in a kinde of merchandize then, too shamefully in request) that they had large guerdons (it belonging to the Celle) of those, which had there any medicine, beside increasing rents which accrued to them yearly out of Pardons, such as came thither in solemne Pilgrimage. This title of exaction they purchast of *PP. Martin V.* vnder *Henry the V.* and added more such gaigning pretences to themselves in time of *Hen. VII.* by like authority; nor, vntill the more cleere light of the Gospell, yet continuing its comfortable beams among vs, dissipated those foggie mills of error and smoake-selling imposture, ended these collected reuenues. The Author follows the Legend; but obseru- times compared, and you shall find no mention of this Well, and the healthful operations of it, vntill long after the suppose time of *S. Winifreds* martyrdome.

That figure of the Crosse of which it takes the name.

Depress among Mountaines this Valley expresseth the forme of a Crosse, and so is call'd the *Crosse vale*, and in *Bruss* *Lhan C'well*.

To whom eight lesser Kings with homage did resort.

Vpon comparing our Stories, I find them to be *Kenneth* of *Scotland*, *Malcolme* of *Cumberland*, *Malcuze K.* of the *Isles* (whom *Malmsbury* giues one the name of *Archpirat*) *Donald*, *Siffretb.*, *Howel*, *Iago*, and *Inchibull* Kings of *Wales*. All these, he (thus toucht with imperious affection of glory) sitting the Sterne, compelled to row him ouer *Dee*; his greatnes as well in fame as truth, daily at this time increasing, caus'd multitudes of aliens, to admire and visit his Court, as a place honored aboue all other by this so mighty and worthy a Prince; and, through that abundant confluence, such vitious courses fo-

lowe

ding to their custome) in a banquet by *Gypria* the Kings daughter for her bus-
band, *Hereto* successe grew so fortunat, that honorable respect on both sides
joy'n'd with imitation o' *Greece* Civility (after this *Citie* built neere their ar-
rue) it seem'd, as my author * sayes, as if *Gaul* had bene turn'd into *Greece*, ra-
ther then *Greece* to have traualled into *Gaul*. Wonder not then why, about
Marfilles, *Greece* was so respected, nor why in the *Romann-French* now (such
Hellenismes are: here you see apparant Originall of it; yet conclude, vpon the
former reasons, that the *Druids* and *Gauls* vsed a pecujiar tongue, and very
likely the same with the now *Welsh*, as Most learned *Camden* hath even demon-
strated; although I know some great Scholars there are, which still suspend
their iudgement, and make it a doubt, as ever things of such antiquity will be.
But (if you will 'adde heere to that of the famous and great Lawier * *Hotom.*,
who preumes that the word * *Græci* in *Cæsars* text is crept in by ignorance
of transcribers, as he well might, seeing thole Commentaries, titled with name
of *I. Cæsar*, commonly published, & induers *Ass.* with *I. Cælius*, are very vn-
perfect, now and then abrupt, different in stile, and so variable in their owne
forme, that it hath bene much feared by that great * Critique *Lipsius*, lest some
more impolite hand hath sow'd many patches of base cloth into that more
rich web, as his owne Metaphore expresse it. And if thole Characters which
are in the pillars at *T-uoellus* in *Denbighshire*, are of the *Druids*, as some ima-
gine (yet seeming very strange and vncouth) then might you more confident-
ly coucurre in opinion with *Hotoman*. In summe, I know that *Græci literis*
may be taken as well for the language (as in * *Iustin* I remember, and elsewhere)
as for the Character: but here I can neuer thinke it to be vnderstood in any
but the last sense, although you admit *Cæsars* copie to be therein not interpo-
lated. It is very iustificable which the author here implies, by slighting *Cæsars*
authority in *British* Originals, in respect that hee neuer came further into the
Isle then a little beyond *Thames* towards * *Barkeshire*; although some of Ours
idly talke of his making the *Bath*, and being at *Chester*, as the *Scotish* Histori-
ans most senselesly of their Zults vpon built by him, which others referre' to
Vespasian, some affirme it a Temple * of God *Terminus*, whereas it seemes ex-
pactly to be built by *Carausius*, in time of *Dioclesian*, if *Nennius* deceiue vs not.
But, this out of my way.

* *Trog. Pomp.*
Hist. 48.

* *Prætor. Gall.*
cap. 3. gorm.
etiam ad Cæsar.
Com.
* *Greece.*

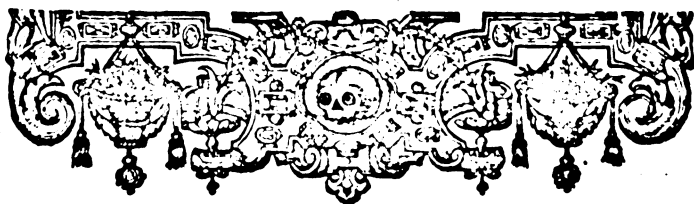
* *Elisl. 3. cap. 9.*
Apolitic. quæst. 3.
cap. 2.

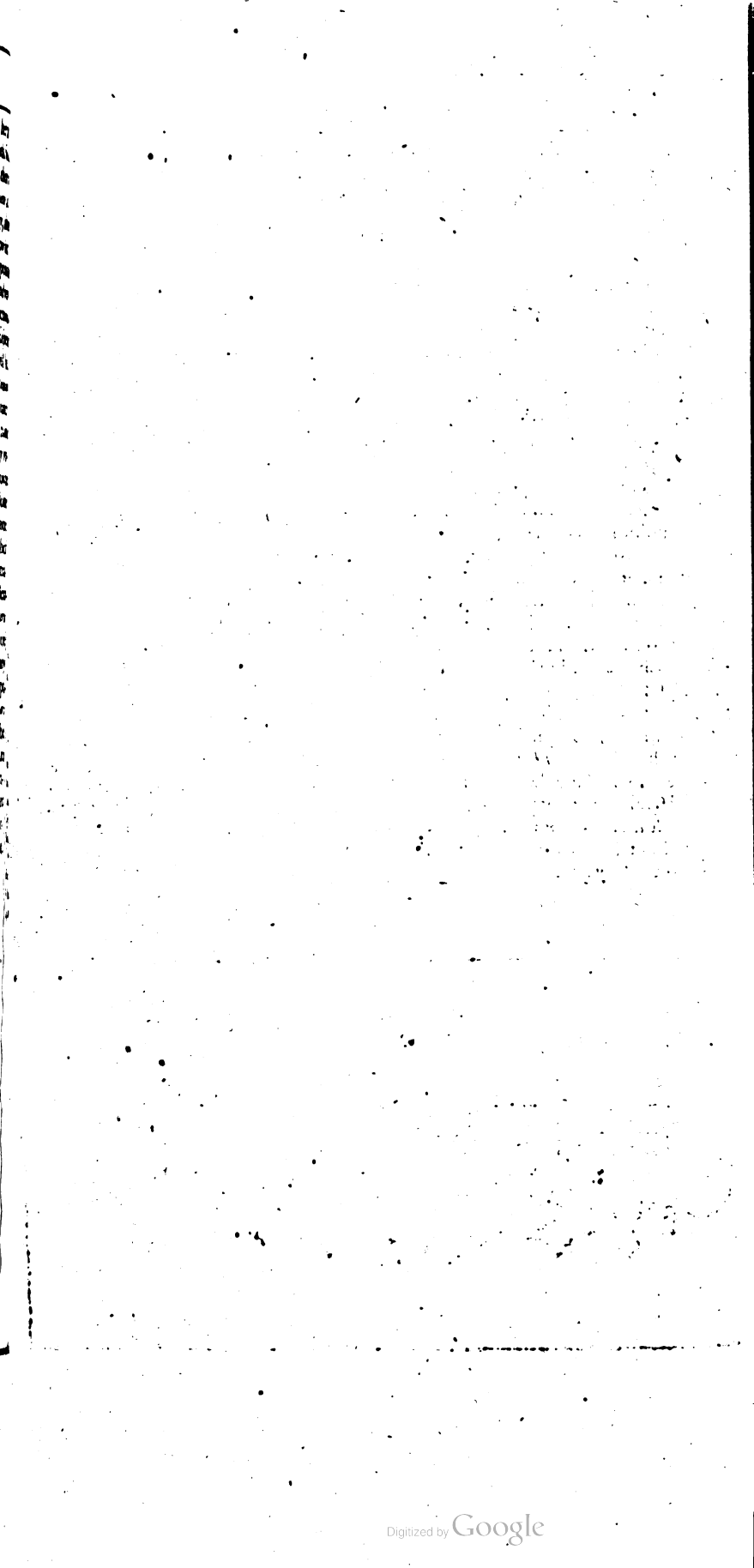
* *Hist. lib. 30. in*
extrema.

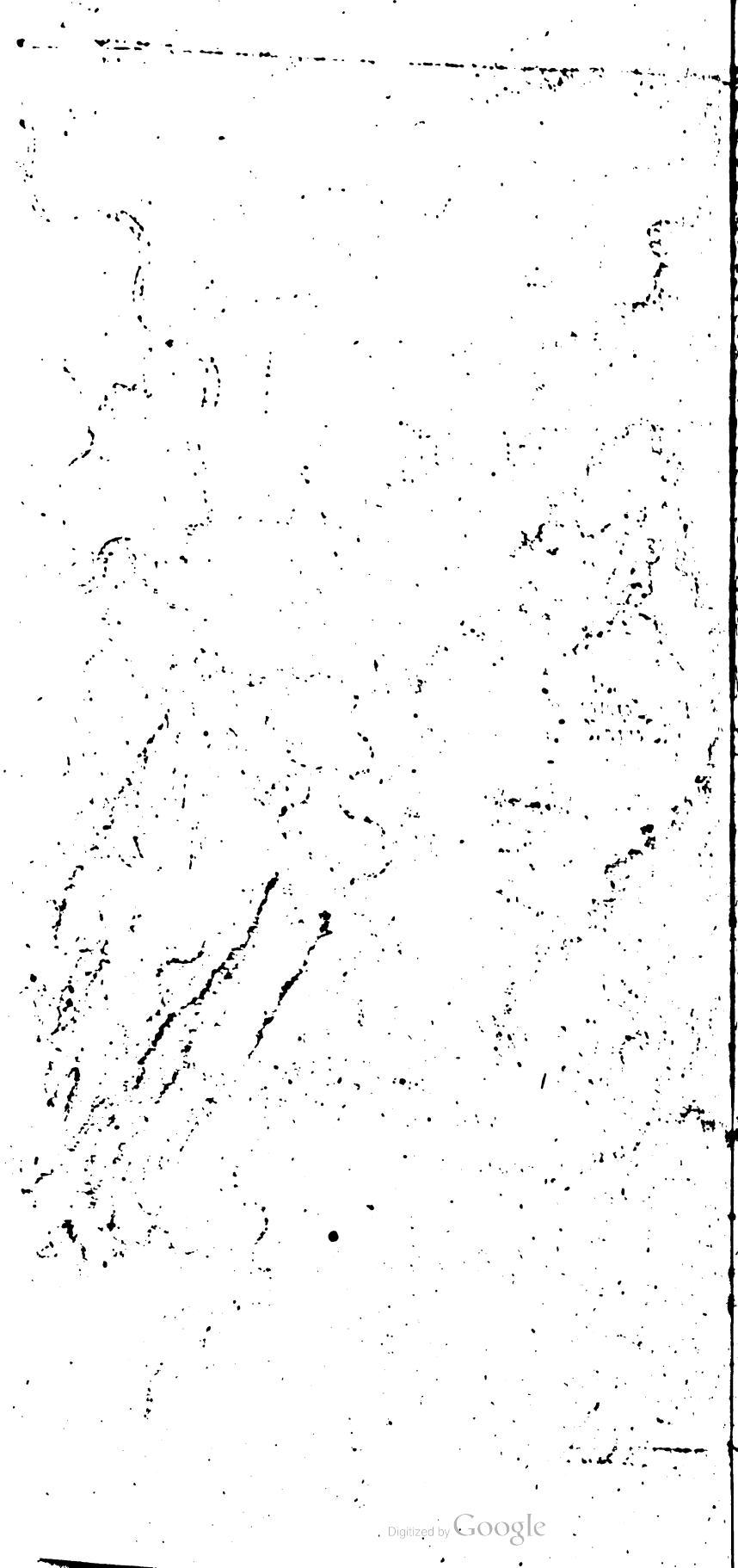
* *Cæsarum s. lo-*
quo sibi ipsi saci-
ficias, verum &
ita Lond. ad
Cyg. Cant. in
Bain.
* *Precedend. ap.*
Hol. Boet. hist. 1.
* *Buchanan. hist.*
4. in Donald.

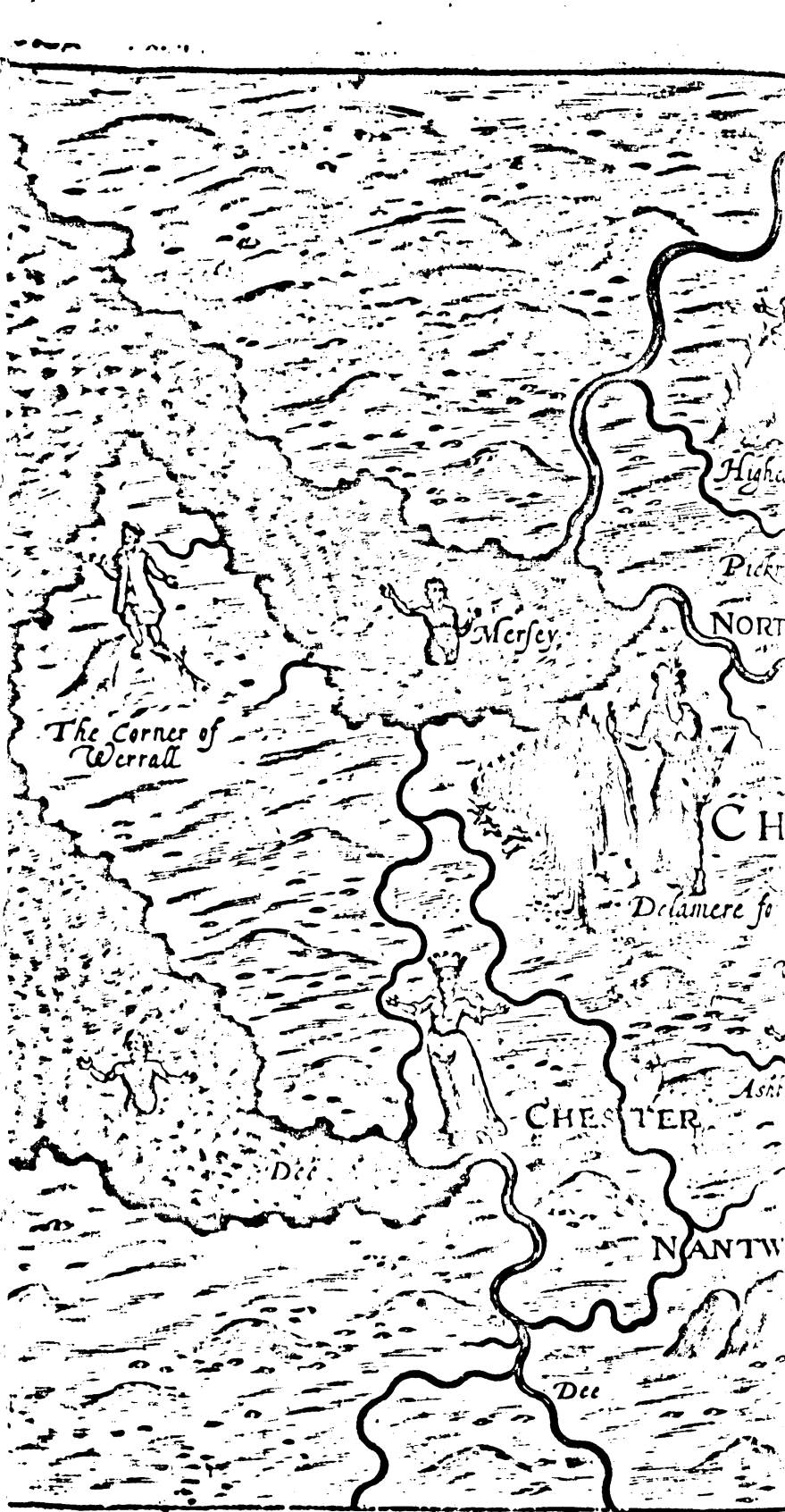
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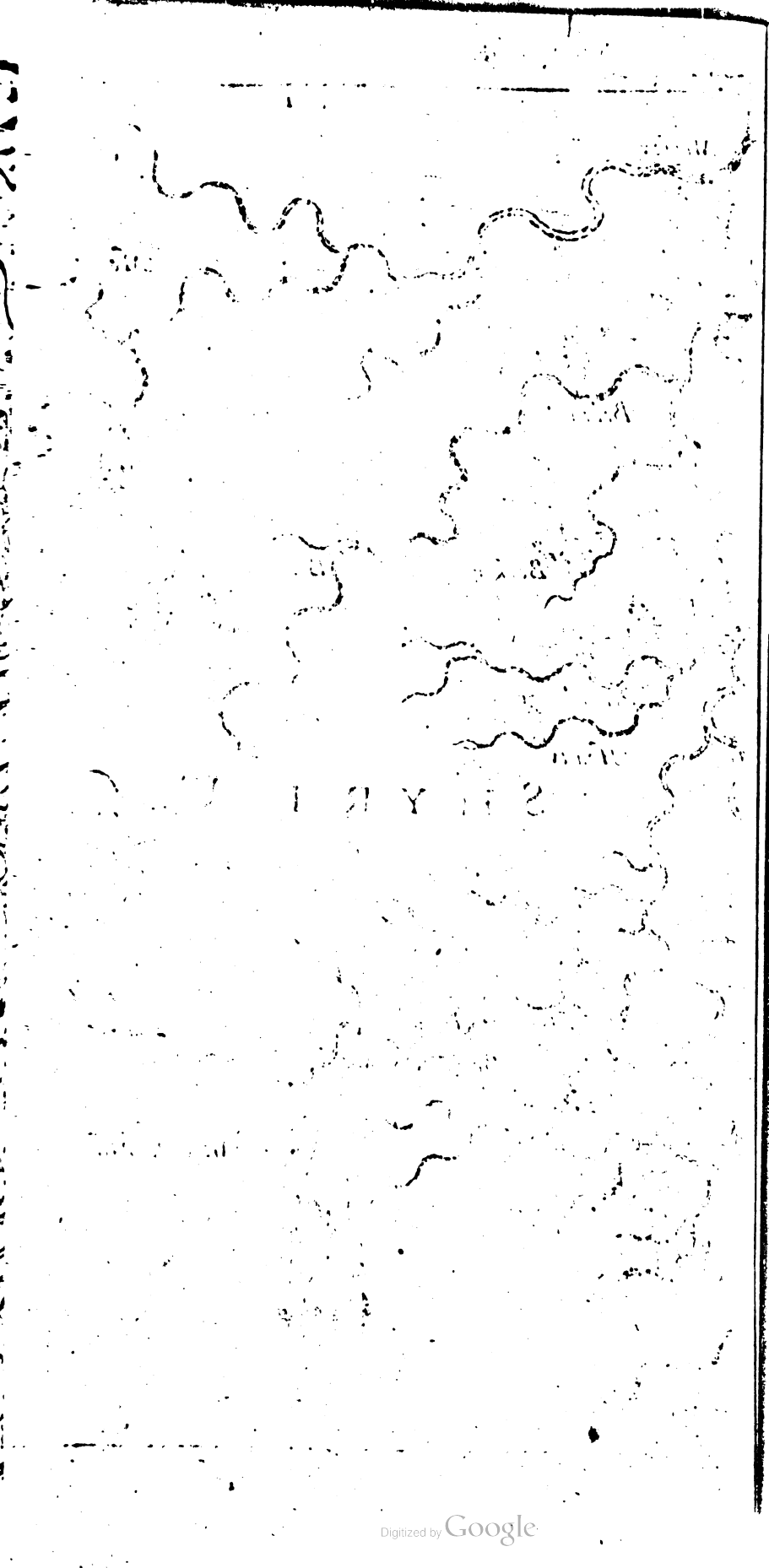














The eleventh Song.

* THE ARGUMENT.

*The Muse, her native earth to see,
 Returns to England over Dee;
 Visits first Cheshire, and there shewes
 To her and hers, what England owes
 And of the Nymphets sporting there
 In Wyrrall, and in Delamere.
 Weeuer, the great denotion sings
 Of the religious Saxon Kings;
 Those Riverets doth together call,
 That into him, and Mersey fall;
 Thence bearing to the side of Peake,
 This zealous Canto off doth breake.*

With as vnwearied wings, and in as high a gate
 As when we first set forth, obseruing euery state,
 The Muse frō *Cambria* comes, with pinions summ'd and
 And hauing put her selfe vpō the *English* ground, (sounding:
 First seifeth in her courle the noblest *Cestrian* shore;
 §. Of our great *English* bloods as carefull heere of yore,
 As *Cambria* of her *Brutes*, now is, or could be then;
 For which, our prouerbe calls her, *Cheshire, chiefe of men.*
 §. And of our Countries, place of Palatine doth hold,
 And thereto hath her high Regalities enrold:
 Besides, in many Fields, since Conquering *William* came,
 Her people shee hath prou'd, to her eternall fame.
 All, children of her owne, the Leader and the Led,
 The mightiest men of boane, in her full bosome bred:
 And neither of them such as cold penurious need
 Spurs to each rash attempt; but such as soundly feed,
 Clad in warme *English* cloth; and maym'd should they returne
 (Whom this fallē ruthless world else frō their doores would spurne).
 Haue liuelihood of their owne, their ages to sustaine.
 Nor did the Tenants pay, the Land-lords charge maintaine:

Q 2

But

But as abroad in warre, he spent of his estate;
 Returning to his home, his hospitable gate
 The richer and the poore stood open to receaue.
 They, of all *England*, most to ancient customes cleaue,
 Their Yeomanry and still endeuoured to vphold.
 For rightly whilst her selfe braue *England* was of old,
 And our courageous Kings vs forth to conquests led,
 Our Armies in those times (neere through the world so dred)
 Of our tall Yeomen were, and foot-men for the most;
 VVho (with their Bills, and Bowes) may confidently boast,
 S. Our Leopards they so long and brauely did advance
 About the Flower-delice, euen in the hart of *France*.

O! thou thrice happy Shire, confined so to bee
 Twixt two so famous Floods, as *Mersey* is, and *Dee*.
 Thy *Dee* vpon the VVest from *Wales* doth thee diuide:
 Thy *Mersey* on the North, from the *Lancastrian* side,
 Thy naturall sister Shire; and linkt vnto thee so,
 That *Lancashire* along with *Cheeshire* still doth goe.
 As tow'ards the *Derbian* Peake, and *Moreland* (which doe draw
 More mountainous and wild) the high-crown'd *Shutlinghame*
 And *Molcop* be thy Mounds, with those proud hills whence roue
 The louely sister Brooks, the siluery *Dane* and *Doue*;
 Cleere *Doue*, that makes to *Trent*; the other to the West.
 But, in that famous Towne, most happy of the rest
 (From which thou tak'st thy name) faire *Chester*, call'd of old
 S. *Carelegion*; whilst proud *Rome* her conquests heere did hold
 Of those her legions known the faithfull itation then,
 So stoutly held to tack by those neere *North-wales* men;
 Yet by her owne right name had rather called bee,
 S. As her the *Britaine* teard, *The Fortresse vpon Dee*,
 Then vainly thee would seeme a Miracle to stand,
 Th'imaginary worke of some huge Giants hand:
 Which if such euer were, Tradition tells not who.

But, backe awhile my Muse: to *Weener* let vs goe,
 Which (with him selfe compar'd) each *British* flood doth scorne;
 His fountaine and his fall, both *Chesters* rightly borne;
 The Country in his course, that cleane through doth diuide,
 Cut in two equall shares vpon his either side:
 And, what the famous Flood farre more then that enriches,
 The brackey Fountaines are, those two renowned *Wyches*,
 The *Nant-wyche*, and the *North*; whole either brynie Well,
 For store and sorts of Salts, make *Weener* to excell.
 Besides their generall vse, not had by him in vaine,
 S. But in him selfe thereby doth holinesse retaine
 About his fellow Floods: whole healthfull vertues taught,
 Hath of the Sea-gods oft, caus'd *Weener* to be sought.

For

For physick in their need : and *Thetis* oft hath seene,
 When by their wanton sports her *Nerides* haue beene
 So sick, that *Glaucus* selfe hath failed in their cure :
 Yet *Weener*, by his Salts, recovery durst assure.
 And *Amphitrite* oft this *Wifard Riuer* led
 Into her secret walks (the Depths profound and dread)
 Of him (suppos'd so wise) the hid euents to knowe
 Of things that were to come, as things done long agoe.
 In which he had beene prou'd most exquisite to bee;
 And bare his fame so farre, that oft twixt him and *Dee*,
 Much strife there hath arole in their prophetick skill.
 But to conclude his praise, our *Weener* heere doth will
 The Muse, his source to sing ; as how his courle he steres :
 Who from his naturall Spring, as from his neighboring *Meres*
 Sufficiently supply'd, shootes forth his siluer breast,
 As though he meant to take directly toward the East ;
 Vntill at length it proues he loytreth, but to play
 Till *Asbrooke* and the *Lee* o're-take him on the way,
 VVhich to his iourneys end him earnestly doe haste :
 Till hauing got to *Wyche*, hee taking there a taste
 Of her most sauory Salt, is by the sacred tuch,
 Forc't faster in his course, his motion quickned much
 To *North-wyche* : and at last, as hee approacheth neere,
Dane, *Whelock* drawes, then *Crock*, from that black ominous *Mere*,
 Accounted one of those that *Englands* wonders make ;
 Of neighbours, *Black-mere* nam'd, of strangers, *Brereton-Lake* ;
 VVhole property seemes farre from Reasons way to stand :
 For, neere before his death that's owner of the Land,
 Shee lends vp stocks of trees, that on the top doe float ;
 By which the world her first did for a wonder note.
 His hand mayd *tiowty* next, to *Weener* holds her race :
 When *Peeuer* with the helpe of *Pickmere*, make apace
 To put-in with those streames his sacred steps that tread,
 Into the mighty waste of *Mersey* him to lead.
 Where, when the Riuers meet, with all their stately traine,
 Proud *Mersey* is so great in entring of the Maine,
 As hee would make a shewe for Empery to stand,
 And wrest the three-forkt Mace from out grym *Neptunes* hand,
 To *Cheshire* highly bound for that his watry store,
 As to the grosser * Loughs on the *Lancastrian* shore.
 From hence he getteth *Goyt* downe from her *Peakisb* Spring,
 And *Bollen*, that along doth nimbler *Birkin* bring
 From *Maxfields* mightie wildes, of whole shagg'd *Syluans* shee
 Hath in the Rocks been woo'd, their Paramour to bee :
 Who in the darksome holes, and Cauerns kept her long,
 And that proud Forrest made a party to her wrong.

* *Meres*, as *all*
ding Lake.

Q3

Yes

Yet could not all intreat the pretty Brooke to stay;
 Which to her sister streame, sweet *Bollen*, creeps away.
 To whom, vpon their road shee pleafandy reports
 The many mirthfull iests, and wanton woodish sports
 In *Maxfield* they haue had; as of that *Forrests* fate:
 Vntill they come at length, where *Mersey* for more state
 Assuming broder banks, himfelfe so proudly beares,
 That at his sterne approach, extended *Wyrall* feares,
 That (what betwixt his floods of *Mersey*, and the *Dee*)
 In very little time deuoured he might bee:
 Out of the foaming surge till *Hilbre* lifts his head,
 To let the fore-land see how richly he had sped.
 VVhich *Mersey* cheeres so much, that with a smyling brow
 He fawnes on both those Floods; their amorous armes that throw
 About his goodly neck, and bar'd their swelling breasts:
 On which whilst lull'd witheale, his pleased cheeke he rests,
 The *Naiades*, sitting neere vpon the aged Rocks,
 Are busied with their combes, to brayd his verdant locks,
 Whilst in their cry stall eyes he doth for *Cupids* looke:
 But *Delamere* from them his fancie quickly tooke,
 Who shewes her selfe all drest in most delicious flowers;
 And sitting like a Queene, sees from her shady Bowers
 The wanton Wood-Nymphs mixt with her light-footed Fawnes,
 To lead the rurall routs about the goodly Lawnds,
 As ouer a Holt and Heath, as thorough ^b Frith and ^c Fell;
 And oft at Barly-breake, and Prison-bake, to tell
 (In carrols as they course) each other all the ioyes,
 The passages, deceits, the sleights, the amorous toyes
 The subtile Sea-Nymphs had, their *Wyralls* loue to win.

But *Weener* now againe to warne them doth begin
 To leaue these triuiall toyes, which inly hee did hate,
 That neither them befeem'd, nor stood with his estate
 (Being one that gaue him selfe industriously to know
 What Monuments our Kings erected long agoe:
 To which, the Flood himfelfe so wholly did apply,
 As though vpon his skill, the rest should all rely)
 And bent himfelfe to shewe, that yet the *Britains* bold,
 Whom the laborious Muse so highly had extold,
 Those later *Saxon* Kings exceld not in their deeds,
 And therefore with their praise thus zealously proceeds;

Whilst, the celestiall Powers th'arriued time attend
 When o're this generall Ile the *Britaines* raigne should end,
 And for the spoyling *Pict* heere prosp'rously had wrought,
 Into th'afflicted Land which strong inuasion brought,
 And to that proud attempt, what yet his power might want,
 The ill-disposed heauens, *Brutes* ofspring to supplant,

Their

poeticall
 description of
 Wyrall.

A wood grow-
 ing on a hill
 wth knole.
 High wood.
 Lowe coppis.

Their angry plagues downe-pour'd, insatiate in their waste
(Needs must they fall, whom heauen doth to destruction haste.)
And that which lastly came to consummate the rest,
Those prouder *Saxon* powers (which liberally they prest
Against th'invading *Pict*, of purpose hired in)
From those which payd them wage, the Iland soone did win;
And sooner ouerspred, beeing Masters of the Field;
Those, first for whom they fought, too impotent to wield,
A Land within it selfe that had so great a Foe;
And therefore thought it fit them wisely to bestow:
Which ouer *Seuerne* heere they in the Mountaines shur,
And some vpon that poynt of *Cornwall* forth they put.
Yet forced were they there their stations to defend.

Nor could our men permit the *Britains* to descend
From *Ioue* or *Mars* alone; but brought their blood as hie,
§. From *Woden*, by which name they stiled *Mercurie*.
Nor were the race of *Brute*, which ruled heere before,
More zealous to the Gods they brought vnto this shore
Then *Hengist's* noble heyres; their Idols that to raise
§. Heere put their *German* names vpon our weekly daies.

These noble *Saxons* were a Nation hard and strong,
On sundry Lands and Seas, in warfare nuzzled long;
Affliction throughly knew; and in proud Fortunes spight,
Euen in the iawes of Death had dar'd her utmost might:
Vvho vnder *Hengist* first, and *Horfa*, their braue Chieffes,
From *Germany* arriu'd, and with the strong reliefes
Of th' *Angles* and the *Jutes*, them ready to supply,
Vvwhich anciently had beene of their affinitie,
By *Seythia* first sent out, which could not giue them meat,
Were forc't to seeke a soyle wherein themselves to eat.

Them at the last on *Dansk* their lingring fortune draue,
Where *Holst* vnto their troups sufficient harbor gaue.
These with the *Saxons* went, and fortunatly wan:

Whose Captaine, *Hengist*, first a kingdome heere began
In *Kent*; where his great heires, ere other Princes rose

Of *Saxonies* descent, their fulness to oppose,
With swelling *Humbers* side their Empire did confine.

And of the rest, not least renowned of their Line,
§. Good *Ethelbert* of *Kent*, th'first christned *Englisch* King,

To preach the faith of Christ, was first did hicher bring

Vvise *Augustine* the Monke, from holy *Gregory* sent.

This most religious King, with most deuout intent

That mightie Fane to *Paule*, in *London* did erect,

And priuiledges gaue; this Temple to protect.

His equall then in zeale, came *Ercombert* againe,

From that first christned King, the second in that raigne.

See, concerning their christning, to the I. IV. and VIII. Songs.

The

The gluttony then vs'd feuerely to suppress,
And make men fit to prayer (much hindred by excesse)
§. That abstinence from flesh for forty dayes began,
Which by the name of *Lent* is knowne to euey man.

As mighty *Hengist* heere, by force of Armes had done,
§. So *Ella* comming in, loone from the *Britaines* wonne
The Countries neighboring *Kent*: which lying from the *Maine*,
Directly to the South did properly obtaine
The Southerne *Saxons* name; and not the last thereby
Amongst the other raignes which made the Heptarchy:
So in the high descent of that South-*Saxon* King,
We in the bead-roule heere of our religious bring
Wife *Ethelwald*: alone who Christian not became,
But willing that his folke should all receiue the name,
§. Saint *Wilfrid* (sent from *Yorke*) into his Realme receiu'd
(Whom the *Northumbrian* folke had of his See bereau'd)
And on the South of *Thames*, a seat did him afford,
By whom that people first receiu'd the sauing Word.

As likewise from the loynes of *Ercbwin* (who rais'd
Th' East-*Saxon* kingdome in it) braue *Sebert* may be prais'd:
Which, as that King of *Kent*, had with such cost and state
Built *Pauls*; his Greatnels so (this King to imitate)
Began the goodly Church of *Westminster* to reare:
The Primer *English* Kings so truly zealous were.

Then **Sebba* of his seed, that did them all surpass,
Who fitter for a shryne then for a scepter was,
(Aboue the power of flesh, his appetite to sterue
That his desired Christ he strictly might obserue)
Euen in his height of life, in health, in body strong,
Perswaded with his Queene, a Lady faire and young,
To separate themselves, and in a sole estate,
After religious sort themselves to dedicate.

Whole Nephew *Vssa* next, inflam'd with his high praise
(Enriching that proud Fane his Grandfire first did raise)
Abandoned the world he found so full of strife,
And after liu'd in *Rome* a strict religious life.

Nor these our Princes heere, of that pure *Saxon* straine,
Which tooke vnto themselves each one their seuerall raigne,
For their so godly deeds, deserued greater fame
Then th' *Angles* their Allies, that higher with them came;
Who sharing-out themselves a kingdome in the East,
With th' Easterne *Angles* name their circuit did invest,
By *Vssa* in that part so happily begun:
Vwhose successors the Crowne for martyrdome haue won
From all before or since that euer suffred heere;
§. *Redwalds* religious sonnes: who for their Sauour deere,

* *Sebba*, a
Monk in *Pauls*.

By

By cruell heathenish hands vnmercifully slaine,
Amongst vs euer-more remembred shall remaine,
And in the roule of Saints must haue a speciall roome,
VWhere *Derwald* to all times with *Erpenwald* shall come.

VWhen in that way they went, next *Sebert* them succeeds,
Scarce seconded againe for sanctimonious deeds:
VWho for a priuate life when he his rule resign'd,
And to his Cloyster long had strictly him confin'd,
A Corslet for his Cowle was glad againe to take
His Country to defend (for his religions sake)
Against proud *Penda*, com'n with all his Pagan power,
Those christned *Angles* then of purpose to deuour:
And fustning with his folke, by *Penda's* heathenish pride,
As hee a Saint had liu'd, a constant Martyr dy'd.

VWhen, after it fell out, that *Offa* had not long
Held that by cruell force, which *Penda* got by wrong,
S. Adopting for his heire young *Edmond*, brought him in,
Euen at what time the *Danes* this land sought to win:
Who christned toone became, and as religious growne
As thole most heathenish were who let him on his throne,
Did expiate in that place his predecessors guilt,
VWhich so much Christian blood so cruelly had spilt.
For, taken by the *Danes*, who did all tortures try,
His Sauour *Iesus Christ* to force him to deny,
First beating him with bats, but no advantage got,
His body full of shafts then cruelly they shor;
The constant martyr'd King, a Saint thus iustly crown'd.
To whom euen in that place, that Monument renown'd
Thole after-Ages built to his eternall fame.

VWhat *Engli/h* hath not heard *Saint *Edmonds Buries* name?
As of thole *Angles* heere, so from their loynes againe,
VWhose hands hew'd out their way to the *West-Sexian* raigne
(From *Kenrick*, or that claime from *Cerdick* to descend)
A partnership in fame great *Iua* might pretend
VVith any King since first the *Saxons* came to shore.
Of all thole christned heere, who highlier did adore
The God-head, then that man? or more that did apply
His power t'advance the Church in true sincerity?
Great *Glaistenbury* then to wondrously decay'd,
Whole old foundation first the ancient *Britains* lay'd,
He gloriously rebuilt, enriching it with plate,
And many a sumptuous Cope, to vses consecrate:
Ordayning godly lawes for gouerning this Land,
Of all the *Saxon* Kings the *Solon* hee shall stand.

From *Offa* (borne with him who did this Ile invade)
And had a conquest first of the *Northumbrians* made,

And

* In Suffolke.

Offa, brother
to *Harth.*

And tributarie long of mightier *Henry* held,
 Till *Ida* (after boine) the *Kentish* power expeld,
 And absolutely fate on the *Dierian* seat,
 But afterward resign'd to *Ethelfrid* the Great:
 An Army into *Wales* who for invasion led,
 At *Cheller* and in light their forces vanquished;
 Into their vtter spoyle, then publique way to make,
 The long Religious house of goodly *Banger* brake,
 §. And slew a thousand Monks, as they deuoutly pray'd.
 For which his cruell spoyle vpon the Christians made
 (Though with the iust consent of Christian *Saxons* slaine)
 His blood, the hethenish hands of *Redwald* did distaine.
 That murderers issue next, this kingdome were exil'd:
 And *Edwyn* tooke the rule; a Prince as iust and mild
 As th'other faithlesse were: nor could time euer bring
 In all the leauen sold rule an abtoluter King;
 And more to aduance the sayth, his vtmost power that lent:
 §. VWho reordained *Yorke* a Bishops gouernment;
 And to much lov'd the poore, that in the waies of trade,
 VWhere Fountaines fitly were, hee Iron dishes made,
 And fastned them with chaynes the waylarer to ease,
 And the poore Pilgrims thirst, there resting, to appease.

As *Mercia*, mongst the rest, sought not the least to raise
 The sauing Christian sayth, nor merits humbler praise.
 §. Nor those that from the stem of *Saxon Ceda* came
 (The *Britains* who expulst) were any whit in fame,
 For pietie and zeale, behind the others best;
 Though heathenish *Penda* long and proudly did infest
 The christned neighboring Kings, and forc't them all to bow;
 Till *Osry* made, to God, a most religious vow,
 Of his abundant grace would hee be pleas'd to grant,
 That he this Panim Prince in battell might supplant,
 A Recluse he would giue his daughter and delight,
 Sweet *Alfred* then in youth, and as the Morning, bright:
 And hauing his request, hee gaue as hee obtayn'd;
 Though his vnnaturall hands succeeding *Wulpher* stayn'd
 In his owne childrens blood, whom their deare mother had
 §. Confirm'd in Christs beliefe, by that most reuerent *Cbad*:
 Yet to embrace the sayth when after he began
 (For the vnnaturallst deed that e're was done by man)
 If possible it were to expiate his guilt,
 Heere many a goodly house to holy vses built:
 And shee (to purge his crime on her deere children done)
 A crowned Queene, for him, became a valed Nun.
 What Age a godlier Prince then *Etheldred* could bring?
 Or then our *Kinred* heere, a more religious King?

Both taking them the Cowle, th'one heere his flesh did tame,
The other went to *Rome*, and there a Monke became.

So, *Estelbald* may well be let the rest among:
Who, though most vainly giuen when he was hot and young;
Yet, by the wile reproofe of godly Bishops brought
From those vnstay'd delights by which his youth was caught,
Hee all the former Kings of *Mercia* did exceed,
& And (through his Rule) the Church from taxes strongly freed,
Then to the Easterne sea, in that deepe watry Fen
(Which seem'd a thing to much impossible to men)
Hee that great Abby built of *Crowland*; as though hee
Would haue no others worke like his foundation bee.

As, *Offa* greater farre then any him before:
Whose conquests scarcely were suffic'd with all the shore,
But ouer into *Wales* adventurously hee shot
His *Mercia's* spacious Meere, and *Powland* to it got.
This King, euen in that place, where with rude heapes of stones
& The *Britains* had interr'd their Proto-martyrs bones,
That goodly Abby built to *Alban*; as to shewe
How much the sonnes of *Brute* should to the *Saxons* owe.

But when by powerfull heauen, it was decreed at last,
That all those seauen-fold Rules should into one be cast
(Which quickly to a head by *Britriks* death was brought)
Then *Egbert*, who in *France* had carefully been taught,
Returning home, was King of the *West-Saxians* made.
Whose people, then most rich and potent, him perswade
(As once it was of old) to Monarchize the Land.

Who following their aduise, first with a warlike hand
The *Cornish* ouer-came; and thence, with prosperous sailes,
O're *Seuerne* set his powers into the hart of *Wales*;
And with the *Mercians* there, a bloody battell wag'd:
Wherein he wan their Rule; and with his wounds enrag'd,
Went on against the rest. Which, sadly when they sawe
How those had sped before, with most subictiue awe
Submit them to his sword: who prosperously alone
Reduc't the seauen-fold Rule, to his peculiar throne
& (Extirping other stiles) and gaue it *Englands* name
Of th' *Angles*, from whose race his nobler fathers came.

When scarcely *Egbert* heere an entire Rule began,
But instantly the *Dane* the Iland ouer-ran;
A people, that their owne those *Saxons* payd againe.
For, as the *Britaines* first they treacherously had slaine,
This third vpon their necks a heauier burthen lay'd
Then they had vpon those whom falsly they betray'd.
And for each others states, though oft they here did toyle,
& A people from their first bent naturally to spoyle,

That

* *Offa's* Ditch.

* *Egbert's* pen-
decision.

* See to the
first Song.

That crueltie with them from their beginning brought.
 Yet when the Christian sayth in them had throughly wrought,
 Of any in the world no story shall vs tell,
 Which did the *Saxon* race in pious deeds excell:
 That in these drowſie times ſhould I in publique bring
 Each great peculiar Act of euery godly King,
 The world might ſtand amaz'd in this our Age to ſee
 Thoſe goodly Fanes of theirs, which irreligious wee
 Let euery day decay; and yet we onely liue
 By the great Freedoms then thoſe Kings to theſe did giue.

Wiſe *Sebert* (worthy praiſe) preparing vs the ſeat
 §. Of famous *Cambridge* firſt, then with endowments great
 The Muſes to maintaine, thoſe Siſters thither brought.

By whoſe example, next, religious *Alfred* taught,
 Renowned *Oxford* built & *Apollo's* learned brood;
 And on the hallowed banke of *Iſis* goodly Flood,
 Worthy the glorious Arts, did gorgeous Bowres prouide.
 §. He into ſeueral Shires the kingdome did diuide.

So, valiant *Edgar*, firſt, moſt happily deſtroy'd
 The multitudes of Woules, that long the Land annoy'd.
 And our good *Edward* heere, the Confessor and King
 (Vnto whoſe ſumptuous Shrine our Monarchs offerings bring)
 That canker'd Euill cur'd, bred twixt the throat and iawes.

When Phyſick could not find the remedy nor cauſe,
 And much it did afflict his ſickly people heere,
 Hee of Almighty God obtain'd by earneſt pray'r,
 This Tumour by a King might cured be alone:

§. Which he an heyre-loome left vnto the *Engliſh* Throne.
 So, our Saint *Edward* heere, for *Englands* generall uſe,
 §. Our Countries Common lawes did faithfully produce,
 Both from th'old *Britiſh* writ, and from the *Saxon* tongue.

Of Forreſts, Hills, and Floods, when now a mighty throng
 For Audience cry'd aloud; becauſe they late had heard,
 That ſome high *Cambrian* hills the *Wrekin* proudly dar'd
 With words that very much had ſtirr'd his rancorous ſpleene.
 VVhere, though cleere *Seuerne* ſet her Princely ſelfe betweene
 The *Engliſh* and the *Welſh*, yet could not make them ceaſe.
 Heere, *Weener*, as a Flood affecting godly peace,
 His place of ſpeech reſignes; and to the Muſe refers
 The hearing of the Cauſe, to ſtickle all theſe ſtirs.

Illustra

Illustrations.

NOW are you newly out of *Wales*, returned into *England* : and, for conueniency of situation, imitating therein the ordinary course of Chorography, the first Shire Eastward (from *Denbigh* and *Flint*, last sung by the Mule) *Chester*, is here surveyed.

Of our great English blonds as carefull——

For, as generally in these Northern parts of *England*, the Gentry is from ancient time left preferred in continuance of Name, Bloud, and Place, so most particularly in this *Chester*, and the adioyning *Lancashire*: which, out of their numerous families, of the same name, with their chiefe Houses and Lordships, hath bene obserued.

And, of our Counties, Place of *Palatine* doth hold.

We haue in *England* III. more of that title, *Lancaster*, *Durham*, and *Ely*; and, vntill later time, *Hexamsire* in the Westerne part of *Northumberland*, was so reputed. *William the Conqueror*, first created one *Hugh Wolfe* a *Norman*, Count *Palatine* of *Chester*, and gaue the Earledome to hold, as freely as the King be his Crowne. By this supremacy of liberty he made to himselfe Barons, which might assist him in Counsell, and had their Courts and Consists of Pleas in such sort regarding the Earledome, as other Barons the Crowne. * *Ego Comes Hugo & mei Barones confirmamus ista omnia*, is subscribed to a Charter, whereby he founded the Monastery of *S. Werburg* there. For the Name of *Palatine*, know, that in ancient time vnder the Emperours of declining *Rome*, the title of Count *Palatine* was; but so, that it extended first only to him, which had care of the Household and Imperiall reueneue; which is now (so saith *Wesembecch*: I affirme it not) as the *Marshall* in other Courts: but was also communicated by that Honorary attribute of *Cornitina Dignitas*, to many others, which had anything proportionat, place or descent, as the Code teacheth vs. In later times both in *Germany* (as you see in the *Palgrane* of *Rhine*) in *France*, (which the Earledome of *Champagne* shewes long time since in the Crowne; yet keeping a distinct *Palatine* Government, as *Peeter Pitbon*¹ hath at large published) and in this Kingdome such were hereditarily honored with it, as being neere the Prince in the Court (which they, as we, called the *Palace*) had by their State-carriage, gain'd full opinion of their worth, and ability in gouernement, by deegat Power of territories to them committed, and heere after titled *Countes le Palais*, as our Law annals call them. If you desire more particulars of the Power and great State of this *Palatine* Earledome, I had rather (for a speciall reason) send you to the marriage of *Hen. III.* and *Q. Eleanor* in *Matthew Paris*; where *Iohn Scot*, then Earle of *Chester* bare, before the King, *S. Edwards* Sword, call'd *Curtain*, which the Prince at Coronation of *Henry IV.* is recorded to haue done as Duke of *Lancaster*; and with you to examine the p. lliges there, with what, *Bratton*² hath of Earles, and our yeare booke of the *High Constable* of *England*, then here offer it my selfe. To adde the royalties of the Earledome, as Courts, Officers, Franchises, formes of Proceeding, euen as at *Westminster*, or the diminution of its large liberties by the Statute of ³ *Reumption*, were to trouble you with a harsh digression.

Our Leopards they so long and brauely did aduance.

He well call's the Coate of *England*, Leopards. Neither can you iustly obiect the

R

* *Confirm. in Curman. & Britan.*

* *Stat. 14. Hen. cap. 12.*

* *Earle Hugh and my Barons haue confirmed all this.*

* *C. de Offic. Com. Sac. Palat. & E. de feo. de vis. Com. flamin. & Cod. lib. 22.*

* *In Parlat. C. l. tit. 34.*

* *Liure 1. des Comtes de Champagne & Brit. De Palatinorum nostroru nomini Savistun. Palat. erat. 6. cap. 16. & Epist. 163. & Archid. in Tr. Lond. iam vero & typis commiss. apud Crisp. Jurisdict. Com.*

* *De acq. rer. d. m. cap. 16. §. 1.*

* *6 Hen. 3. Kilo way & v. 1. book. tit. Prerog. 31. & 27. Hen. 3. cap. 24.*

offe error
wyden.

Seas. 14. Ed.

19. Hen 3.
The Emper-
or sent to Hen-
ry three Leo-
pards, as allu-
ding to the
arms of Eng-
land.

Pass. 22. Ed. 4.
art. 2 memb. 13.
Pat. 27. Hen. 6
memb. 46.

Pont. Henric.
de Vet. Belgio. 2.

1 Nichol. Ppon.
dore Militari
lib. 3.

In Denial
199. Cant.
The Pontific.
lib. 4.

* Because the
old Soldiers
of Julius his le-
gions resided
there.
Comestura in
Malmesburien-
sem.

* Humph. Luid in
Breviario.

* A great legi-
on.

the common blazon of it, by name of Lions, or that assertion of *Polydore* igno-
rance, telling us that the Conqueror bare three *Fleurs de lis*, and three *Lions*, as
quartered for one Coat, which hath bin, & is as all men know, at this present born
in our Soueraignes armes for *France* and *England*; and so, that the quartering
of the *Fleurs* was not at all vntill *Ed. III.* to publish his title, and gaine the *Fle-*
mish forces (as you haue it in *Froissart*) bare the *French* armes, being then *Az-*
ure scemy with *Fleurs de lis*, and were alterward contracted to III. in time of *Hen-*
V. by *Charles VI.* because he would beare different from the *Englisch* King, who
notwithstanding presently seconded the change, to this houre continuing:
Nor could that *Italian* haue falne into any error more palpable, and in a pro-
test Antiquary to ridiculous. But to proue them anciently Leopards, * *Misit*
ergo (saith *A. at the v. Paris*) *Imperator* (that is *Frederique II.*) *Regis Anglorum*
tres Leopardos in signum Regalis Cypri, in quodres Leopardis transiuntes figuran-
tur. In a *Ms.* of *I. Gowers Confessio Amantis*, which the Printed books haue not,
Ad laudem Christi, quem in Virgo peperisti,
Sic laus RICHARDI, quem sceptrum colunt Leopardi.

And *Edward IV.* granted to *Lewes* of *Bruges* Earle of *Winchester*, that he
should beare d'Azur, & dix *Masles en arme d'un Canton de Nostre Propre arme*
d'Engleterre, C'est assauoir de Goules ung Leopard passant d'or, arme d'Azur, as
the Patent speakes: and likewise *Hen. VI.* to Kings Colledge in *Cambridge*,
gaue a Coat Armor, III. Roses, and *Summo scuti Partitum Principale de Azore*
cum Francorum flore deo, Rubeo cumpeditante Leopardo, and calls them *Parcelle*
Armorum, qua nobis in regnis Anglia & Francia iure debentur. I know it is o-
therwise now receiued, but withall, that Princes, being supreme Iudges of Ho-
nor and Nobility, may arbitrarily change their Armes in name and Nature; as
was done vpon returne out of the Holy warre in *Godfrey* of *Bolognes* time; and
it seems it hath bin taken indifferently, whether you call them the one or other,
both for similitude of delineaments & composure (as in the Bearing of *Nor-*
mandy the County of *Zuphen* & such more) being blazon'd in *Histom de Bara-*
& other *French* Heralds, *Lion-Leopard*: and for that euen vnder this *Hen. VI.*
a great Student in Heraldry, and a writer of that kind, makes the accession of the
Lion of *Guienne*, to the Coat of *Normandy* (which was by *Hen. II.* his marriage
with *Q. Eleanor*, diuorced from *Lewes* of *France*) to be the first three Lions
Borne by the *Englisch* Kings.

Cætre legion whilst Proud Rome hir conquests here did hold.

You haue largely in that our most learned Antiquary, the cause of this name
from the Tents of *Roman* Legions, there, about *Vespasians* time. I wil only note
that *Zeland* hath long since found fault with *William* of *Malmesbury* for affir-
ming it so cald, * *quod ibi Emicisti Legionū Iulianarū refedērez*, whereas it is plain
that *Julius Caesar* neuer came nere this Territory. Perhaps, by *Julius*, he mean
Agricola (then Lieutenant here) so named, and then is the imputation laid on
that best of the Monks, vniuists to helpe it with reading *Militarium* for *Iulia-*
narum, as the Printed booke pretends, I find not sufficiently warrantable, in re-
spect that my *Ms.* very ancient, as neere *Malmesbury's* time as (it seems) may
be, and heretofore belonging to the Priory of *S. Augustines* in *Canterbury*, e-
uidently perswades the contrary.

the fortress vpon Dee.

At this day in *British* she is call'd *Cair Ebron* or *dour blwp. i. the Ciste of Le-*
gions vpon the river Dee. Some vulgar Antiquaries haue referr'd the name of
Leon to a Gyant builder of it, nor they, know not who, or when he liu'd. But
indeed ridiculously they tooke * *Leon* *Claur* for *K. Leon* the great, to whom
the Author alludes presently.

But in himselfe thereby doth Holines retaine.

He compares it with *Dee's* title presently, which hath its reason giuen before to the VII. Song. *Wener* by reason of the salt-pits at *Norwich*, *Nantwich*, and *Middlewich*, (all on his banks) hath this attribut, & that of the Sea-gods suite to him, and kind entertainment for his skill in physique, & propheticke, iustifiable in generall as well as to make *Tryphon* their Surgeon which our excellent *Spenser* hath done; and in particular cause, vpon the most respected and diuinely honored name of Salt; of which, if you obserue it vsed in all sacrifices by expresse commandement of the true God, the same is in holy writ, the religion of the Salt, set first, and last taken away as a symbole of perpetual friendship, that in *Howar* *Henry's* *Anna & Owen*, the title of *A'sonne* giuen it by *Lycophron*, and passages of the Oceans medicinale Epithets because of his salt-ness, you shall see apparant and apt testimonie.

From *VVoden*, by which name they stiled Mercury.

Of the *Britons* descent from *Ioue*, if you remember but *Enuans* sonneto *Anceifes*, and *Venus*, with her deriuation of blood from *Iupiters* parents, sufficient declaration will offer it selfe. For this of *Woden*. see somewhat to the III. Song. To what you read there, I here more fully add this: *Woden*, in *Saxon* Genealogies, is ascended to, as the chiefe Ancestor of their most Roiall Progenies; so you may see in *Nennius*, *Bede*, *Ethelwerd*, *Florence of Worcester*, an *Anonymus de Regali Prosapia*, *Huntingdon*, and *Hoveden*, yet in such sort that in some of them they goe beyond him, through *Fritbirald*, *Frealaf*, *Frishtulf*, *Fin*, *Godolph*, *Geta*, and others, to *Setb*; But with so much vncertainty, that I imagine many of their descents were iust as true as the *Theogenic* in *Hesiod*, *Apollodorus*, or that of *Prester Iohns*, sometimes deriuing it himselfe very neere from the loines of *Salomon*. Of this *Woden*, beside my Authors nam'd, speciall mention is found in *Paul's* *Warrfred* who makes *Frea* his wife (others call her *Frieco*, and by her vnderstand *Venus*) and *Admetus* of *Breme*, which describe him as *Mars*, but in *Geffrey of Monmouth*, & *Floris*, in *Hengist* town person, he is affirm'd the same with *Mercurie*, who by *Tacitus* report was their chiefe Deity, and that also is warranted in the denomination of our *Woden* day (according to the Dutch *Wodensdag*) for the fourth day of the week titled by the ancient *Pietate* account with Name of *Mercury*. If that allusion in the Illustrations of the III. Song to *Merc*, allow it him not, then take the other first taught me by *Lipsius* fetching *Wodan* from *Wolun* which is to *Gain*, and so make his name *Wondan* expressing in that sense the selfe name of *Enuans* vsed by the *Greekes*. But without this inquiry you vnderstand the Author.

Here put the German names vpon the V Weekly daies.

From their *Sunnan* for the sunne *Monan*, for the Moone, *Tuisco*, or *Tuisto* (of whom see to the IV Song) for *Mars*, *Woden* for *Mercury*, *Thor* for *Iupiter*, *Fro*, *Frie*, or *Frigo* for *Venus*, *Saeter* for *Saturne*, they stiled their daies *Sunnan-dæg*, *Monan-dæg*, *Tuiscons-dæg*, *goden*, *dæg*, *þorps-dæg*, *fries-dæg*, *Saeterp-dæg*; thence came our names now vied *Sunday*, *Monday*, *Tuesday*, *Wednesday*, *Thursday*, *Friday*, *Saturday*, which Planetary account was very ancient among the *Aegyptians* (having much *Hebrew* discipline) but so superstitious, that being great Astronomers and very obseruant of mysteries produced out of number and quantity, they began on the Jewish Sabbath and imposed the name of *Saturne*, on the next the *Sunne*, then the *Moon*, as we now reckon omitting two Planets in euery Nomination, as you easily conceiue it.

R 2

One

* *Enuans* sonneto
11. cap. 12.
* Salt of the
Courtaine.
* *Col. Rhodys.*
Antiq. Lett. 12.
* cap. 1. P. *Pho-*
caris Sympol.
cap. 10.
* *Iliad.* 1. P. *Lip.*
Saturnal. 1. cap.
2.
* He sprinkled
it with diuine
Salt.
* In *Cassandra*.
* A *Clester*.
* *Col. Ant. Lett.*
11. cap. 22.

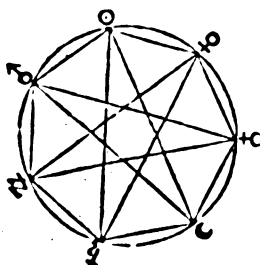
* *Damiana* Ge-
es de monb. *Ar-*
thopum.
* *De Longford*.
1. cap. 1.
* *Hist. Enclif-*
ast. lib. 4. cap.
91.

* *Ad Tard.*
Germ. not 11.
* *Lucian* in *Ti-*
more.
* *Mercury* pre-
sident of *Gains*

* *Dion. Nyl. Rom.*
12.

De Fundam.
prop. 1. Eum-
um de hinc re
hinc om. & lib
D. D. D. D. D.
perito agnosci-
um.

One might seeke, yet misse the reasons of that forme; but nothing gives satisf-
faction equall to that, of All-penetrating *Ioseph Scaliger*, * whose intended rea-
son for it is thus. In a Circle describe an Heptagonall and Equilaterall figure;
from whose every side shall fall equilaterall Triangles, and their angles respec-
tively on the corners, of the inscribed figure, which are noted with the Planets,



after their own interrupted order. At the right
side of any of the Baies begin your account,
from that to the oppositely noted Planet, thence
to his opposite, and so shall you find a continued
course in that Order (grounded perhaps among
the Ancients upon mysteries of number, and in-
terchanged government by those superior bodies
ouer this habitable Orb) which some haue swea-
red at, in inquiry of Proportions, Musique distan-
ces, & refer'd it to Planetary hours: whereas They
(the very name of *Houre* for a XXIIII. part of

day, being vnusall till about the *Peloponnesique* warre) had their originall of
later time, then this II^d domad. II account, whence the *Heure* is from the
morning of every day had his breeding, and not the other from this, as Pre-
ceding & Vulgar Astrologers. receiue in supposition. At last, by *Constantine*
the great, and *Pope Syluester*, the name of *Sunn-day*, was turned into the * *Lord*
day, as it is stiled *Dominicus & uener-*; of *Saturday*, into the *Sabbath*, and the reli-
not long after ward named according to their Numerall order, as the *First*, *Se-*
cond, or *Third Feria* (that is *Holy-day*, thereby keeping the remembrance of *Ester-*
re k, the beginning of the Ecclesiastique yeere, which was kept every day *Hol-*
ly) for *Sunday*, *Monday*, *Tuesday*. You may note here that *Cesar* was deceiued
in tellings, the *Germans* worshipt no other Gods * but *quos cernunt & quo-*
rum opibus capiuntur, *Solem*, *Vulcanum*, & *Lunam*, *rel. quos ne famam qu-*
l inaccessi-; For you see more then those thus honored by them, as also they
n^d their *Egypten* Monath for *April*, dedicated to some adored Power of
that names; but blame him not, for the discouerie of the Northerne parts, was
out in weakest infancie, when he deliuered it.

Good Ethelbert of Kent first Christned English King.

About the yeere DC. Christianity was receiued among the *Saxons*, this
Filiberis (being first induced to talke that happinelle by *Berta* his Queene, a
Christian, and daughter to *Hiprie* (or *Lother* the I.) K. of *France*) was after-
ward baptized by *Augustine* a Monk sent thither, with other workmen for such
charuelt, by PP. *Gregory* the I. zealously being mov'd to conuersion of the
English nation: so that after the first comming of *Hensst* they had liued here
C. L. yeers by the comon account without mixture of true religion; nor did the
Britons who had long before (as you see to the VIII. song) receiued it, at all im-
part it by instruction, which *Gildas* imputes to them for merit of diuine re-
uenge. *White* * of *Basingstoke* (I must cite his name, you would laugh at me, if I
affirm'd it) refers to *Kents Paganism*, and *British Christianity* before this con-
uersion, the originall of our vulgar by-word *Nor in Christendome, Nor in Kent*.

That abstinence of Flesh for forty daies began.

Began it here, (so vnderstand him, for plainly that fasting time was long
before in other Churches, as appears in the Decreeing Epistle of PP. *Tel-*
shore, com. Putting that the Clergie should fast from *Quinquagesima* (that is,
shroue-tuesday) to Easter, whereas the Laity, and they both were before
bound

* *Nicophorus*. Co-
m. II. E. d. H. p.
C. 10. p. 10. To
194. I. v. d. h. v.
C. 10. p. 10.

Co-m. Gal.
11. 6.
* Whom they
see and haue
the Sun, Moon
and the Fire,
by name of
Pagan.
Bed. lib. de
Temporibus.

* *H. 7. m. 24*

DC. XL.
1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.
1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.
1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

bound but to VI. weekes accounted, as now from the first Sunday in Lent, so that, even from the first of Chrillianitie, for remembrance of our Saviour, it seems, it hath been obserued, although I know it hath been refer'd to *Telephorus*, as first author. He died in C. XL. of Christ. But if you compare this of him with that of P.P. *Melchiales* (some C. LXX. yeeres after) taking awate the fast vpon Sunday, and Thursday, you will loose therein fortie daies, and the common name of *Quadragesime*; but againe find it thus. S. *Gregorne* (after both these) makes Lent to be so kept, that yet no fasting be vpon Sundais; because (among other reasons) hee would haue it as the Tenth of Time consecrated to God in Praier and abstinence (and the Canonists, how iustly I argue not, put it in their diuision of Personall duties.) then, in this form, after the exception, calculates our his Number. From the first Sunday in Lent to Easter, are VI. Weekes, that is, XLII. daies, whence VI. Sundais subtracted, remaine XXXVI. which (fractions auoided) is the quotient of CCC. LXV. being the number of the common yeere, diuided by X. But seeing that holy number (as he calls it) of XL. which our Saviour honored with his falling, is by this reckoning excluded, he adds, to the first week, the foure last daies of the *Quinquagesima* that is *Asinuednesday*, *Thursday*, *Friday*, and *Saturday*, so keeping both his conceit of Tithing, and also obseruation of that number, which we remember only (not able to imitate) in our assaid abstinence. For proote of this in *Ercubert*, both *Rede* and *Almshury*, beside their later followers, are witnesses. Their Saxon name neere ours was *Lengeten-fæsten*, as the other Foure Falls yn byten fæsten.

¹ *Ide otium Romanus, sed quod est Enobij (homo in Saxo. 1.*
² *Dist. 4. de Consecrat. c. 14. Ieiunium.*
³ *In Homil. 14. de Consecrat. c. 16.*
⁴ *Rebuffus, de decem quib. 1. num. 31.*

⁵ *Canon. lxxv.*

So Ella comming in soone from the Britons wonne.

Neere XL. yeeres after the Saxons first arriual, *Ella* (of the same nation) with his sonnes *Plencing*, or *Plating*, *Cimen*, and *Cissa* landed at *Cimenshore* in the now *Sussex* (it is supposed to be neere the *Witterings* by *Cbichester*) and hauing his forces increast by supply, after much blood shed twixt him and the *Britons*, and long siege of the City *Andredceaster*, now *Newenden* in *Kent* (as learned *Camden* coniectures) got supreme dominion of those Southerne parts, with title of K. of *Sussex*, whose sonne and successor *Cissa's* name, is yet there left in **Cippa-cea* (cep for *Cbichester* and in a hill incircled with a deep trench for military defence, call'd *Cissi-burie*, by *Ossington*. The Author first begins with him after the *Kentish*; for hee was the first that made the number of the Saxon Kings plural, by Planting & here reigning ouer the *South Saxons*: & as one was alwaies in the Heptarchie, which had title of *First*, or *chief King of the Angles and Saxons*, to this *Ella* not only was honored with^m it, but also the prerogative by priority of time, in first enioining it, before al other Princes of his nation: But his dominion afterward was for the most part still vnder the *Kentish*, and *West Saxon Kings*.

¹ *Ex antiqua charta Meret. Saxon. ap. Camden.*

² *So is he call'd in *Florus*, *W. gorn* page 111. Kingdom of *Sussex*.*

³ *Rehobord. lxxv. 1. cap. 2. Bed. lxxv. 1. cap. 3.*

Saint Wilfrid sent from York into his realm receiv'd.

This *Wilfrid* Archbish. of *York*, expell'd that See by *Egfrid* king of *Northumberland*, was kindly receiued by *Edulwalch* (otherwise *Eibetwalch*, being before Christned through religious perswasion of his Godfather *Wulpher K. of Mercia*) and conuerted the *South Saxons* to the Gospell. He endow'd this *Wilfrid* with *Deffra* a Cherroneise in *Sussex*, and was so founder of a Bishopricke, afterward translated, vnder the *Norman Conqueror*, to *Cbichester*, whole Cathedrall Church in publique Monuments honors the name of *Cedralla* (of whom see to the IX. Song) K. of *West Sax* for her first Creator: but the reason of that was rather because *Cedralla* after death of *Eadualch* (whō he slew) so honored *Wilfrid*,^m *vs Magistru & Dominu omni Provincia in praeceptis pibilibus tota Provincia sine*

⁴ *Almsh. de ep. Pontif. 1.*
⁵ *That he committed the supreme government of that Province to him.*

fine olim assensu faciendum arbitrarium; whereupon it was, as it seems, thought fit (according to course of yeelding with the way of fortune) to forget *Edithwald* and acknowledge *Cedwalla* (then a Pagan) for his Patron of that Episcopall dignitie. It is reported that III. yeeres, before this generall receipt there of Christs profession, continued without raine; in so much that Famine, and her companion Pestilence, so vexed the Prouince, that in multitudes of XL. or L. at a time, they vsed hand in hand, to end their miseries in the wallowing waues of their neighbouring Ocean: But, that all ceased vpon *Wilfrids* preaching; who taught them also first (if *Henry of Huntingdon*s teaching deceive mee not) to catch all manner of Fish, being before skilled only in taking of Eeles. I know, ^{to men} *Wolme* make *Ealbert* Abbot of the Monastery in *Selfey*, vnder K. *Ine*, first Bishop there, adding, that before his time the prouince was subiect to *Winch-ster*; but that rightly vnderstood discords not; that is, if you referre it to instauration of what was discontinued by *Wilfrids* returne to his Archbishopsprique.

Adopting for his heire yong Edmund.

Penla K. of *Mercland* had slaine *Sigebert* (or *Sebert*) and *Anna* Kings of *East-Angles*, and to in Dominion might be said to haue posselt that kingdom; But *Anna* had diuers successors of his blood, of whom, *Ethelbert* was traitorously slaine in a plot dissembled by *Ossa* K. of *Mercland*, and this part of the Heptarchy confounded in the *Mercian* Crowne. Then did *Ossa* adopt this *S. Edmund* a Saxon, into name of successor in that kingdom: which he had not long enioy'd but that through barbarous crueltie, chiefly of one *Hingwar* a Dane (Polydore will needs haue his name *Agner*) he was with miserable torture martyred, vpon the XIX. of Nouember, whither his Canonization directeth vs for holy memory of him.

And slew a thousand Monks as they deuoutly prayd.

You may add CC. to the Authors number. This *Ethelfrid* or *Edisfrid* K. of *Northumberland*, aspiring to increase his territory's, made war against the bordering Britons. But as he was in the field, by *Chester*, neere the onser, hee saw, with wonder, a multitude of Monks assembled, in a place by, somewhat secure; demanded the cause, and was soone inform'd that they werether ready to assist his enemies swords with their deuout Orizons, and had one call'd *Breccmail*, professing their defence from the *English* forces. The King no sooner heard this, but * *Ergo* (sayth he being a Heathen) *si aduersus nos, ad Dominum suum clamant. profecto & ipsi quamuis arma non ferant, contra nos pugnant, qui aduersus nos imprecationibus persequuntur*; presently commands their spoile, which so was perform'd by his Souldiors, that CIO. CC. were in their deuotions put to the sword. A strange slaughter of Religious persons, at one time and place; but not so strange as their whole number in this one Monasterie, which was CIO. CIO. C. not such idle lubberly sets as later times pester'd the world withall, truly pictur'd in that * description of (their Character) Slouth.

With two slimp eyne
I must sit said the Hegge, or else I must needs nap,
I may not stonde ne soupe, ne without in sole kneele,
Where I brought a bed (but if my talende it made)
Should ne ringung do me rise, or I were ripe to dine.
He began Benedicite with a belke, and his byest knocked
And rasked, and rored, and rut at the last;

If I should dye by this date, we lye not to loke.
 I can not perthly in pater noit, as the wyle it singeth
 But I can rimes of Robin Hod, and Randall of Cheller,
 But of our Lord our Lady I lerne nothing at all.
 I am occupied euerie day, holy day and other
 With tale tales at the Ale, and other while in Churches.
 Gods paine and his passion full selde thinke I thereon
 I bidde neuer feblemen, ne settred folke in puttes,
 I haue leuer here an Harlotrie, or a somers game,
 Or leasings to laugh at and blyve my neighbours,
 Then all that euer Marke made, Math, Iohn and Lucas.
 And Tingles and fasting daies all these let I passe
 And lie in bed in Lent, and in Lemman in mine awnes.
 I haue ben Priest and Parson passing thyrtie winter
 Yet can I nether Golfe ne sing, ne Sants liues read
 But I can find in a scild, or in a furlong an bare
 Better then in Beatus Vir, or in Beati Omnes.

Not such were those Bangor Monks: but they * *Omnes de labore manuum suarum vivere solebant.* Oblerue here the difference twixt the more ancient times and our corrupted neighbour ages, which haue been so branded, and not vnjustly, with dissembled bestiall sensualities of Monastique profession, that in the vniuersall visitation vnder Hen. VIII. euerie Monastie afforded shamefull discouerie of Sodomites and Incontinent Friers; in *Canterbury Priory of Benedictines IX.* Sodomites, in *Battel Abbey XV.* and, in many other, like proportion; larger reckoning will not satisfie if you account their Wenches, which married and single (for they affected that variety) supplied the wants of their counterfeited solitarinelle, so that, hereupon, after an account of DC. Couents of Monks and Friers, with Mendicantes, in this kingdome, when time endured them, * *Je laisseray, sayth one, maintenant au Lecteur calculer combien par le moins deuoint estre de fils de Putains en Angletere, ie di seulement fils de Moines & de Putaines.* These werethey who admir'd all for Hebrew or Greeke which they vnderstood not, and had at least (as many of our now professing formalists) *Latine* enough to make such a speech as *Rablass* hath to Gargantua for *Paru Bels*, and call for their *Vinum Cos*, which, in one of them personated, receiue thus from a Noble Poet.

*Fac Extra: nihil hoc: extr. et totum su oportet,
 Sobrie .n. insit atq; pie potare iubet Lex.
 Vinum latificat Cor hominis, praecepit Cos.
 Gratia su Domino, Vinum Cos, inquit, habemus.*

How my Reader talles this, I know not; therefore I willingly quit him, and add only, that *Williams of Malinesbury* grossely erres in affirming that this Bangor * is turn'd into a Bishopricke; but pardon him, for he liued in his Cloister & perhaps was deceiued by Equiuocation of Name, ther being in *Carenan* a Bishopricke of the same title to this day, which some bodie later hath on the other side ill taken for this.

Who reordained Yorke a Bishops government.

For in the *British* times it had a Metropolitique See (as is noted to the IX. Song) and now by *Edwine* (conuerred to Christian discipline both through means of his Wife *Ethelburg*, daughter to *Ethelbert K.* of Kent, and religious perswasion of Gods Ministres) was restored to the former Dignity, & *Paulinus*, inie, honored with name of Archbishop being afterwards banisht that Province, and made Bishop of *Recheester*, which, some haue ignorantly made him before.

Nor

* Affixed of handy labour

* I leave it to the Reader to guess, how many Bastards the Monks and Friers got for the Lusty.
 * *H. Septimus l'Entred. li. an traite de la conuersione* &c. 1. chap. 21.
 * *Iam, Dant, Satyr. 3.*

* *Ioh. 8. 12. 4. de Pontific. in Domesday lib. 1. Ant. lib. An. dem. per Europ. edit. 1590.*

Not those that in the stem of Saxon Crida came.

Most of our Chronologers begin the Mercian race royall with *Penda*, But *Henry of Huntingdon* (not without his proofes and followers) makes *Crida* (Grandfather to *Penda*) first in that kingdome.

Confirm'd in Christs belief by that most reverend Chad.

This *Wulpher*, Sonne to *Penda*, restored to his Fathers kingdome, is reported with his owne hands to have slaine his two tonnes *Wulpha* and *Rufin*, for that they priuily withdrew themselves to that famous *S. Chad*, or *Cedda* Bishop of *Lichfield*, for instruction in the Christian faith; and all this is supposed to be done where the now *Stone* in *Staffordshire* is seated. Hereupon the Author writes. But, the credit of it is more then suspicious, not only for that in *Classique* authority I find his issue only to be *Kenred*, and *S. Werburge* (by *Ermenegild* daughter to *Erconbert* of *Kent*) but withall that he was both Christian, and a great Benefactor to the Church. For it appears by consent of all, that *Penda*, *Weda*, or *Penda* (all these names he hath) eldest sonne of the first *Penda*, first receiued in *Alde Egle* (part of *Mercland*) the faith, and was Baptized by *Finnan* Bishop of *Lindisfarne*; after whose violent death, in spight of *Osa* King of *Northumberland*, *Immin*, *Ebba*, and *Edberis* Gentlemen of Power in *Mercland* saluted *Wulpher* (Brother to *Penda*) King of all that Prouince who was then, as it seemes, (by *Florence* of *Worcester*, and *Bede* reporting of *IV*. Bishops in succession preferred by him) of Christian name; But howsoeuer he was at that time, it is certaine that in the *II*. or *III*. yeeres of his raigne, he was Godfather to *K. Edwalch* of *Sussex*, and bestowed on him as a gift in token of that spirituall adoption, the *Ile of Wight* with an other territorie in *West Saxonic*, and gaue also to *S. Cedda* (made, by consent of him and *K. Osa*), Bishop of *Lindisfarne* *L. Hides* of land (a *Hide*, * a plough land, or a *Carne*, I hold cleerly equivalent) towards foundation of a Monastery. All this compared, and his life, in our Monks, obserued, hardly endures this note of perfection; which in respect of his foundership of *Peterborough Abbey*, *Robert* of *Sinapham* a Monk there reporting it, or those from whom he had it, might better in silence have buried it, or rather not so vngratefully fau'd it. I only find one thing notably ill of him; that he, first of the English Kings, by *Simone* made a Bishop which was *Wine* of *London*, as *Malmesbury* is Author.

And (through his Rule) the Church from Taxes strongly freed.

Ethelbald K. of *Mercland*, Founder of *Crowland Abbey* in *Lincolnshire*, a Great, Martiall, and Religious Prince, in a Synod held (*Cuthbert* then Archbishop of *Canterbury*) enlarged Ecclesiastique libertie in this forme, *Donationem meam me uivente concedo, ut omnia Monasteria & Ecclesia Regum in publicis & legalibus, Operibus, & Oneribus absoluantur, nisi Instructionibus Arcium vel Pontium, quae nunquam ulli possunt relaxari*. He discharged all Monasteries and Churches of all kind of taxes, works, and imposts, excepting such as were for building of Forts, and Bridges; being (as it seemes the law was then) not Releasable. For, beside the authority of this Statute of *Ethelbald*, it appears frequent in Charters of the Saxon times, that, upon Endowment, and Donations, to Churches with largell words of exemption, and libertie from all secular charges, the conclusion of the *Habenlum*, was, * *Exceptis istis tribus, Expeditione, Pontis, Arcisque Constructione*, which among common Notaries, or Scribes, was so well known; that they call'd it by one generall name,

* *Trinoda*

Frmoda Necessitas, as out of *Cedwald's* Charter, to *Wulfri*, first Bishop of *S-*
ey, of the Mannor of *Pagenham* (now *Pegham*) in *Suffex*, I have beene tran-
scribed, whereupon in a Deliberatiue (concerning Papall exactions, and sub-
jection of Church-lying) held vnder *Hen. III.* after examination of Anci-
ent Kings indulgences to the Clergie, it was found, that, * *Non ad id libertatis de-*
derunt huiusmodi possessiones, quin tria sibi reseruarent semper propter publicam,
republicam utilitatem, videlicet, Expeditionem Pontis, & Arcis reparationes, & re-
fectiones. & per earum different Hostium incursionibus; although by words of a sta-
tute of *Ethelwulf* King of *West-Saxons* in the yeere *DCCLV.* made by ad-
uite both of Laity, and Spirituality, the Church was quitted a 10 of those three
Common-wealth causes of Subsidie, but inioy'd it not; For euen the * *Ca-*
pons: themselves subiect their Possessions to these seruices and duties, and vpon
interpretation of a Charter made by *Henry Beaulere*, Founder of the Prio-
rie of *S. Oswald* in *Yorkshire*, containing words of immunitie and liberty
of Tenure, as generall & effectual as might be, a great Lawyer long since af-
firm'd that yet the House was not freed of repairing *Bridges* and *Cansies*. But
all lands, as well in hands of Clerks as Lay, were subiect to particular tenures
after the Conquest: and so this kind of charges and discharges being made
rather *feodali* (as *Frailor* calls them) then *personally*, vso of them in Charters
consequently ceased. I note here to Students of Antiquitie, that, where the
printed *Ingeni* plaies this was done by *Ethelwulf* in the III. yeere of his raigne.
they must with correction make it the XXXIII. as is, without scruple, appa-
rant in the date of the synod which was *DCCLV.* of our Sauour.

The Britons had interr'd their Proto-martyrs bones.

In that vniuersall persecution vnder *Dioclesian*, and *Herculius*, this *Isk-*
gue, in *S. Alban*, testimonie of Christian profession; euen to his last breath
drawn among tormenting enemies of the Cros. His death (being the first
Martyr, as the Author here calls him, that this Country had) was at *Werlam-*
cester (i. the old *Vernham*) where, by, the Abbeys, of *S. Albons*, was afterward e-
rected.

*(Extirping other styles) and gave it * Englands name.*

Look back to the last note on the I. Song. Thus, as you see, hath the
Mufe compendiously runne through the Heptarchie, and vnited it in name
and Empire vnder *Egbert* K. of *West Saxons*: after whom, none, but his suc-
cessors, had absolut power in their kingdome. as course of storie shewes you.
Likely enough I imagine, that, as yet, expectation of the Reader is not satis-
fied in the VII. Kingdome. their beginnings, territory, and first Christianity:
therefore as a Corollary receiue this for the eyes more facile instruction.

* A more know-
ted m. s. v.
DC. LXXX

* *Math. Paris*
pag. 838.

* They a' main
refer'd those
that to they
might the let-
ter be furnish
against the ene-
mies confusion.

* *Gregor d. con-*
tr. de sum. le-
clis. c. Perma-
re. 2.

* *Kniut 44. Ed.*
p. fol. 25. a.

* *De Acquis. m.*
Dom. 2. cap. 16
S. 8.

* *anulphus Eng-*
d. 1. m.

* *Mattheus. lib.*
de gest. Trinit. 1.

See the Author
in the XVI
Song.
DCC. LXX
corrected.

* *A Cinc*
DCC.

See the XVI
Song.

Began in		First received Faith in
I. Kent the now Kent.	I. Hengist CD. LVI. from whose sonne Oise the succeeding Kings were call'd Ois- cings.	I. Ethelbert, D. XCVII. of Augustine from Gregorie I.
II. South <i>Suffex</i> Sex <i>Surrey</i> .	II. In <i>Ælla</i> about CD. XCL	II. Eddwalch DC LXI. and the whole Contry conuerted by <i>Wulfri</i> DC. LXXIX.
		III. <i>West.</i>

POLYOLBION,

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onologic
r Meak

Com- prehe. ded in	III. West- Sex	Cornwall. Devonshire. Dorset. Somerset. Wiltson. Southampton. Berkshire. Lancaster. Torke. Durham. Westmerland. Northumberland, and the neigh- boring territorie, to Edinburgh Frith; whither from Time was the name of Bernicland, & what lay on this side Time, calld Deir- land.	III. Certic, D. XIX. whose Grand-father was Gevise, & thence his people & Po- stentie called Ge- wises.	Kinegils DC. XXXV. baptized by Birin first Bi- shop of Dorche- ster in Oxford- shire.
	IV. Nor- thumber- land.	Edinburgh Frith; whither from Time was the name of Bernicland, & what lay on this side Time, calld Deir- land.	IV. Ida D. XLVII. taking all Bernic- land, as Etha XII. years after began in Deirland; but both kingdoms soone were con- founded in one.	Edwin DC. XXVI. Christned by Paulin first Arch- bishop (in the Saxon times) of Torke.
	V. Est- Sex	Essex. Middlesex. Part of Hereford.	V. Sleda after som (others say in Er- chinwin before him) about D. LXXX. both vn- certaine, and their successors.	Sebert DC. IV. dipt in holy tinc- ture by Mellum, first Bishop of London.
	VI. Est- Angle	Norfolk. Suffolk. Cambridgeshire. Part of Ely. Gloucester. Hereford. Worcester. Warwick. Leicester. Rutland. Northampton. Lincoln. Huntingdon. Bedford. Buckingham. Oxford. Stafford. Derbie. Salop. Notingham. Chester.	VI. Redwald about DC. But some talke of one Vuf- sa (whence these Kings were call'd Vuffings) to be Author of it near XXX. yeeres be- fore.	Eorpwald DC. XXXII. although Redwald were Christned, for he soone fel to Apo- stasy, by perswas- ion of his wife, and in the same Chap- pel made one altar to Christ, ano- ther to the Diuel.
	VII. Merc- land.	The Northern part of Hereford. But in these the Inhabit- ants of the Inlands were called Middle-En- gles, and the Mer- cians diuided into names of ther local quarters.	VII. In Penda DC. XXVI. Others will in Crida, some XL. before.	Penda K. of Middle- Engle* DC. LIII. baptized by Finna bishop of Lindes- farne, but eniarged the professiō of it in Vulpher next K. there.
				Perhaps

Perhaps as good authority may be given against some of my proposed Chronologie, as I can iustifie my selfe with. But although so, yet I am therefore freed of error, because our old Monkes exceedingly in this kind corrupted, or deficient, afford nothing able to rectifie. I know the *East-Angles*, by both ancient and later authority, begin about C. yeares before; but if with Synchronisme you examine it, it will be found most absurd. For, seeing it is affirmed expressly, that *Rodwald* was slaine by *Ethelfrid* K. of *Northumberland*, and being plaine by * *Bede* (take his storie together, & relie not vpon Syllables & false printed copies) that it must needs be neere DC. (for *Edwin* succeeded *Ethelfrid*) and that, *Issa* was tom XXX. yeares before; what calculation will cast this into lesse then D. yeares after Christ? Forget not (if you desire accurat times) my admonition to the I V. Song, of the XXII. yeares error vpon the *Dionysian* account, especially in the beginning of the Kingdoms, because they are for the most part reckoned in Old Monkes from the coming of the *Saxons*, Where you find different names from these, attribute it to misreading old copies, by such as haue published *Carpenevala* for *Eorpenwald*, or *Earpwald*; *Penda* also perhaps for *Wenda*, mistaking the *Saxon* p. for our P. and other such, variably both Written and Printed. How in time they successiue came vnder the *West-Saxon* rule, I must not tell you, vnles I should vntimely put on the person of an Historian. Our common Annals manifest it. But know here, that although seauen were, yet but five had any long continuance of their supremacies:

The Sarons tho in ther power (tho thii were forie)
Scur Kingdomes made in Engclonde and * (uthe but time,
The King of Northumberland, and of Eastangle also
Of Kent and of Westsex, and of the March ther to.

* *Ethelfrid*, 1.
cap. 9. v. b. l. g. m.
d. i. ex. c. m. l. i. m.
v. i. q. u. i. n. g. t. e. f. i. m. o.

* *Afterward*.

as *Robert of Gloucester*, according to truth of Story hath it, for *Essex* & *Southsex* were not long after their beginnings (as it were) annex to their Ruling neighbour Princes.

A Nation from their first bent naturally to spoile.

Indeed so were vniuersally the *German* (out of whom our *Saxons*) as *Tacitus* relates to vs; * *Nec arare terram aut exspectare annum tam facile persuaseris, quam vocare bestes & vulnera curari. Pigrum quinimò & iners videtur sudore acquirere quod possis sanguine parare*, and more of that nature were read in him.

* You could not so easily persuade them to husbandry, as to Martiall conflict; Nor thought they it better then slouthful, to get their by wheat, which they might haue by blood.
* Instituted a Schoole for children. To Schoole-masters, according to the fashion at *Canterbury*.

Of famous Cambridge first

About the year DC. XXX. *Sigeber* (after death of *Eorpenwald*) returning out of *France*, whither his father *Rodwald* had banished him, and receiuing the *East-angle* Crown, assisted by *Felix* a *Burgognone* and first Bishop of *Dunwich* (then call'd *Dunmoe*) in *Suffolke*; desiring to imitate what he had seene obseruable in *France*, for the common good, * *Instituit scholam* (read it *scholas*, if you will, as some do, I see no consequence of worth) in qua *Pueri literis erudirentur*, as *Bede* writeth. Out of these words thus generally, *Cambridge* being in *Eastangle*, hath beene taken for this Schoole, and the Schoole for the Vniuersity. I will belecue it (in so much as makes it then a Vniuersity) not much sooner then that (I know not what) *Gurguntius* with *Cantaber*, some CL. yeares before Christ, founded it; or, those Charters of K. *Arthur*, Bulls of Pope *Honorius* and *Sergius* sent thither, *Anaximander* or *Anaxagoras* their studies there, with more such pretended & absurd vnlikelihoods; vnies euery Grammar Schoole be an Vniuersity, as this was, where children were taught by * *Pedagogi & Magistri iuxta Morem Cantuariorum*, as *Bede* hath expressly: which so makes *Canterbury* an Vniuersity also, But neither is there any touch in authentique and ancient story, which iustifie a

* Hired a Barne
to read in, and
to continued till
the number of
their Schollars
exceeded the
content of that,
or any Church

lified these Schooles instituted at Cambridge, but generally somwhere in *Engl.* Reasons of inducement are fram'd in multitudes on both sides. But, for my owne part, I neuer saw any sufficiently probable, and therefore most of all relievpon what authorities are afforded. Among them I ever prefer'd the *Appendix* to the Story of *Crowland* suppos'd done by *Peter* of *Blois*, affirming that vnder *Hen. I.* (he lived very neere the same time: therefore beleue him in a matter not subiect to caules of Historians temporizing) *Ieffred* Abbot of *Crowland*, with one *Gilbert* his Commaigne, and 111. other Monkes came to his Maior of *Cotenham*, as they vsed oft times, to read, and thence daily going to Cambridge, *Conduito, quodam horreo publico suas scientias p. l. am. proficenter;* *in breui temporis excursu, et tandem discipulorum numerum contraxerunt. Anno vero secundo aduentus illorum, tantum accrevit discipulorum numerus, tam ex tota patria quam ex oppido quod qualibet domum maxima, heret. w. nec vlla ecclesia sufficeret eorum receptaculo;* and so goes on with an ensuing frequency of Schooles. If before this there were an Vniuersity, I imagine that in it was no profest *Aristot.* *Ethiques*, which tell vs * *de his Ethicis dicitur:* for, then would they not have permitted learned Readers of these sciences (whom all that hate not the Mules could not but loue) to be compell'd into a Barne, in stead of Schooles. Nor is it tolerable in conceit, that for neer D. years (which interceded twixt this, and *Sigebert*) no fitter place of profession should be erected. To this time others haue refer'd the beginning of that famous Seminary of good literature: and, it come be left for me, I offer subscription; but alwayes vnder reformation of that most honored *Turrelles* Pupils, which shall (omitting fabulous trash) iudiciously instruct otherwise. But the Author here out of *Po. dore*, *Leland*, and others of later time relying vpon coniecture hath his warrant of Letter credit then *Cassiodorus*, an other relater of that Arcadian Originall which some haue so violently patronized.

Renowned Oxford built to learn'd Apolla's brood.

So is it affirm'd (of that learned K. yet knowing not a letter vntill he was pa XII.) by *Pol. dore*, *Bale*, and others; grounding themselves vpon what *Alfred* beneficence and most deserving care hath manifested in Royall Prouision for that sacred Nourice of Learning. But iustly it may be doubted, lest they tell of an insaturation of what was deficient, for institution: for although you grant that he first founded *Vniuersity Colledges*, yet it follows not, but there might be common Schooles, & Colledges, as at this day in *Leyden*, *Gersse*, and other Places High and Low *Germany*. If you please, fetch hither that of *Greek* *lode* (to the Song) which I will not importune you to beleue: but without scruple you can credit that of a Monke * of *S. Dewi's* (made Grammar and Rhetoric Reader there by K. *Alfred*) in these words of the year DCCC. LXXXVI. * *Orta est pessima ac terribissima Oxonia discordia inter Grimboldum* (this was a great and devout Scholar, whose aide *Alfred* vsed in his disposition of Lectures) *et alios, quos illos v. ros secum aduinxit, & veteres illos scholasticos quos ibidem inuenerat: quies aduenit, leges, modos, ac praelegendi formulas ab eodem Grimboldo inuenerat, omnes ex parte amplecti recusabant.* And a little after, *Quinetiam probati & ostendebant idq. indubitato veterum annualium testimonio illius loci Ordines Instituta, a nonnullis p. & eruditissimis hominibus fuisse aucta, ut a Gildas, Adelmus* he was a great Mathematician, and as *Gildas* also, lived between D. and D. *Nennius* (the Printed booke hath falsly *Nennius*) *K. nigeno* (he lived about I X.) & *alys, qui omnes litteras illi conuenienter, omnia ibidem se respice & cōc. alimuntur* *transes* and affirm'd also that Letters had there been happily prof in very ancient time, with frequency of Scholars, vntill inruption of *Pag.*

* *Alfred. Memor.*
ant. de 309. Al.
fred.

* A great controuersie grew twixt those new Schollars which *Alfred* brought thither, & those which of ancient time were there before, &c.

* About *Alfred's* time before his institution a Grammarian was not found in his Kingdom to teach him *Florent. Nigora.* *Ms. 109.*

(they ment *Danes*) had brought the to this lately restored deficiency. After this testimony, greater the al exceptio, what can be more plain, the Noble worth & Fame of this Pillar of the Muses long before K. *Alfred*. Neither make I any great question, but that, where in an old Copy of *Gildas* his life (published lately by a French man) it is printed; that he studied at *Irew*, which clearly he took for a place in this Land, it should be *lecher* (& I confesse, before me one hath wel published the coniecture) for *Wid* *Irwin* the *W* name of that City, expressing as much as *Oxford*. Yet I would not willingly fall into the extreins of making it *Mempriser*, as some do, that were but vain affliction to dote on my Reuerend Mother. But because in those remote ages, not only Vniuersities and Publique Schooles (being for a time prohibited by P. P. *Gregory* for feare of breeding *Pelagians* & *Arrians*) but diuers Monasteries & Cloisters were great Auditories of learning as appears in *Theodor* & *Adrian* Prelling at *Canterbury*, *Alatulp* and *Aldein* at *Malmesbury* (this *Aldein* hirst taught the English to write Latin Prose & Verse) *Alcuin* at *York*, *Releat* at *Larrow*, & such other mo. I guesse that hence came much obscurity to their name, omitted or suppressed by enuious Monkes of those times, then whose traditions descending through many hands of their like, we haue no credible authorities. But which focuer of these two sisters haue prerogative of Primogeniture (a matter too much controverted twixt them) None can giue them leife attribute, then to be two Radiant Eies fixt in this Island, as the beautionous face of the earths Body. To what Others haue by industrious search communicated, I adde concerning *Oxford* out of an ancient *Ms*. (but since the *Clementines*) what I there read: * *Apud Alon: e Pefulanum, Parisos, Oxoniam, Colonia, Boloniam, generalia studia ordinamus. Ad qua Prior Provincialis quilibet possit mittere duos fratres qui habeant Studeant in libertate*; And also admonish the Reader of an imposture thrust into the world this last Autumne Mart in a Prouinciall Catalogue of Bishopriques, by a Prouest Antiquary & Popish Canon of *Antwerp*, telling vs. that the *Ms*. Copy of it, found in *S. Vitors* Library at *Paris*, was written D. years since, & in the number of *Canterbury* Prouince, it hath *Oxford*; which being written *Oxonensis*, I imagined might haue bin mistaken for *Exoniensis* (as *Exonia* for *Oxon* some times) vntill I saw *Exoniensis* toyn'd also, by which flood * *Petraburgensis*, which brused all the credit of the monument, but especially of him that published it. For, who knowes not that *Peeterborough* was no Bishopricke till H. n. VIII? nor indeed was *Oxford*, which might be easily thought much otherwise, by incidence of an ignorant eye on that vainly promising title. I abtain from expatiation in matter of our Muses seates, so largely, & too largely treated of by others.

And into severall Shires the Kingdome did diuide.

To those Shires he constituted *Iustices* & *Sherifes*, call'd *sepefas* & *rhynsepefas*, the office of those two being before confounded in *Vice-Dominus*, i. *Lieutenants*; but so, that *Vicedominus* & *Viccomes* remain'd indifferent words for name of *Sherife*, as, in a Charter of K. *Edred* DCCCC. L. *Ego Binguipb Vicedominus Consul: X. Ego Alfer Viccomes an iuni X.* I find together subscribed. The *Iustices* were, as I thinke, no other then those whom they call'd *Eolbopmanum*, being the same with *Eoples*, now *Earles*, in whole disposition & government vpon delegatiō from the King (the title being *Officiary*, not *Hereditary*; except in som particular Shire, as * *Leicester*, &c.) the County was, with the Bishop of the Diocese: the Earle's fare in the Scyptezemote twise euery yare, where charge was giuen touching * *Godep* pilwe * *Jepeop* pilwite: But by the Conqueror, this meddling of the Bishop, in *Tunnes* was prohibited. The Sherife had then his Monthly Court also, as the now County Courts, instituted by the Saxon *Ed. I.* as that other of the *Turne* by K. *Edgar*. The Sherife is now in the

* *Thomas a Beke*
2^o *an* *imp* in
Robinson, *Rich*
an *an* *an* *an* *an*
cap. 6.
* *Bro. Tain*
Ap *an* *an* *an* *an*

* *Island* *an* *an*
an *an* *an* *an* *an*

* *Can* *an* *an*
an *an* *an* *an* *an*

* *Constitution*
Fraternitatis
Studij *an* *an*
an *an* *an* *an*
* *At* *an* *an*
an *an* *an* *an*
an *an* *an* *an*
an *an* *an* *an*
an *an* *an* *an*
an *an* *an* *an*
an *an* *an* *an*

* *Hist* *an* *an*
an *an* *an* *an*

* *Ad* *an* *an*
an *an* *an* *an*

* *Edgar* *an* *an*
an *an* *an* *an*

* *Can* *an* *an*
an *an* *an* *an*

* *Rich* *an* *an*
an *an* *an* *an*

* *Lin* *an* *an*
an *an* *an* *an*

* *an* *an* *an*
an *an* *an* *an*

* *an* *an* *an*
an *an* *an* *an*

* *an* *an* *an*
an *an* *an* *an*

mediat officer to the Kings Court, but it seemes that then the Earle (hauling al-
wayes the third part of the shires profits, both before and since the *Normans*)
had charge vpon him. For this diuision of Countries: how many he made, I
know not, but *Malmesbury*, vnder *Esbehed*, affirms, there were XXXII. (*Robert*
of *Glocester* XXXV.) about which time *Winchelcomb* was one, but then ioyn'd
to *Glocestershire*: thole XXXII. were

IX. Go- uerned by the West- Saxon Law.	Kent,	XV. by the Da- nish Law.	VIII. by the Merrian Law.
	Sussex,		
	Surrey,		
	Hantsire,		
	Berkshire,		
	Wiltshire,		
	Somerset,		
IX. Go- uerned by the West- Saxon Law.	Dur. et. Deno. shire.	XV. by the Da- nish Law.	VIII. by the Merrian Law.
	Essex,		
	Middlesex,		
	Suffolke,		
	Norfolk,		
	Hertford,		
	Cambridge,		
IX. Go- uerned by the West- Saxon Law.	Bedford,		
	Buckingham,		
	York.		
	Huntingdon,		
	Northampton,		
	Leicester,		
	Derby,		
IX. Go- uerned by the West- Saxon Law.	Nottingham,		
	Lincoln.		
	Oxford,		
	Warwicke,		
	Glocester,		
	Hereford,		
	Shropshire,		
IX. Go- uerned by the West- Saxon Law.	Stafford,		
	Cheshire,		
	Worcester,		

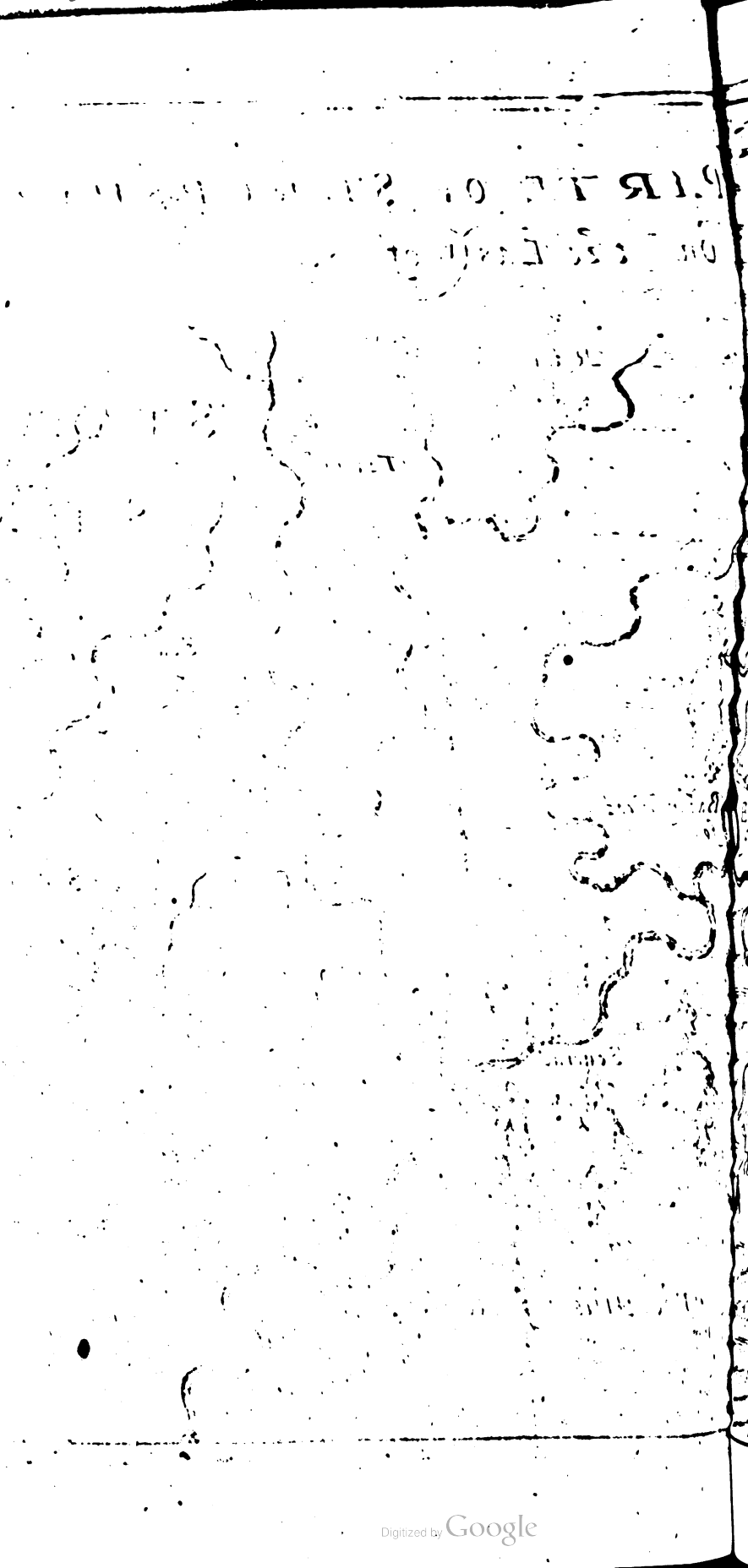
Here was none of *Cornwall*, *Cumberland* (stiled also *Carli-shire*) *Northumber-*
land, *Lancaster*, *Westmerland* (which was since tited *Apicbyshire*) *Durham*, *Mon-*
mouth, nor *Rutland*, which at this day make our number (beside the XII. in
Hales) XI. *Cornwall* (becaule of the *Britons* there planted) vntill the *Conqueror*
gaue the County to his brother *Robert* of *Moreton*, continued out of the di-
uision. *Cumberland*, *Northumberland*, *Westmerland*, and *Durham*, being all Nor-
therne, seeme to haue bin then vnder *Scottish* or *Danish* power. But the two first
receiued their diuision, as it seemes before the Conquest, for *Cumberland* had
its particular gouernors, and *Northumberland* Earles: *Westmerland* perhaps
began when *K. John* gaue it *Robert Vipont*, ancestor to the *Cliffords*, holding by
that Patent to this day the inheritance of the Sherifdome. *Durham* religiously
was with large immunities given to the Bishop, since the *Norman* inuasion.
Lancaster, vntill *Hen. III.* created his yonger sonne *Edmund Crouke-backe* Earle
of it, I thinke, was no County: for, in one of our old year booke a learned Iudge
affirms, that, in this *Henries* time, was the first Sherifes Tourne held there. Nor
vntill *Edward* (first sonne to *Edmund* of *Langley* D. of *York*, and afterward D. of
Aumerle) created by *Rich. II.* had *Rutland* any Earles. I know for number and
time of those, all authority agrees not with me; but I coniecture only vpon se-
lected. As *Alured* diuided the Shires first, so to him is owing the constitution
of *Hundreds*, *Tithings*, *Lathes*, & *Wapentakes*, to the end that whosoever were
not law fully, vpon credit of his *Horngates*, i. pledges, admitted in some of them
for a good Subiect, should be reckon'd as suspicious of life and loyaltie. Some
steps thereto remaine in our ancient & later Law books.

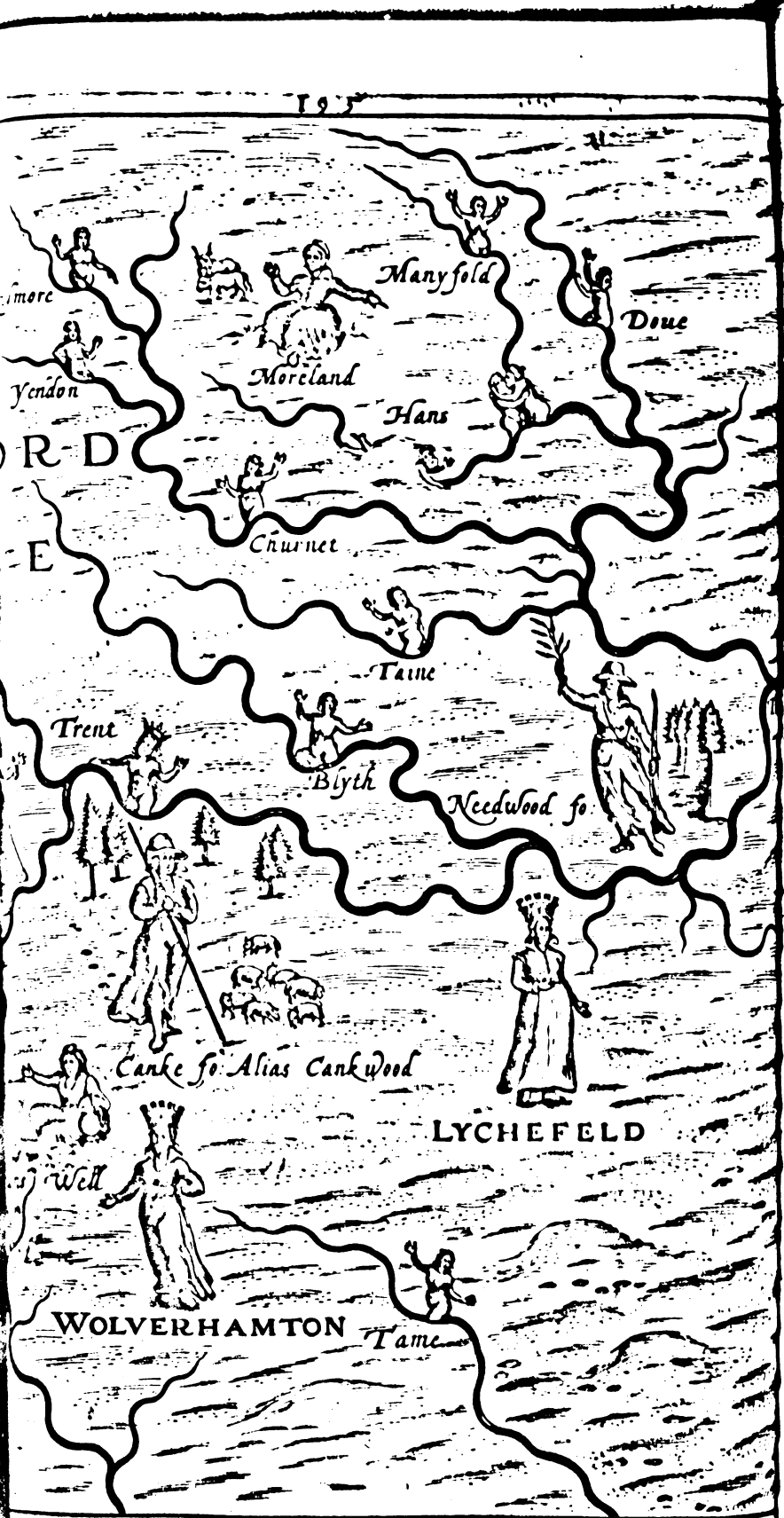
Which he an heire cloome left vnto the English throne.

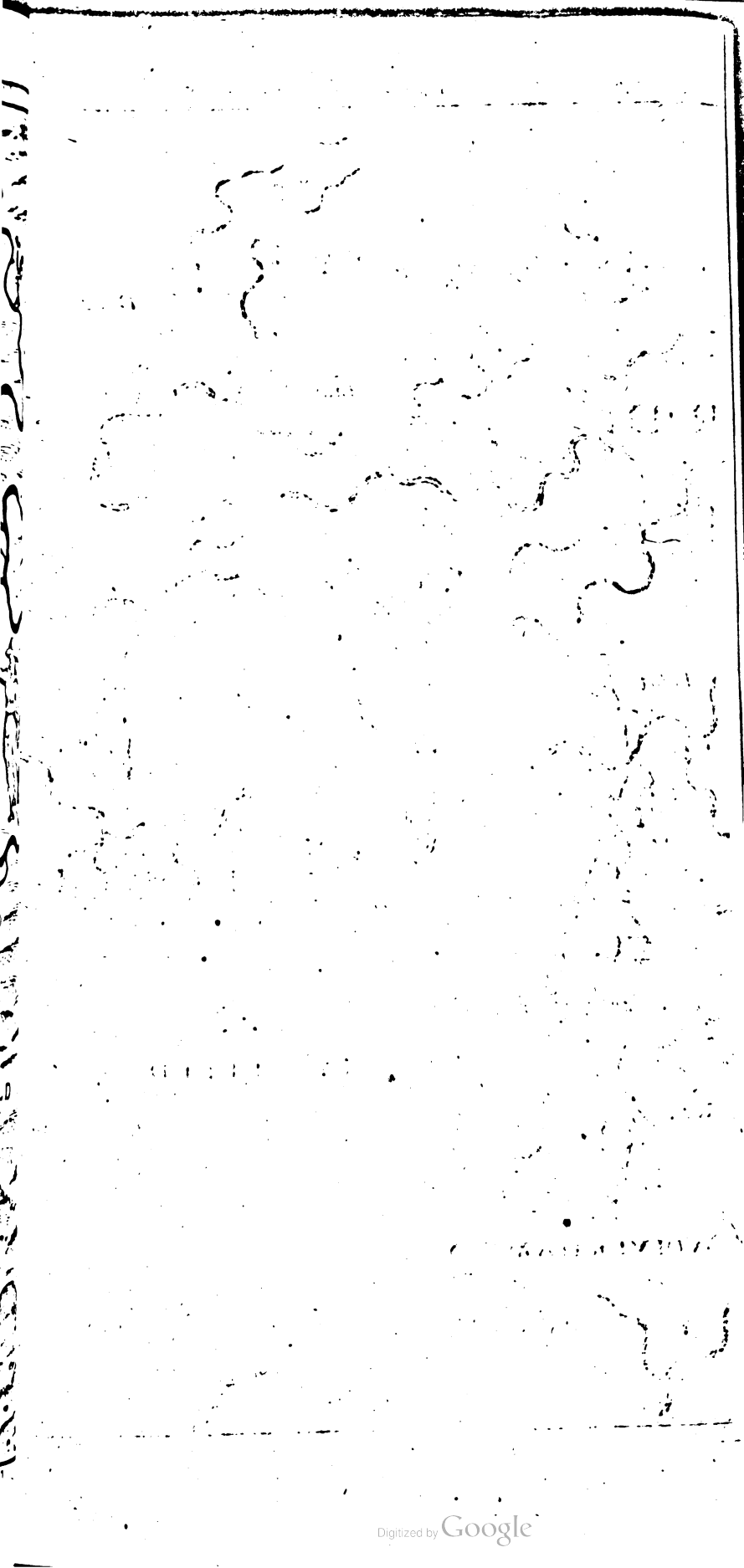
The first healing of the *Kings* Enill is refer'd to this *Edward* the *Confessor*:
and, of a particular example in his curing a yong married woman, an old monu-
ment is left to Posterity. In *France* such a kind of Cure is attributed to their
Kings also; both of that and this, if you desire particular inquisition, take *D.*
Tookey's Charisma Sanationis.

Our Countries common lawes did faithfully produce.

In *Lan bards* *Archerbury* and *Roger* of *Hunedens*, *Hen. II.* are lawes vnder
name of the *Confessor* and *Conqueror* ioyn'd and deduced for the most part out
of their predeceissors, but thole of the *Confessor* seeme to be the same, if *Malmes-*
bury deceiue not, which *K. Cant* collected, of whom his words are, *Omnes*
leges ab antiquis regibus & maxime antecessore suo Esberedo latae, sub inter-
matione Regis nullae, perpetuis temporibus observari precepit, in quarum custodia
etiam nunc tempore Bonorum sub nomine Regis Edwardi iuratur, non quod ille Sta-
uerit, sed quod obseruauerit: & vnder this name haue they bin humbly desired
by the subiect, granted with qualification, and controuerted, as a maine & first
part of liberty, in the next age, following the *Norman* Conquest. THE









The twelfth Song.

* THE ARGUMENT.

*The Muse, that part of Shropshire plyes
Which on the East of Severne lies;
Where mighty Wrekin from his height,
In the proud Cambrian Mountaines spight,
Sings those great Saxons ruling here,
Which the most famous warriors were.
And as shee in her course proceeds,
Relating many glorious deeds,
Of Guy of Warwicks fight doth straine
With Coleb:ond, that renowned Dane,
And of the famous Battels tryde
Twixt Knute and Edmond-Ironside;
To the Staffordian fields doth rone;
Visits the Springs of Trent and Doue;
Of Moreland, Cank, and Needwood sings;
An end which to this Canto brings.*

THE haughty *Cambrian* Hills enamor'd of their praise
(As they who onely sought ambitiously to raise
The blood of god-like *Brute*) their heads do proudly beare:
And hauing crown'd themselves sole Regents of the Ayre
(An other warre with Heauen as though they meant to make)
Did seeme in great disdain the bold affront to take,
That any petty hill vpon the *English* side,
Should dare, not (with a crouch) to vail vnto their pride.
VVhen *Wrekin*, as a hill his proper worth that knew,
And vnderstood from whence their insolencie grew,
For all that they appear'd so terrible in sight,
Yet would not once forgoe a iote that was his right.
And when they star'd on him, to them the like he gaue,
And answer'd glance for glance, and braue againe for braue:
That, when some other hills which *English* dwellers were,
The lustie *Wrekin* saw himselfe so well to beare
Against the *Cambrian* part, respectlesse of their power;
His eminent disgrace expecting euery howre,
Thotse Flatterers that before (with many cheerfull looke)
Had grac't his goodly site, him vterly forlooke,

S 2

And

And muffled them in cloud, like Mourners vail'd in black,
 Which of their vtmost hope attend the ruinous wrack:
 That those delicious Nymphs, sayre *Tearne* and *Reason* cleere
 (Two Brooks of him belov'd, and two that held him deare;
 Hee, hauing none but them, they hauing none but hee,
 Which to their mutuall ioy, might eithers obiekt be)
 Within their secret b'casts conceiued sundry feares,
 And as they mixt their streames, for him so mixt their teares.
 Whom, in their comming downe, when plainly he discernes,
 For them his nobler hart in his strong boosome carnes:
 But, constantly resolu'd, that (dearer if they were)
 The *Britains* should not yet all from the *English* beare;
 Therefore, quoth he, braue Flood, though forth by *Cambria* brought,
 Yet as faire *Englands* friend, or mine thou would'it be thought
 (O *Seuerne*!) let thine care my iust defence partake:
 Which sayd, in the behalle of th' *English*, thus he spake;
 Witte *Wecuer* (I suppose) sufficiently hath said
 Of those our Princes heere, which fasted, watcht, and pray'd,
 Whose deepe deuotion went for others ventrous deeds:
 But in this Song of mine, hee seriously that reads,
 Shall find ere I haue done, the *Britaine* (so extold,
 Whose height each Mountaine strides to mainly tovp-hold)
 Matcht with as valiant men and of as cleane a might,
 As skiltull to commaund, and as inur'd to fight.
 VWho, when their fortune wold that after they should scorfe
 Blowes with the big-boan'd *Dane*, eschanging force for force
 When first he put from Sea to forrage on this shore,
 Two hundred yeeres distain'd with eithers equall gore;
 Now this aloft, now that: oft did the *English* bragge,
 And oftentimes againe depressed by the *Dane*)
 The *Saxons*, then I say, themselues as brauely show'd,
 As these on whom the *Welsh* such glorious praise bestow'd.
 Nor could his angry sword, who *Egbert* over-threw
 (Through which he thought at once the *Saxons* to subdue)
 His kingly courage quell: but from his short retyre,
 His reinforced troupes (newe forg'd with sprightly fire)
 Before them draue the *Dane*, and made the *Britaine* runne
 (Whom he by liberall wage here to his ayde had wonne)
 Vpon their recreant backs, which both in flight were slaine,
 Till their huge murdered heapes manur'd each neighboring *Plaine*.
 As, *Ethelwolve* againe, his vtmost powers that bent
 Against those fresh supplies each yeere from *Denmarke* sent
 (Which, proling vp and downe in their rude *Danish* ores,
 Heere put themselues by stealth vpon the pestred shores)
 In many a doubtfull fight much fame in *England* wan.
 So did the King of *Kent*, couragous *Asbelsian*,

Which

Out of Plin-
 ny, in the
 confines of
 ardigon and
 Conyomery.

See to the
 1. Song.

VVhich heereagainst the *Dane* got such victorious daics.
 So, we the *Wiltshire* men as worthily may praise,
 That buckled with those *Danes*, by *Ceorle* and *Osrick* brought.
 And *Etheldred*, with them nine hundred Fields that fought,
 Recorded in his praise, the conquests of one yeere.
 You right-nam'd *English* then, courageous men you were
 When *Kedding* ye regain'd, led by that valiant Lord;
 Where *Hastig* ye out-brauid, and *Halden*, sword to sword,
 The most redoubted spirits that *Denmarke* heere address.

And *Alfred*, not much inferior to the rest:
 Who hauing in his dayes so many dangers past,
 In seauen braue foughten Fields their Champion *Habba* chace,
 And slew him in the end, at *Abington*, that day
 VVhole like the Sunne nere sawe in his diurnall way:
 VVhere those, that from the Field sore wounded ladly fled,
 VVere wel-neere ouerwhelm'd with mountaines of the dead.
 His force and fortune made the Foes so much to feare,
 As they the Land at last did vtterly forswear.

And, when proud *Rollo*, next, their former powers repair'd
 (Yea, when the worst of all it with the *English* far'd)
 Whole Countries neere at hand, his force did still supply
 And *Denmarke* to her drew the strengths of *Normandie*,
 This Prince in many a fight their forces still defy'd.
 The goodly Riuer *Lee* he wisely did diuide,
 By which the *Danes* had then their full-fraught Navies stow'd;
 The greatnes of whose streame besieged *Harford* rew'd.
 This *Alfred* whose fore-sight had politiquely found
 Betwixt them and the *Thames* advantage of the ground,
 A puissant hand thereto laboriously did put,
 §. And into lesser Streames that spacious Current cut.
 Their ships thus let on shore (to frustrate their desire)
 Those *Danish* Hulkes became the food of *English* fire.

Great *Alfred* left his life: when *Elfsida* vp-grew,
 That farre beyond the pitch of other women flew:
 Who hauing in her youth of childing felt the woe,
 §. Her Lords imbraces vow'd shee neuer more would know:
 But differing from her sexe (as, full of manly fire)
 This most courageous Queene, by conquest to aspire,
 The puissant *Danish* powers victoriously pursu'd,
 And resolutely heere through their thicke Squadrons hew'd
 Her way into the North. Where, *Darby* hauing wonne,
 And things beyond beliefe vpon the Enemy done,
 Shee sav'd besieged *Yorke*; and in the *Danes* despight,
 VVhen most they were vp-held with all the Easterne might,
 More Townes and Citties built out of her wealth and power,
 Then all their hostile flames could any way deuour.

S 3

And

See to the
next Song of
Rollo.

And, when the *Danish* heere the Country most destroy'd,
 Yet all our powers on them not wholly were employ'd;
 But some we still referu'd abroad for vs to roame,
 To fetch in forraigne spoyle, to helpe our losse at home.
 And all the Land, from vs, they neuer cleerely wan:
 But to his endlesse praise, our English *Athelstan*,
 In the *Northumbrian* fields, with most victorious might
 Put *Alasse* and his powers to more inglorious flight;
 And more then any King of th'*English* him before,
 Each way from North to South, from West to th'*Easterne* shore,
 Made all the Ile his owne; his seat who firmly fixt,
 The *Calidonian* hills, and *Catbnes* poynt betwixt,
 S. And *Constantine* their King (a prisoner) hither brought;
 Then ouer *Severns* banks the warlike *Britains* fought;
 Where he their Princes forc't from that their strong retreat,
 In *England* to appeare at his Imperiall seat.

But after, when the *Danes*, who neuer wearied were,
 Came with intent to make a generall conquest here,
 They brought with them a man deem'd of so wondrous might,
 As was not to be matcht by any mortall wight:
 For, one could scarcely beare his Ax into the field;
 Which as a little wand the *Dane* would lightly wield:
 And (to enforce that strength) of such a dauntlesse spirit,
 A man (in their conceit) of so exceeding merit,
 That to the *English* oft they offred him (in pride)
 The ending of the warre by combate to decide:
 Much scandall which procur'd vnto the *English* name.
 When, some out of their loue, and some spurr'd on with shame,
 By enuy some provokt, some out of courage, faine
 Would vnder-take the Cause to combate with the *Dane*.
 But *Athelstan* the while, in settled iudgement found,
 Should the Defendant sayle, how wide and deepe a wound
 It likely was to leaue to his defensue warre.

Thus, whilst with sundry doubts his thoughts perplexed are,
 It pleas'd all-powerfull heauen, that *Warwicks* famous *Guy*
 (The Knight through all the world renown'd for Chiuallrie)
 Arriu'd from forraigne parts, where he had held him long.
 His honorable Armes deuoutly hauing hong
 In a Religious house, the offrings of his praise,
 To his Redeemer *Christ*, his helpe at all assayes
 (Those Armes, by whose strong prooffe he many a Christian freed,
 And bore the perfect marks of many a worthy deed)
 Himselfe, a Palmer poore, in homely Rustic clad
 (And onely in his hand his Hermits staffe he had)
 Tow'rd *Winchester* alone (so) sadly tooke his way,
 Where *Athelstan*, that time the King of *England* lay;

And

And where the *Danish* Campe then strongly did abide,
Neere to a goodly Meade, which men there call the *Hide*.

The day that *Gay* arriv'd (when silent night did bring
Sleepe both on friend and foe) that most religious King
(Whose strong and constant hart, all grievous cares suppress)

His due deuotion done, betooke him selfe to rest.

To whom it seem'd by night an Angell did appeare,
Sent to him from that God whom hee inuok't by pray'r;
Commaunding him the time not idly to for-flowe,

But rather as hee could rise, to such a gate to goe,

VVhereas he should not faile to find a goodly Knight

In Palmers poore attyre: though very meanly dight,

Yet by his comely shape, and limmes exceeding strong,

Hee easily might him know the other folke among;

And bad him not to feare, but chuse him for the man.

No sooner brake the day, but vp rose *Athelstan*;

And as the Vision shew'd, he such a Palmer found,

VVith others of his sort, there sitting on the ground:

VVhere, for some poore repast they onely seem'd to stay,

Else ready to depart each one vpon his way:

When secretly the King revealed to the Knight

His comfortable dreames that lately passed night:

VVith mild and princely words bespeaking him; quoth hee,

Farre better you are knowne to heauen (it seemes) then mee

For this great Action fit: by whose most drad command

(Before a world of men) it's lay'd vpon your hand.

Then stout and valiant Knight, heere to my Court repaire,

Refresh you in my bathes, and mollifie your care

VVith comfortable wines and meats what you will aske:

And chuse my richest Armes to fit you for this taske.

The Palmer (gray with age) with countenance lowting lowe,

His head euen to the earth before the King doth bow,

Him softly answering thus; Drad Lord, it fits mee ill

(A wretched man) to oppose high heauens eternall will:

Yet my most soueraigne Liege, no more of me esteeme

Then this poore habit shewes, a Pilgrim as I seeme;

But yet I must confesse, haue scene in former dayes

The best Knights of the world, and scuffled in some frays.

Those times are gone with me; and, being aged now,

Haue offred vp my Armes, to Heau'n and made my vow

Nere more to beare a Shield, nor my declining age

(Except some Palmers Tent, or homely Hermitage)

Shall euer enter roose: but if, by Heauen and thee,

This Action be impos'd great *English* King on mee,

Send to the *Danish* Campe, their challenge to accept,

In some conuenient place proclaiming it be kept:

Where

VWhere, by th'Almighties power, for *England* Ile appeare.

The King, much pleas'd in mind, assumes his wonted cheere,
And to the *Danish* power his choicest Herault sent.
When, both through Campe and Court, this Combat quickly went.
VWhich suddainly divulg'd, whilst euery listning eare,
As thirsting after newes, desirous was to heare,
VWho for the *English* side durst vnder-take the day;
The puissant Kings accord, that in the middle way
Betwixt the Tent and Towne, to eithers equall sight,
Within a goodly Mead, most fit for such a fight,
The Lists should be prepar'd for this materiall prize.

The day prefixt once com'n, both *Dane* and *English* rise,
And to th'appointed place th'vnnubred people throng:
The weaker female sex, old men, and children young
Into the windowes get, and vp on stalls, to see
The man on whose braue hand their hope that day must bee.
In noing of it well, there might a man behold
More sundry formes of feare then thought imagine could.
One looks vpon his friend with sad and heauy cheere,
Who seemes in this distresse a part with him to beare:
Their passions doe expresse much pittie mixt with rage.
VWhilst one his wiues laments is labouring to asswage,
His little infant neere, in childish gibbridge showes
What addeth to his griefe who sought to calme her woes.
One hauing climb'd some roose, the concourse to discry,
From thence vpon the earth deiects his humble eye,
As since he thither came hee suddainly had found
Some danger them amongst which lurkt vpon the ground.
One stands with fixed eyes, as though he were agast:
Another sadly comes, as though his hopes were past.
This haikneth with his friend, as though with him to breake
Of some intended act. Whilst they together speake,
Another standeth neere to listen what they say,
Or what should be the end of this so doubtfull day.
One great and generall face the gathered people seeme:
So that the perfect'st sight beholding could not deeme
What lookes most sorrow show'd; their griefes so equall were.
Vpon the heads of two, whose cheekes were ioyn'd so neere
As if together growne, a third his chin doth rest:
Another lookes or'e his: and others, hardly prest,
Lookt vnder-neath their armes. Thus, whilst in crowds they throng
(Led by the King himselfe) the Champion comes along;
A man well strooke in yeeres, in homely Palmers gray,
And in his hand his staffe, his reuerent steps to stay,
Holding a comly pale: which at his passing by,
In euery censuring tongue, as euery serious eye,

Compassion

Compassion mixt with feare, distrust and courage, bred.
 Then *Colebrand* for the *Danes* came forth in irefull red;
 Before him (from the Campe) an Ensigne first display'd
 Amidst a guard of gleaves: then sumptuously array'd
 Were twenty gallant youths, that to the warlike sound
 Of *Danish* brazen Drums, with many a lustie bound,
 Come with their Countries march, as they to *Mars* should dance.
 Thus, forward to the fight, both Champions them advance:
 And each without respect doth resolutely chuse
 The weapon that he broughe, nor doth his foes refuse.
 The *Dane* prepares his Axe, that pond'rous was to feele,
 VVhole squares were layd with plates, and riuited with Steele,
 And armed downe along with pykes; whole hardned poynts
 (Forc't with the weapons weight) had power to reare the ioynts
 Of Curas or of Mayle, or whar-so-ere they tooke:
 Which caus'd him at the Knight disdainfully to looke.

VVhen our stout Palmer loone (vnknowne for valiant *Guy*)
 The cord from his straight loynes doth presently vntie,
 Puts off his Palmers weede vnto his trusse, which bore
 The staines of ancient Armes, but show'd it had before
 Beene costly cloth of Gold; and off his hood he threw:
 Out of his Hermits staffe his two-hand sword hee drew
 (The vn suspected sheath which long to it had beene)
 Which till that instant time the people had not scene;
 A sword so oftentry'd. Then to himselfe, quoth hee,
 Armes let me craue your ayde, to set my Country free:
 And neuer shall my hart your help againe require,
 But onely to my God to lift you vp in pray'r.

Here, *Colebrand* forward made, and loone the Christian Knight
 Encounters him againe with equall power and spight:
 Whereas, betwixt them two, might easely haue been scene
 Such blowes, in publique throngs as vsed had they been,
 Of many there the least might many men haue slaine:
 Which none but they could strike, nor none but they sustaine;
 The most relentlesse eye that had the power to awe,
 And so great wonder bred in those the Fight that saw,
 As verily they thought, that Nature vntill then
 Had purposely reseru'd the vtmost power of men,
 VVhere strength still answerd strength, on courage courage grew.

Looke how two Lyons fierce, both hungry both pursue
 One sweet and selfe-laine prey, at one another flie,
 And with their armed pawes ingrappled dreadfully,
 The thunder of their rage, and boystrous struggling, make
 The neighboring Forrests round affrightedly to quake:
 Their lad encounter, such. The mightie *Colebrand* stroke
 A cruell blowe at *Guy*: which though hee finely broke,

Yet.

Yet (with the weapons weight) his ancient hilt it split,
And (thereby lessened much) the Champion lightly hit
Vpon the reuerent brow : immediatly from whence
The blood dropt softly downe, as if the wound had sense
Of their much inward woe that it with griefe should see.

The *Danes*, a deadly blowe supposing it to bee,
Sent such an ecchoing shoute that rent the troubled ayre.
The *English* at the noise, wext all so wan with feare,
As though They lost the blood their aged Champion shed:
Yet were not these so pale, but th'other were as red;
As though the blood that fell, vpon their cheekes had staid.

Here *Guy*, his better spirits recalling to his ayde,
Came fresh vpon his foe; when mightie *Colebrand* makes
An other desperate stroke: which *Guy* of *Warwick* takes
Vndauntedly aloft; and followed with a blowe
Vpon his shorter ribs, that the excessive flowe
Stream'd vp vnto his hilts: the wound so gap't withall,
As though it meant to say, Behold your Champions fall
By this proud Palmers hand. Such claps againe and cryes
The ioyfull *English* gaue as cleft the very skies.
VWhich comming on along from these that were without,
When those within the Towne receiu'd this cheerfull shout,
They answer'd them with like; as those their ioy that knew.

Then with such eager blowes each other they pursue,
As euery offer made, should threaten imminent death;
Vntill, through heat and toyle both hardly drawing breath,
They desperatly doe close. Looke how two Boares, being set
Together side to side, their threatning tusks doe whet,
And with their gnashing teeth their angry soame doe bite,
Whilst still they shouldling seeke, each other where to smite:
Thus stood those irefull Knights; till flying back, at length
The Palmer, of the two the first recovering strength,
Vpon the left arme lent great *Colebrand* such a wound,
That whilst his weapons poynt fell wel-neere to the ground,
And slowly he it rais'd, the valiant *Guy* againe
Sent through his clouen scalpe his blade into his braine.
When downeward went his head, and vp his heeles he threw
As wanting hands to bid his Countymen Adieu.

The *English* part, which thought an end he would haue made,
And seeming as they much would in his praise haue said,
He bad them yet forbear, whilst he pursu'd his fame
That to this passed King next in succession came;
That great and puissant Knight (in whose victorious dayes
Those knight-like deeds were done, no lesse deseruing praise)
Braue *Edmond*, *Edwards* sonne, that *Stafford* hauing tane,
VWith as succesfull speed won *Darby* from the *Dane*.

From

from *Leſter* then againe, and *Lincolne* at the length,
 Draue out the *Dacian* Powers by his reſiſtleſſe ſtrength:
 And this his *England* cleer'd beyond that raging * Flood,
 Which that proud King of *ſinnes* once chriſtned with his blood.
 By which, great *Edmonds* power apparantly was ſhowne,
 The Land from *Humber* South recouering for his owne;
 That *Edgar* after him ſo much diſdain'd the *Dane*
 'naworthy of a warre that ſhould diſturbe his raigne,
 As generally he ſeem'd regardleſſe of their hate.
 And ſtudying euery way magnificence in State,
 At *Cheſter* whiſt heli'd at more then kingly charge,
 Eight tributary ^b Kings there row'd him in his Barge:
 His ſhores from *Pirats* ſack the King that ſtrongly kept:
 A *Neptune*, whole proud ſayles the *Britiſh* Ocean ſwept.
 But after his deceaſe, when his more hopefull ſonne,
 By cruell *Stepdam's* hate, to death was laſtly done,
 To ſet his rightfull Crowne vpon a wrongfull head
 When by thy ſatall curſe, licentious *Ethelred*,
 Through diſſolutenes, ſloth, and thy abhorred life,
 As greuous were thy ſinnes, ſo were thy torrowes riſe)
 The *Dane*, poſſeſſing all, the *Engliſh* forc't to beare
 A heauier yoke then fiſt thoſe *Heathen* ſlauieries were;
 Subiected, bought, and ſold, in that moſt wretched plight,
 As euen their thraldome ſeem'd their neighbors to affright.
 Yet could nor all their plagues the *Engliſh* height abate:
 But euen in their low'ſt Eb, and miſerableſt ſtate,
 Courageouſly themſelues they into action put,
 And in one night, the throats of all the *Daniſh* cut.
 And when in their reuenge, the moſt inſatiate *Dane*
 Vnſhip't them on our ſhores, vnder their puiſſant *Swane*:
 And twolne with hate and ire, their huge vnweeldy force,
 Came cluſtring like the *Greeks* out of the *Woodden-horſe*:
 And the *Norſelcian* Townes, the neer'ſt vnto the Eaſt,
 With ſacriledge and rape did terribleſt infeſt:
 Thoſe *Danes* yet from the ſhores we with ſuch violence draue,
 That from our ſwords, their ſhips could them but hardly ſaue.
 And to renew the waite, that yeere enſuing, when
 With fit ſupplies for ſpoyle, they landed heere agen,
 And all the Southerne ſhores from *Kent* to *Cornwall* ſpred,
 With thoſe diſordred troupes by *Alaſſe* hither led,
 In ſeconding their *Swane*, which cry'd to them for ayde;
 Their multitudes ſo much ſad *Ethelred* diſmay'd,
 As from his Country forc't the wretched King to flie.
 An *Engliſh* yet there was, when *England* ſeem'd to lie
 Vnder the heauieſt yoke that euer kingdome bore,
 Who waſht his ſecret knife in *Swane's* relentleſſe gore,

* *Humber*.

^b See to the X.
Song.

Whiſt

Whilst (swelling in excesse) his lauish Cups he ply'd.
 Such meanes t'redeeme themselves th'afflicted Nation try'd.
 And when courageous *Knute*, th'late murder'd *Swamus* sonne,
 Came in t'reuenge that act on his great father done,
 He found so rare a spirit that heere against him rose,
 As though ordain'd by Heauen his greatness to oppose:
 Who with him foot to foot, and face to face durst stand.
 When *Knute*, which heere alone affected the Command,
 The Crowne vpon his head at faire *Southern-hampton* set:
 And *Edmond*, loth to lose what *Knute* desir'd to get,
 At *London* caus'd himselfe inaugurate to bee.

King *Knute* would conquer all, King *Edmond* would be free.

The kingdome is the Prize for which they both are prest:

And with their equall powers both meeting in the West,

The greene *Dorsetian* fields a deepe vermillion dy'd:

Where *Gillingham* gaue way to their great hostes (in pride).

Abundantly their blood that each on other spent.

But *Edmond*, on whose side that day the better went

(And with like fortune thought the remnant to suppress)

That *Salum* then besieg'd, which was in great distresse

VVith his victorious troupesto *Salisbury* retires:

VVhen with fresh bleeding wounds, *Knute*, as with fresh desires,

Whose might though some-what maym'd, his mind yet vnsubdu'd,

His lately conquering Foe, courageously pursu'd:

And finding out a way, sent to his friends with speed,

Who him supply'd with ayde: and being helpt at need,

Tempts *Edmond* still to fight, still hoping for a day.

Towards *Worstershire* their Powers both well vpon their way,

There, falling to the Field, in a continuall fight

Two dayes the angry hostes still parted were by Night:

Where twice the rising Sunne, and twice the setting, saw

Them with their equall wounds their wearied breath to draw.

Great *London* to surprize, then (next) *Canutus* makes:

And thitherward as fast King *Edmond Ironside* takes.

Whilst *Knute* set downe his siege before the Easterne gate,

King *Edmond* through the VVest, past in tryumphall state.

But this courageous King, that scorned, in his pride,

A Towne should be besieg'd wherein he did abide,

Into the fields againe the valiant *Edmond* goes.

Canutus, yet that hopes to winne what he did lose,

Provokes him still to fight: and falling backe where they

Might field-roomth find at large, their Ensignes to display,

Together flewe againe; that *Brentford*, with the blood

Of *Danes* and *English* mixt, discoloured long time stood.

Yet *Edmond*, as before, went Victor still away.

VVhen soone that valiant *Knute*, whom nothing could dismay,

Recall'd

Recall'd his scattered troupes, and into *Essex* hies,
 Where (as ill fortune would) the *Dane* with fresh supplies
 Vvas lately come a-land, to whom braue *Ironside* makes;
 But *Knute* to him againe as soone fresh courage takes:
 And Fortune (as her selfe) determining to shewe
 That shee could bring an *Eb*, on valiant *Edmonds Flowe*,
 And easely cast him downe from off the top of Chance,
 By turning of her wheele, *Cannus* doth advance.
 Where shee beheld that Prince which she had fauor'd long
 (Euen in her proud despight) his murder'd troupes among
 With sweat and blood besmeard (Dukes, Earles, and Bishops slaine,
 In that most dreadfull day, when all went to the *Dane*)
 Through worlds of dangers wade; and with his Sword and Shield,
 Such wonders there to act as made her in the Field
 Ashamed of her selfe, so braue a spirit as he
 By her vnconstant hand should so much wronged be.
 But, hauing lost the day, to *Glocester* hee draws,
 To raise a second power in his slaine souldiers caule.
 When late-encourag'd *Knute*, whilst fortune yet doth last,
 VVho oft from *Ironside* fled, now followed him as fast.
 VVhilst thus in Ciuill Armes continually they royle,
 And what th'one strives to make, the other seeks to spoyle,
 VVith threatening swords still drawne; and with obnoxious hands
 Attending their reuenge, whilst either enemie stands,
 One man amongst the rest from this confusion breaks,
 And to the irefull Kings with courage boldly speakes;
 Yet cannor all this blood your rauinous out-rage fill?
 Is there no law, no bound, to your ambitious will,
 But what your swords admit? as Nature did ordaine
 Our liues for nothing else, but onely to maintaine
 Your murders, sack, and spoyle? If by this wastfull warre
 The Land vnpeopled lye, some Nation shall from farre,
 By ruine of you both, into the Ile be brought,
 Obtrayning that for which you twaine so long haue fought.
 Vnlesse then through your thirst of Emperie you meane
 Both Nations in these broyles shall be extinguisht cleane,
 Select you Champions fit, by them to proue your right,
 Or try it man to man your selues in single fight.
 When as those warlike Kings, prouokt with courage hie,
 It willingly accept in person by and by.
 And whilst they them prepare, the shapelesse concourse growes
 In little time so great, that their vnusuall flowes
 Surrounded *Severns* banks, whose streame amazed stood,
 Her *Birlich* to behold, in-Iled with her flood,
 That with refulgent Armes then flamed; whilst the Kings,
 VVhose rage out of the hate of eithers Emperie springs,

T

Both

Both armed, *Cap & Pe*, vpon their barred horse
 Together fiercely flew; that in their violent course
 (Like thunder when it speaks most horribly and lowd,
 Tearing the ful-stuff panch of some congealed clowd)
 Their strong hooves strooke the earth: and with the fearfull shock,
 Their speares in splinters flew, their Beuers both vnlock.

Cannow, of the two that furthest was from hope,
 Who found with what a foe his fortune was to cope,
 Cryes, noble *Edmond*, hold; Let vs the Land diuide.
 Heere th'*Englisb* and the *Danes*, from either equall side
 VVere Ecchoes to his words, and all aloud doe cry,
 Courageous Kings diuide; twere pittie such should die.

When now the neighboring Floods, will'd *Wykin* to suppress
 His style, or they were like to surfet with excesse.
 And time had brought about, that now they all began
 To listen to a long told Prophecic, which ran
 Of *Moreland*, that shee might liue prosperously to see
 A Riuer borne of her, who well might recon'd be
 The thiid of this large Ile: which Saw did first arise
 From *Arden*, in thole dayes deliuering prophecies.

The *Druids* (as some say) by her instructed were.
 In many secret skills shee had been cond her lere.
 The led den of the Birds most perfectly shee knew;
 And also from their flight strange Auguries shee drew;
 Supreamest in her place: whole circuit was extent
 From *Avon* to the Banks of *Seuerne* and to *Trent*:
 Where Emprisse like shee late with Natures bounties blest,
 And seru'd by many a Nymph; but two, of all the rest,
 That *Staffordshire* calls hers, there both of high account.
 The eld'it of which is *Canke*: though *Needwood* her surmount,
 In excellence of soyle, by beeing richly plac'd,
 Twixt *Trent* and bating *Doue*; and, equally imbract
 By their abounding banks, participates their store;
 Of *Britaines* Forrests all (from th'lesse vnto the more)
 For finenesse of her turfe surpassing; and doth beare
 Her curled head so high, that Forrests farre and neere
 Oft grutch at her estate; her flourishing to see,
 Of all their stately tyers disrobed when they bee.
 But (as the world goes now) ô wofull *Canke* the while,
 As braue a Wood-Nymph once as any of this Ile;
 Great *Arden* eldest child: which, in her mothers ground
 Before fayre *Fick'nhams* selfe, her old age might haue crown'd;
 When as thole fallow Deere, and huge-hancht Stags that graz'd
 Vpon her shaggy Heaths, the passenger amaz'd
 To see their mighty Heard, with high-palind heads to threat
 The woods of o'regrowne Oakes; as though they meant to set

Their

Their homes to th'others heighes. But now, both those and these
Are by vile gaine deuour'd: So abiect are our daies.
Shee now, vnlike her selfe, a Neat heards life doth liue,
And her deiect mind to Country cares doth giue.

But Mule, thou seem'st to leaue the *Morelands* too too long;
Of whom report may speake (our mightie wastes among)
Shee from her chilly site, as from her barren seed,
For body, horne, and haire, as faire a Beast doth breed
As scarcely this great Ile can equall: then of her,
Why should'st thou all this while the propheticke defer?
Who bearing many Springs, which pretty Riuer grew,
Shee could not be content, vntill shee fully knew
Vvhich child it was of hers (borne vnder such a fate)
As should in time be rays'd vnto that high estate.
(I faine would haue you thinke, that this was long agoe,
When many a Riuer, now that furiously doth flowe,
Had scarcely learn'd to creepe) and therefore shee doth will
Wile *Arden*, from the depth of her abundant skill,
To tell her which of these her Rills it was shee ment.
To satisfie her will, the *Wifard* answers; *Trent*.
For, as a skilfull Seer, the aged Forrest wist,
A more then visuall power did in that name consist,
Which thirty doth import; by which she thus diuin'd,
There should be found in her, of Fishes thirty kind;
And thirty Abbeyes great, in places fat and ranke,
Should in succeeding time be builded on her banke;
And thirtie seuerall Streames from many a sundry way,
Vnto her greatnesse should their watry tribute pay.

This, *Moreland* greatly lik't: yet in that tender loue,
Which shee had euer borne vnto her darling *Done*,
Shee could haue witht it his: because the daintie grasse.
That growes vpon his banke, all other doth surpasse.
But, subiect he must be: as *Sow*, which from her Spring.
At *Stafford* meeteth *Penk*, which shee along doth bring
To *Trent* by *Tixall* grac't, the *Alstons* antient seat;
Which oft the *Muse* hath found her safe and sweet retreat.
The noble Owners now of which beloued place,
Good fortunes them and theirs with honor'd titles grace:
May heauen still blesse that House, till happy Floods you see
Your selues more grac't by it, then it by you can bee.
Whose bounty, still my *Muse* so freely shall confesse,
As when she shall want words, her signes shall it expresse.

So *Blyth* beares calicly downe tow'rd her decre *Soueraigne Trent*:
But nothing in the world giues *Moreland* such content
As her owne darling *Done* his confluence to behold
Of Floods in sundry straines: as, cranking *Many-fold*

Trent signified
things.

The first that lends him force: of whose meandred waies,
 And labyrinth-like turnes (as in the Mores thee straies)
 Shee first receiu'd her name, by growing strangely mad,
 Ore-gone with loue of *Hanse*, a dapper *More-land* Lad.
 Who nere their cry stall springs as in those waits they playd,
 Bewicht the wanton hart of that delicious mayd:
 Which instantly was turn'd so much from beeing coy,
 That thee might seeme to doat vpon the Morish boy.
 Who closely stole away (perceiuing her intent)
 VVith his deare Lord the *Done*, in quest of Princely *Trent*,
 VVith many other Floods (as, *Churnet*, in his traine
 That draweth *Dunsmore* on, with *Yendon*, then cleere *Taine*,
 That comes alone to *Done*) of which, *Hanse* one would bee.
 And for himselfe he faine of *Many-fold* would free
 (Thinking this amorous Nymph by some meanes to beguile)
 He closely vnder earth conuayes his head awhile.
 But, when the Riuer seares some policie of his,
 And her beloued *Hanse* immediatly doth mis,
 Distracted in her course, improuidently rash,
 Shee oft against the Cleues her cry stall front doth dashe:
 Now forward, then againe shee backward seemes to beare;
 As, like to lose her selfe by straggling heere and there.
Hanse, that this while suppos'd him quire out of her sight,
 No sooner thrusts his head into the cheerfull light,
 But *Many-fold* that still the Run-away doth watch,
 Him (ere he was aware) about the neck doth catch:
 And, as the angry *Hanse* would faine her hold remoue,
 They struggling tumble downe into their Lord, the *Done*.
 Thus though th'industrious Muse hath been imploy'd so long,
 Yet is shee loth to doe poore little *Sme Hall* wrong,
 That from her *Wilfranes* Spring nere *Hampton* plyes, to pour
 The wealth shee there receiues, into her friendly *Stowr*.
 Nor shall the little *Bourne* haue cause the Muse to blame,
 From these *Staffordian* Heathes that strives to catch the *Tame*:
 VVhom shee in her next Song shall greet with mirthfull cheere,
 So happily arriu'd now in her natieue Shire.

Illustrations.

Taking her progresse into the Land, the Muse comes Southward from
Cheshire into adioyning *Stafford*, and that part of *Shropshire*, which lieth
 the *Englisb* side, East from *Seuerne*.

And into lesser streames the spacious current cut.

In this raging deuastation over this Kingdome by the *Danes*, they ha

gotten diuers of their Ships fraught with prouision out of *Thames* into the ri-
uer *Loy* (which diuides *Middlesex* and *Essex*) some XX. miles from *London*;
Alfred holding his tents neere that territory, especially to preuent their spoile
of the inllant Haruest, obserued that by diuiding the River, then Nauigable
betwene them and *Thames*, their Ships would be grounded, and themselues
bereft of what confidence their Nauy had promised them. He thought it, and
did it, by parting the water into three channels. The *Danes* betooke themselues
to flight, their Ships left as a prey to the *Londoners*.

Her Lords imbraces vow'd she neuer more would know.

This *Alfred* left his sonne *Edward* successor, and, among other children,
this *Egbert*, or *Ethelred* his daughter, married to *Ethelred* Earle of *Mercland*. Of
Alfred's worth and troublous raigne, because here the Author leaues him, I of-
fer you these of an ancient *English* wit:

*Nobilitas innata tibi probitas honorem
Armipotens Alfredus dedit, probitasq; laborem
Perp: inuimq; labor nomen. Cui mixta dolori
Gaudia semp: erant spes semper mixta timori.
Si modo Victor eras ad Crastina bella parabas
Si modo victus eras ad crastina bella parabas
Cui vestes sudore iungi, Cui sic aeterno
Tincta iungi, quantum sit Onus regnare probantur.*

Huntingdon cites these as his owne; and if he deale plainly with vs (I doubted it
because his *Mss.* Epigrams, which make in some copies the XI. and XII. of his
Historie, are of most different straine, and seeme made when *Apollo* was eyther
angry, or had not leisure to overlooke them) hee shewes his Muse (as also in an
other written by him vpon *Ælgar*, beginning *Aulor opum, vindex scelerum
Largitor bonorum, &c.*) in that ill declining time of learnings state, worthy of
much precedence. Of *Ethelred* in *William of Malmesbury*. Is the *Lastine* of this
English: She was the lone of the subiect, feare of the enemy, a woman of a mighty hart;
hauing once endur'd the grieuous paines of child-birth, neuer afterward denied her
husband those sweeter desires, protesting, that yeelding indulgence towards a plea-
sure, hauing so much consequent paine, was unseemly in a *Kings* daughter. She was
buried at *S. Peters* in *Glocester*; her name laden by Monkes, with numbers
of her excellencies.

For Constantine their King, an hostage hither brought.

After he had taken *Wales* and *Scotland* (as our Historians say) from *Howel*,
Malmesbury call's him *Ludwal*, and *Constantine*; he restored presently their
Kingdomes, affirming that, it was more for his Maiesty to make a King then be
one. The *Scotish* stories are not agreeing, here, with ours; against whom *Bu-
chanan* stormes, for affirming what I see not how he is so well able to confute,
as they to iustifie. And for matter of that nature, I rather send you to the colle-
ctions in *Ed. I.* by *Thomas of Walsingham*, and thence for the same and other
to *Edw. Hall's Hen. VIII.*

A Neptune, whose proud sailes the British Ocean sweeps.

That Flower and delight of the *English* world, in whose birth-time *S. Dun-
stons* (as is said) at *Glastenbury*, heard this Angelicall voyce;
To holp Church and to the Loz'd Days is pboze and blis
By thulke Childs time, that noutre pboze is.

T 3

(among

DCOCC
XXVI.

• Hæstet Bæth
Lib. 1.1. & Dun-
chanon. H. 1.1.
reg. 8.1.

• R. G. G. H.
B. 1.1.

(among his other innumerable benefits, and royall cares) had a Nauy of * C15. C15. C15. NC. Saile, which by tripartit diuision in the East, West, and Northern coasts, both defended what was subiect to Pirats rapine, and so made strong his owne Nation against the enemies inuasion.

By euill Stepdames hate to death was lastly done.

Edgar had by one woman (his greatest stains shew'd themselves in this variety and vnlawfull obtrayning of Lullfull sensualitie, as Stories will tell you, in that of Earle Ethelwald, the Nunne *Wulfrith*, and the yong laile of *Andener*) call'd *Eglsled*, surnamed *Ened*, daughter to *Odmer* a great Nobleman, *Edward*, and by *Q. Elfrith*, daughter to *Ogar* Earle of *Denonshire*, *Ethelred* of some VII. yeares age at his death. That, *Eglsled* was a profest Nunne, some haue argued and so make *Ethelred* the onely legitimat heire to the Crowne: nor doe I think that, except *Alfrith* he was married to any of the Ladies, on whom he got children. *Edward* was anoynted King (for in those dayes was that vse of Anointing among the *Saxon* Princes and began in *K. Alfred*) but not without disliking fridges of his Stepmothers faction, which had neuertheless in substance, what his vaine name onely of King pretended: but her bloody hate, bred out of womanish ambition, straying to euery point of Soueraignty, not thus satisfied, compeld in her this cruelty. *K. Edward* not suspecting her dissembled purposes with simple kindnes of an open Nature, weary'd after the Chase in *Pu becke* Ile in *Dorsetshire*, without gard or attendance, visits her at *Corfe Castle*, thence, vnder sweet words and saluting kisses, palliating her hellish designe, entertaines him: but while he being very hot and thirstie (without imagination of treaſon) was in pledging her, she * or one of her appointed seruants, stab'd the innocent King. His corps, within little space expiring its last breath, was buried at *Warbam*, thence afterward by *Alfer* Earle of *Mercland*, translated into *Shaftsbury*, which (as to the II. Song I note) was hereby for a time call'd * *S. Edwards*. Thus did his brother in law *Ethelred* (according to wicked *Elfriths* cruell and trayterous Proiect) succeed him. As, of *Constantine Copronymus*, the *Greekes*, so, of this *Ethelred*, is affirmed, that, in his holy tincture he abus'd the Font with naturall excrements, which made *S. Dunstan*, then Christning him, angrily exclaime, * *Per Deum & Matrem eius ignarus homo erit*. Some ten yeares of age was he when his brother *Edward* was slaine, and, cut of childish affection, wept for him bitterly; which his mother extremely disliking, being author of the murther onely for his sake, most cruelly beat him her selfe with an handfull of Wax

Candlen long and towe

* I' come bitured noight at helap at hir * bet pswowe:
That thou this child afterward such bey mon as he was
Was the worse wan he * ysep Candlen bo; this cas.

But I haue read it affirm'd, that *Ethelred* neuer would endure any Wax Candles, because he had scene his mother vnmercifully with them whip the good *S. Edward*. Its not worth one of the Candles, which be the truer, I incline to the first. To expiat all, she afterward built two Nunneries, one at *Wernell*, the other at *Ambresbury*; and by all meanes of Penitence and Satisfaction (as the doctrine then directed) endeuoured her freedome out of this horrible offence.

And in one night the throats of all the Danish cut.

History, not this place, must informe the Reader of more particulars of the *Danes*; and let him see to the I. Song. But, for this slaughter, I thus ease his Inquisition

the twelfth Song.

211

William. *Ethelred* (after multitudes of miseries, long continued through their
actions and devastations, being to large, that XVI. Shires had endured their
ruin and even conquering spoyles, in the XXIII. of his raigne, strenghtened
with provoking hopes, grounded on alliance, which, by marriage with *E.Emma*,
daughter of *Richar. I.* Duke of *Normandy*, he had with his neighbour *Poten-*
are sent privy letters into every place of note, where the *Danes* by truce peace-
ably relided, to the *Engliss*, commanding them, all as one, on the selfe-same
day and houre appointed (the day was *S. Erilms*, that is, the XIII. of Nouem-
ber) suddainly to put them, as respectiue occasion best fitted, to fire or sword;
which was performed.

A Chronologicall order and descent of the Kings here
included in *Wrekins* Song.

A. C. H. R.

DCCC.	<i>Egbert</i> sonne to <i>Ince</i> (others call him <i>Albmund</i>) grandchild to K. <i>Ine</i> . After him scarce any none long, had the name of King in the Isle, but Gouvernors or Earles; the common titles being <i>Duces</i> , <i>Comites</i> , <i>Con-</i> <i>sules</i> , and such like; which in some writers after the Conquest were indifferent names, and <i>William</i> the I. is often called <i>Earle of Normandy</i> .
DCCC. XXXVI.	<i>Ethelwulf</i> sonne to <i>Egbert</i> .
DCCC. LV.	<i>Ethelbald</i> and <i>Ethelbert</i> , sonnes to <i>Ethelwulf</i> , diuiding their Kingdome, according to their fathers Testament.
DCCC. LX.	<i>Ethelbert</i> alone, after <i>Ethelbalds</i> death.
DCCC. LXVI.	<i>Ethelred</i> , third sonne of <i>Ethelwulf</i> .
DCC. LXXI.	<i>Alfred</i> youngest sonne to <i>Ethelwulf</i> , brought vp at <i>Rome</i> ; and there, in <i>Ethelreds</i> life time, Anointed by P. P. <i>Leo</i> IV. as in ominous hope of his future Kingdome.
DCCCC. I.	<i>Edward</i> I. surnamed in storie * <i>Senior</i> , sonne to <i>Alfred</i> .
DCCCC. XXIV.	<i>Aethelstan</i> , eldest sonne to <i>Edward</i> . by <i>Egwine</i> a She- pheards daughter; but, to whom Beauty and Noble spi- rit denied, what bafe Parentage required. She, before the K. lay with her, dream't (you remember that of <i>O-</i> <i>lympias</i> , and many such like) that out of her wombe did shine a Moone, enlightning all <i>England</i> , which in her Birth (<i>Aethelstan</i>) prou'd true.
DCCCC. XL.	<i>Edmund</i> I. sonne of * <i>Eadard</i> by his Q. <i>Edgine</i> .
DCCCC. XLVI.	<i>Edred</i> brother to <i>Edmund</i> .
DCCCC. LV.	<i>Eadry</i> first sonne of <i>Edmund</i> .
DCCCC. LIX.	<i>Edgar</i> (second sonne of <i>Edmund</i>) * <i>Honor ac Delicia</i> <i>Anglorum</i> .
DCCCC. LXXV.	<i>Edward</i> II. sonne to <i>Edgar</i> by <i>Egelfied</i> , murdered by his Stepmother <i>Alfrith</i> , and thence call'd <i>S. Edward</i> .
DCCCC. LXXIX	<i>Ethelred</i> II. sonne to <i>Edgar</i> , by Q. <i>Alfrith</i> , daughter to <i>Orgar</i> Earle of <i>D. nonfur</i> .

E. Edmund

C12 12.

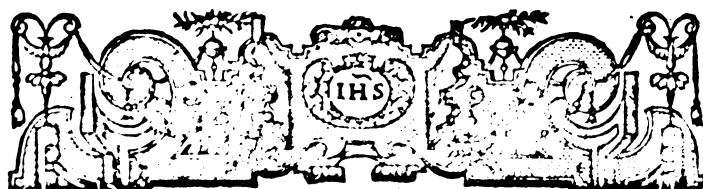
* See to the 1st
Song before,
Because in W. 1.
for all the rest
were at last
confounded.
These are most
commonly
written Kings
of *Wessex*.
though in *Sax-*
more (as it
were) for, as the
Civilians call,
Direct Property,
all the other
Provinces (ex-
cept some Nor-
thern; & what
the *Danish* mil-
lity posselt)
were there.
* The elder.

* *Malè enim
inopie Perma-
di sequar Helu-
ille Roth. Job. 11.
qui Edm & E-
dredum Aethel-
stano scribit
promotas.*
* The Assion
of his subiects.

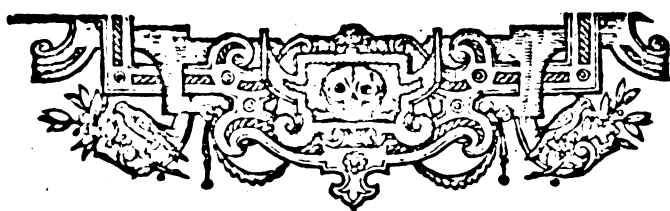
clo. XVI.

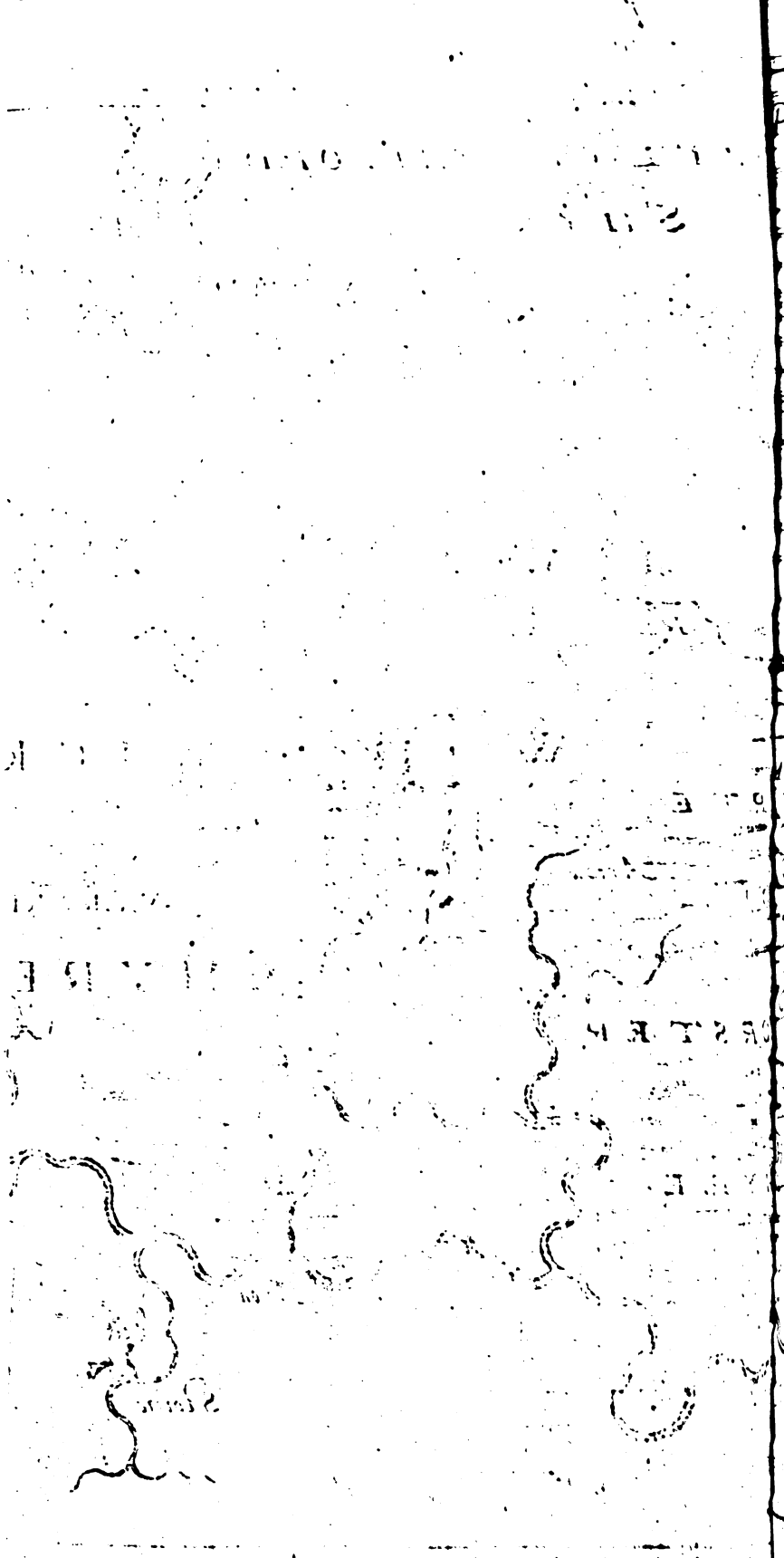
Edmund II. sonneto Eshelred by his first wife Elfgine, surnamed Ironside.

Betweene him and *Cnut* (or *Cannin*) the *Dane*, sonne to *Swaine*, was that intended single combat: so by their owne particular fortunes, to end the miseries, which the *English* soile bore recorded in very great Characters, written with streames of her childrens blood. It properly here breakes off, for (the composition being, that *Edmund* should haue his part *Westsex*, *Essex*, *Essex*, *Middlesex*, *Surrey*, *Kent*, and *Sussex*: and the *Dane* (who durst not fight it out, but first mou'd for a Treaty) *Mercland* and the *Northern* territories) *Edmund* died the same yeare (some report was, that trayterous *Edrique Streona* Earle of *Mercland* poysoned him) leauing sonnes *Edmund* and *Edward*: but they were, by *Danish* ambition, and trayterous periury of the vnnaturall *English* State, disinherited, and all the Kingdome call vnder *Cnut*. After him raig'n'd his sonne *Harold I. Lightfoot* a Shoemakers sonne (but dissembled, as begotten by him on his *Q. Alfgine*): then, with *Harold, Haracnut*, whom he had by his wife *Emma, K. Eshelreds* Dowager. So that from *Edmund*, of *Saxon* blood (to whose glory *Wrekin* hath dedicated his enduor, and therefore should transcend his purpose, if he exceeded their Empire) vntill *Edward the Confessor*, following *Haracnut*, sonneto *Eshelred*, by the same *Q. Emma*, the Kingdome continued vnder *Danish* Princes.

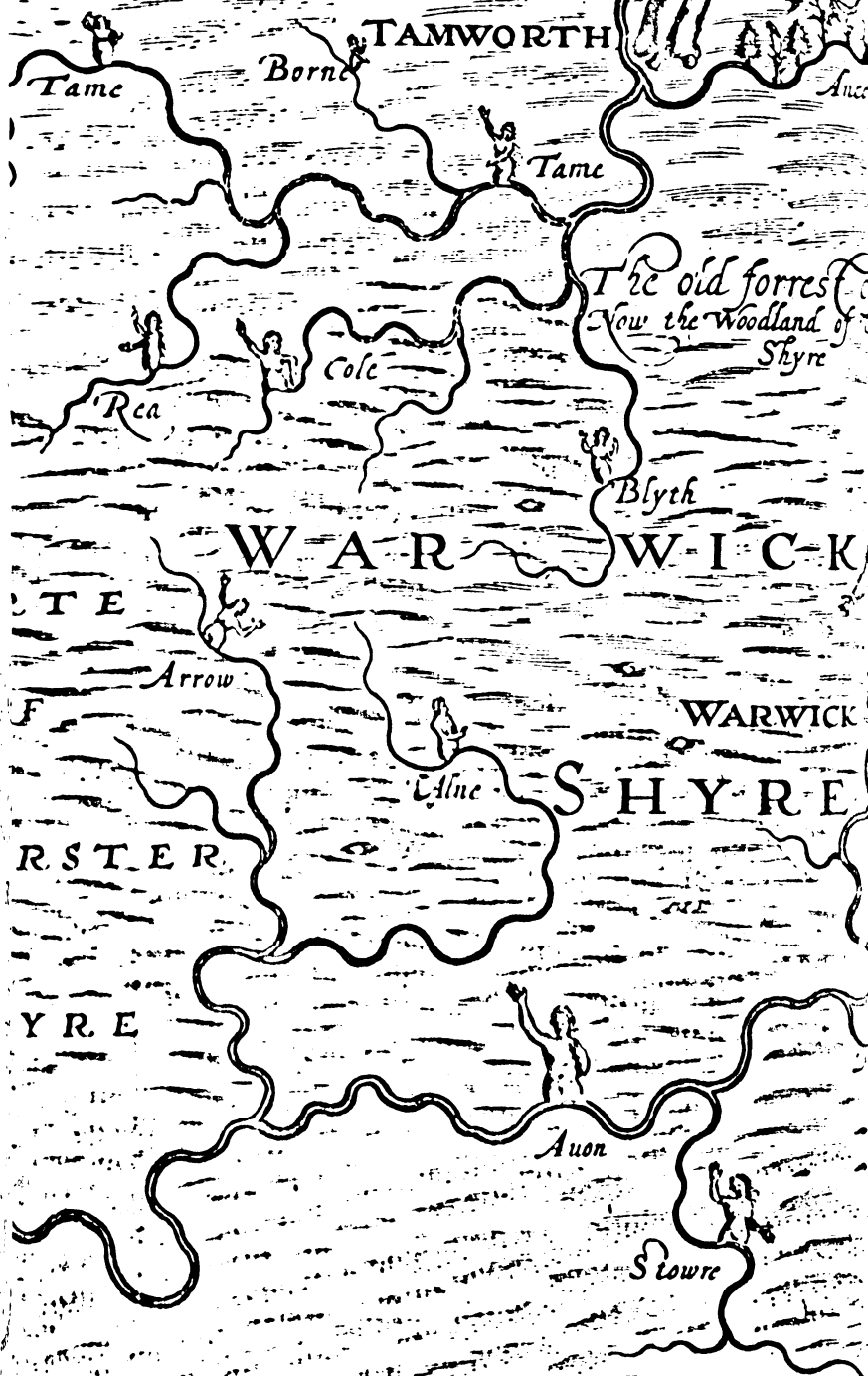


THE





RTE OF STAFFORD
SHYRE



WARWICK
SHYRE

THE HISTORY OF THE

State of Virginia



The thirteenth Song.

* THE ARGUMENT.

*This Song our Shire of Warwick sounds;
Revinest old Ardens ancient bounds.
Through many shapes the Muse beere roves;
Now sporting in those shady Groves,
The tunes of Birds oft staies to heare;
Then, finding Herds of lustie Deere,
She huntresse-like the Hart pursues.
And like a Hermit walks, to chuse
The Simples euery where that growe;
Comes Ancors glory next to sbowe;
Tells Guy of Warwicks famous deeds;
To th' Vale of Red-horle then proceeds,
To play her part the rest among;
There butteth up her thirteenth Song.*

W Pon the Mid-lands now th' industrious Muse doth fall,
That Shire which wee the hart of England well may call,
As shee her selfe extends (the midst which is decreed)
Betwixt S. Michaels Mount, and Barwick-bord'ring Tweed,
Braue Warwick; that abroad so long advanc't her * Beare,
By her illustrious Earles renowned euery where;
About her neighboring Shires which alwaies bore her head.
My native Country then, which so brane spirits haue bred,
If there be vertue yet remaining in thy earth,
Or any good of thine thou breath'd' it into my birth,
Accept it as thine owne whilst now I sing of thee;
I fall thy later Brood th' unworthiest though I be.
Muse, first of Arden tell, whose foot-steps yet are found
In her rough wood-lands more then any other ground
That mighty Arden held euen in her height of pride;
Her one hand touching Trent, the other, Severns side.
The very found of these, the Wood-Nymphs doth awake
When thus of her owne selfe the ancient Forrest spake;

My

Warwickshire
the middle
Shire of Eng-
land.

* The ancient
Coat of that
Baridome.

Divers Towns
exceeding her
name; as Hoby
in Arden, Hips-
ton in Arden.

My many goodly sites when first I came to shoue,
 Here opened I the way to myne owne ouer-throue:
 For, when the world found out the finesse of my soyle,
 The gripple wretch began immediatly to Ipoyle
 My tall and goodly woods, and did my grounds inclose:
 By which, in little time my bounds I came to lose.

When *Britaine* first her fields with Villages had fild,
 Her people waxing still, and wanting where to build,
 They oft dislodg'd the Hart, and set their houles, where
 He in the Broome and Brakes had long time made his leyre.
 Of all the Forrests heere within this mightie Ile,
 If those old *Britains* then me Soueraigne did instile,
 I needs must be the great'st; for greatnesse tis alone
 That giues our kind the place: else were there many a one
 For pleasantnes of shade that farre doth mee excell.
 But, of our Forrests kind the quality to tell,
 VVe equally partake with Wood-land as with Plaine,
 Alike with Hill and Dales and euery day maintaine
 The sundry kinds of beasts vpon our copious wast's,
 That men for profit breed, as well as those of chafe.

Here *Arden* of her selfe ceast any more to shoue;
 And with her Sylvan idyes the Muse along doth goe.

When *Phabus* lifts his head out of the Winters waue,
 No sooner doth the Earth her flowerie botome braue,
 At such time as the Yeere brings on the pleasant Spring,
 But Hunts-vp to the Morne the feather'd *Sylvans* sing:
 And in the lower Groue, as in the rising Knole,
 Vpon the highest pray of euery mounting pole,
 Those Quiristers are pearcht with many a speckled breast.
 Then from her burnisht gate the goodly glittering East
 Guilds euery lofty top, which late the humorous Night
 Bespangled had with pearle, to please the Mornings sight:
 On which the mirthfull Quires, with their cleere open throats,
 Vnto the ioyfull Morne so straine their warbling notes,
 That Hills and Valleys ring, and euen the ecchoing Ayre
 Seemes all compos'd of sounds, about them euery where.
 The Throstell, with shrill Sharps; as purposely he song
 T'awake the lustlesse Sunne; or chydng, that so long
 He was in comming forth, that should the thickers thrill:
 The Woozell neere at hand, that hath a golden bill;
 As Nature him had markt of purpose, t'let vs see
 That from all other Birds his tunes should different bee:
 For, with their vocall sounds, they sing to pleasant May,
 Vpon his ⁴ dulcet pypo the Merle doth onely play.
 When in the lower Brake, the Nightingale hard-by,
 In such lamenting straines the ioyfull howres doth ply,

⁴Of all Birds,
 only the Black-
 bird whistleth.

As though the other Birds shce to her tunes would draw.
And, but that Nature (by her all-constraining law)
Each Bird to her owne kind this season doth invite,
They elle, alone to heare that Charmer of the Night
(The more to vie their eares) their voyces sure would spare,
That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
As man to let in Parts, at first had learn'd of her.

To *Philemell* the next, the Linet we prefer;
And by that warbling bird, the Wood-Larke place we then,
The Red-sparrow, the Nope, the Red-breast, and the Wren,
The Yellow-pate: which though shce hurt the blooming tree,
Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pype then shce.
And of these chaunting Fowles, the Goldfinch not behind,
That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.
The Tydie for her notes as delicate as they,
The laughing Hecco, then the counterfetting Iay,
The Solter, with the (Shrill some hid among the leaues,
Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaues)
Thus ling away the Morne, vntill the mounting Sunne,
Though thick exhaled fogs, his golden head hath runne,
And through the twisted tops of our close Couert creeps
To kille the gentle Shade, this while that sweetly sleeps.

And neere to these our Thicks, the wild and frightfull Heards,
Not hearing other noyle but this of chattering Birds,
Feed fairely on the Launds; both sorts of seasoned Deere:
Here walke, the stately Red, the freckled Fallowe there:
The Bucks and lusty Stags amongst the Rascalls strew'd,
As sometime gallant spirits amongst the multitude.

Of all the Beasts which we for our *veneriall name,
The Hart amongst the rest, the Hunters noblest game:
Of which most Princely Chase sith none did ere report,
Or by description touch, i' expresse that wondrous sport
(Yet might haue well bescem'd th'ancients nobler Songs)
To our old *Arden* heere, most fitly it belongs:
Yet shall shce not invoke the Muses to her ayde;
But thee *Diana* bright, a Goddesse and a mayd:
In many a huge-growne Wood, and many a shady Grove,
Which oft hast borne thy Bowe (great Huntresse) vs'd to rouse
At many a cruell beast, and with thy darts to pierce
The Lyon, Panther, Ounce, the Beare, and Tiger fierce;
And following thy fleet Game, chaste mightie Forrests Queene,
With thy disheuld Nymphs attyr'd in youthfull greene,
About the Launds hast scowr'd, and Wastes both farre and neere,
Braue Huntresse: but no beast shall proue thy Quarries heere;
Sae those the best of Chase, the tall and lusty Red,
The Stag for goodly shape, and statelinese of head,

* Of hunting,
or Chase.

cription
among the

he tract of
foote.

One of the
measures in
vinding the
borne.

Is fitt to hunt at force. For whom, when with his hounds
The laboring Hunter tufts the thicke vnbarbed grounds
Where harbor'd is the Hart; there often from his feed
The dogs of him doe find; or thorough skillfull heed,
The Huntsman by his * slot, or breaking earth, perceauces,
Or entring of the thicke by preising of the greaues
Where he hath gone to lodge. Now when the Hart doth heare
The often-bellowing hounds to vent his secret leyre,
He rousing russeth out, and through the Brakes doth driue,
As though vp by the roots the bushes he would riuie.
And through the combrous thicks, as fearefully he makes,
Hee with his branched head, the tender Saplings shakes,
That sprinkling their moyst pearle doe seeme for him to weepe;
VVhen after goes the Cry, with yellings lowd and deepe,
That all the Forrest rings, and euery neighbouring place;
And there is not a hound but falleth to the Chale.
'Rechating with his horne, which then the Hunter cheeres,
VVhilst still the lustie Stag his high-palm'd head vp-beares,
His body showing state, with vnbeut knees vpright,
Expresing (from all beasts) his courage in his flight.
But when th'approaching foes still following he perceiues,
That hee his speed must trust, his vsuall walke he leaues;
And o're the Champaine flies: which when th'assembly find,
Each followes, as his horse were footed with the wind.
But beeing then imboist, the noble stately Deere
When he hath gotten ground (the kennell cast asere)
Doth beat the Brooks and Ponds for sweet refreshing soyle:
That seruing not, then proues if he his sent can soyle,
And makes amongst the Heardes, and flocks of shag-weoll'd Sheepe,
Them frightening from the guard of those who had their keepe.
But when as all his shifts his safety still denies,
Put quite out of his walke, the wayes and fallowes tryes.
Whom when the Plow-man meets, his teame he letteth stand
T'assuile him with his goad: so with his hooke in hand,
The Shepheard him pursues, and to his dog doth halow:
When, with tempestuous speed, the hounds and Huntsmen follow;
Vntill the noble Deere through toyle bereau'd of strength,
His long and sinewy legs then sayling him at length,
The Villages attempts, enrag'd, not giuing way
To any thing hee meets now at his sad decay.
The cruell rauinous hounds and bloody Hunters neer,
This noblest beast of Chase, that vainly doth but feare,
Some banke or quick-set finds: to which his hanch oppos'd,
He turnes vpon his foes, that soone haue him inclos'd.
The churlish throated hounds then holding him at bay,
And as their cruell fangs on his harsh skin they lay,

With

With his sharp-poynted head he dealeth deadly wounds.

The Hunter, comming in to helpe his wearied hounds,
He desperately assaults; vntill oppress'd by force,
He who the Mourner is to his owne dying Corse,
Vpon the ruthlesse earth his precious teares lets fall.

To Forrests that belongs; but yet this is not all:
With solitude what sorts, that here's not wondrous rife?
Whereas the Hermit leades a sweet retyred life,
From Villages replete with ragg'd and sweating Clownes,
And from the lothsome ayres of smoky cittied Townes.
Suppose twixt noone and night, the Sunne his halfe-way wrought
(The shadowes to be large, by his descending brought)
Who with a feruent eye lookes through the twyring glades,
And his disperfed rayes commixeth with the shades,
Exhaling the milch dewe, which there had tarried long,
And on the ranker graffe till past the noone-fled hong;
When as the Hermit comes out of his homely Cell,
Where from all rade resort he happily doth dwell:
VWho in the strength of youth, a man at Armes hath been;
Or one who of this world the vilenesse hauing scene,
Retyres him from it quite; and with a constant mind
Mans beastlinels so loathes, that flying humane kind,
The black and darksome nights, the bright and glad some dayes
Indifferent are to him, his hope on God that staies.
Each little Village yeelds his short and homely fare:
To gather wind-falne sticks, his great st and onely care;
VWhich eucry aged tree still yeeldeth to his fire.

This man, that is alone a King in his desire,
By no proud ignorant Lord is basely ouer-aw'd,
Nor his false prayse affects, who grossly beeing claw'd,
Stands like an itchy Moyle; nor of a pin he wayes
What fooles, abused Kings, and humorous Ladies raile.
His free and noble thought, nere envies at the grace
That often times is giuen vnto a Baud most bale,
Nor stirres it him to thinke on the Impostour vile,
Who seeming what hee's not, doth sensually beguile
The sottish purblind world: but absolutely free,
His happy time he spends the works of God to see,
In hole to sundry hearbs which there in plenty growe:
VWhose sundry strange effects he onely seeks to knowe.
And in a little Maund, beeing made of Oziars small,
VWhich serueth him to doe full many a thing withall,
He very choicely sorts his Simples got abroad.

Heere finds he on an Oake Rheume-purging Polipode;
And in some open place that to the Sunne doth lye,
He Fumitorie gets, and Eye-bright for the eye:

V

The

The Hart was
peth at his dy-
ing: his teares
are held to be
precious in me-
dicine.

A descrip-
tion of the af-
ternoons.

Hermits have
oft had their
abodes by
waies that lie
through Forde.

The Yarrow, where-with-all he stops the wound-made gore:
 The healing Tutlan then, and Plantan for a sore.
 And hard by them againe he holy Vervaine finds,
 Which he about his head that hath the Megrim binds.
 The wonder-working Dill hee gets not farre from these,
 Which curious women vse in many a nice discafe.
 For them that are with Newts, or Snakes, or Adders stong,
 He seeketh out an hearbe that's called Adders-rong;
 As Nature it ordain'd, its owne like hurt to cure,
 And Iportiue did her selfe to niceries invre.
 Valerian then he crops, and purposely doth stampe,
 To apply vnto the place that's haled with the Crampe.
 As Century, to close the wideness of a wound:
 The belly hurt by birth, by Mugwort to make sound.
 His Chickweed cures the heat that in the face doth rise.

For Physick, some againe he inwardly applies.
 For comforting the Spleene and Liuer, gets for iuce,
 Pale Hore-hound, which he holds of most especiall vse.
 So Saxifrage is good, and Harts-tongue for the Stone,
 With Agrimony, and that hearbe we call *S. Iohn*.
 To him that hath a flux, of Sheephcards purle he giues,
 And Mout-eare vnto him whom some sharpe rupture grieues.
 And for the laboring wretch that's troubled with a cough,
 Or stopping of the breath, by fleagme that's hard and tough,
 Campana heere he crops, approoued wondrous good:
 As Comfrey vnto him that's brused, spetting blood;
 And from the Falling-ill, by Fiue-leaf doth restore,
 And Melancholy cures by soueraigne Heliebore.

Of these most helpfull hearbs yet tell we but a few,
 To those vnnumbred sorts of Simples here that grew.
 Which iustly to set downe, euen *Dodon* short doth fall;
 Nor skilfull *Gerard*, yet, shall euer find them all.

But from our Hermit heere the Muse we must inforce,
 And zealously proceed in our intended course:
 How *Arden* of her Rills and Riuerets doth dispose;
 By *Alcester* how *Alneto Arro* calcly flowes;
 And mildly becing mixt, to *Avon* hold their way:
 And likewise tow'rd the North, how liuely-tripping *Rhea*,
 Tattend the lustier *Tame*, is from her Fountaine sent:
 So little *Cole* and *Blyth* goe on with him to *Trent*.
 His *Tamworth* at the last, he in his way doth win:
 There playing him awhile, till *Ancor* should come in,
 Which trisleth twixt her banks, obseruing state, so slowe,
 As though into his armes she scorn'd her selfe to throwe:
 Yet *Arden* will'd her *Tame* to serue * her on his knees
 For by that Nymph alone, they both should honor'd be.

The Authors
 of two famous
 Herbals.

* *Ancor*.

The

The Forrest to much fame from what she was before,
 That to her former height Fate could her not restore;
 Though oft in her behalfe, the *Genius* of the Land
 Importuned the Heavens with an auspicious hand,
 Yet granted at the last (the aged Nymph to grace)
 They by a Ladies birth would more renowne that place
 Then if her Woods their heads about the Hills should fear;
 And for that purpose, first made *Coventry* to great
 (A poore thatcht Village then, or scarcely none at all,
 That could not once haue dream'd of her now stately wall)
 & And thither witley brought that goodly Virgin-band,
 Thelcuen thousand maids, chaste *Isula's* Commaund,
 Whom then the *Britaine* Kings gaue her full power to presse,
 For matches to their friends in *Britanny* the lesle.
 At whole departure thence, each by her iust bequest
 Some speciall vertue gaue, or dayning it to rest
 With one of their owne sex, that there her birth should haue,
 Till fulnesse of the time which Fate did choicely laue;
 Vntill the *Saxons* raigne, when *Coventry* at length,
 From her small, meane regard, recovered state and strength,
 By *Leofrick* her Lord yet in base bondage held,
 The people from her Marts by tollage who expeld:
 Whose Dutchesse, which desir'd this tribute to releafe,
 Their freedome often begg'd. The Duke, to make her cease,
 Told her that if shee would his losse so farre inforce,
 His will was, shee should ride starke nak't vpon a horse
 By day light through the street: which certainly he thought,
 In her heroïck breast so deeply would haue wrought,
 That in her former lute she would haue left to deale.
 But that most princely Dame, as one deuour'd with zeale,
 Went on, and by that meane the Cittie cleerly freed.

*The first part of whose name, Godiua, doth forereed
 The first syllable of hers; and Goodere halfe doth sound;
 For by agreeing words, great matters haue been found.
 But further then this place the mysterie extends.
 What Arden had begun, in Ancor lastly ends:
 For in the British tongue, the Britaines could not find,
 Wherefore to her that name of Ancor was assign'd:
 Nor yet the Saxons since, nor times to come had known,
 But that her being heere, was by this name fore-shown,
 As prophcing her. For, as the first did tell
 Her Sir-name, so againe doth Ancor liuely spell
 Her Christned title Anne. And as those Virgins there
 Did sanctifie that Place: so holy Edith heere
 A Recluse long time lin'd, in that faire Abbey plac'd
 Which Alured enricht, and Powletworth highly grac'd.*

*A Princeſſe being borne, and Abbeſſe, with thoſe Maids,
All Noble like her ſelfe, in bidding of their Beads
Their holineſſe bequeath'd, upon her to deſcend
Which there ſhould after line: in whoſe deere ſelfe ſhould end
Th'intent of Ancors name, her comming that decreed,
As hers (her place of birth) faire Couentry that freed.*

But whilt about this tale ſmooth *Ancor* tryſling ſtayes,
Vnto the luſtier *Tame* as loth to come her waies,
The Flood intreats her thus; Deere Brooke, why dooſt thou wrong
Our mutuall loue ſo much, and tediouſly prolong
Our mirthfull marriage-howre, for which I ſtill prepare?
Haſte to my broader banks, my ioy and onely care.
For as of all my Floods thou art the firſt in fame;
When frankly thou ſhalt yeeld thine honor to my name,
I will proteſt thy ſtate: then doe not wrong thy kind.
What pleaſure hath the world that heere thou maiſt not find?

Hence, Muſe, diuert thy courſe to *Dunſmore*, by that *Croſſe*
Where thoſe two mightie *waies*, the *Watling* and the *Foſſe*,
Our Center ſeeme to cut. (The firſt doth hold her way,
From *Douer*, to the farth'ſt of fruitfull *Angleſey*:
The ſecond South and North, from *Michaels* vtmoſt Mount,
To *Cathneſſe*, which the furth'ſt of *Scotland* wee account.)
And then proceed to ſhowe, how *Avon* from her Spring,
By *Nenham's* Fount is bleſt; and how ſhe, blandiſhing,
By *Dunſmore* driues along. Whom *Sow* doth firſt aſſiſt,
Which taketh *Shirburn* in, with *Cune*, a great while miſt;
Though *Conentry* from thence her name at firſt did raiſe,
Now flouriſhing with Fanes, and proud *Piramides*;
Her walls in good repaire, her Ports ſo brauely built,
Her halls in good eſtate, her *Croſſe* ſo richly gilt,
As ſcorning all the Townes that ſtand within her view:
Yet muſt ſhee not be grieu'd, that *Cune* ſhould claime her due.

Tow'rds *Warwick* with this traine as *Avon* trips along,
To *Guy-cliffe* beeing come, her Nymphs thus brauely ſong;
To thee renowned Knight, continuall prayſe wee owe,
And at thy hallowed Tombe thy yeerely *Obiſſes* ſhowe;
Who, thy deere *Phillis* name and Country to advance,
Leſt *Warwicks* wealthy ſcate: and layling into *France*,
At Tilt, from his proud Steed, Duke *Oſton* threw'ſt to ground:
And with th'invalewed Prize of *Blanch* the beautilous crown'd
(The *Almaine* Emperors heire) high acts didſt there achieue:
As *Lovaine* thou againe didſt valiantly relieue.
Thou in the *Soldans* blood thy worthy ſword imbru'dſt;
And then in ſingle fight, great *Amerant* ſubdu'dſt.
T'was thy *Herculian* hand, which happily deſtroy'd
That Dragon, which ſo long *Northumberland* annoy'd;

And

The High-
offe. ſuppoſed
be the midſt
England.
See to the
vj. Song.

(Cromham 1772)

Otherwiſe,
Cune-ree: that
is, the Towne
vpon Cune.

And slew that cruell Bore, which waste our wood-lands layd,
Whose tusks turn'd vp our Tilths, and Dens in Medowes made;
Whose shoulder-blade remains at *Conentry* till now;
And, at our humble sute, did quell that monstrous Cow
The pailengers that vs'd from *Dunsmore* to affrighte.
Of all our *English* (yet) o most renowned Knight,
That *Colebrond* ouercamst: at whole amazing fall
The *Danes* remou'd their Campe from *Winchellers* sieg'd wall.
Thy statue *Gay-cliffe* keepes, the gazers eye to please;
Warwick, thy mighty Armes (thou English *Hercules*)
Thy strong and maily sword, that neuer was controld:
Which, as her ancient right, her Castle still shall hold.

Scarce ended they their Song, but *Auons* winding streame,
By *Warwick*, entertaines the high complexion'd *Leame*:
And as she thence along to *Stratford* on doth straine,
Receiueth little *Hekie* the next into her traine:
Then taketh in the *Stour*, the Brooke, of all the rest
Which that most goodly Vale of *Red-horse* loucheth best;
A Vally that enioyes a verie great estate,
Yet not so famous held as smaller, by her fate:
Now, for Report had been too partiall in her praise,
Her iust conceiued greese, faire *Red-horse* thus bewraies;

Shalle euery Vale be heard to boast her wealth? and I,
The needie Countries neere that with my *Corn* supply
As brauely as the best, shall onely I endure
The dull and beastly world my glories to obscure;
Neere way-lesse *Ardens* side, with my ret'yrd abroad
Stood quite out of the way from euery common road?
Great *Eushams* fertill Gleabe, what tongue hath not extold?
As though to her alone belonged the * Garbe of Gold.
Of *Beners* batfull earth, men keeme as though to faine,
Reporting in what store shee multiplies her graine:
And folke such wondrous things of *Alsburie* will tell,
As though Aboundance stroue her burthened wombe to swell,
Her roome amongst the rest, to *White-horse* is decreed:
Shee wants no setting forth: her braue *Pegasian* Steed
(The wonder of the West) exalted to the skies:
My *Red-horse* of you all contemned onely lies.
The fault is not in me, but in the wretched time:
On whom, vpon good cause, I well may lay the crime;
Which as all noble things, to mee it doth neglect.
But when th'industrious Muse shall purchase me respect
Of Countries neere my site, and win me forraine fame
(The *Eden* of you all deseruedly that am)
I shall as much be pray'd for delicacie then,
As now in small account with vile and barbarous men.

For, from the loſtie *Edge* that on my ſide doth lye,
 Vpon my ſpacious earth who caſts a curious eye,
 As many goodly leates ſhall in my compaſſe lee,
 As many ſweet delights and rarities: in mee
 As in the greateſt Vale: from where my head I couch
 At *Cotſwolds* Countries foot, till with my heeles I touch
 The *North-hamptonian* fields, and fatning Paſtures; where
 I raviſh every eye with my inticing cheere.
 As ſtill the Yeere growes on, that *Ceres* once doth load
 The full Earth with her ſtore; my plentifull boſome ſtrow'd
 With all abundant ſweets: my firm and luſtie flanke
 Her bravery then diſplayes, with Meadows hugely ranke.
 The thick and well growne fogge doth matt my ſmoother ſlades,
 And on the lower Leas, as on the higher Hades
 The daintie Clouer growes (of graſſe the onely ſilke)
 That makes each Vdder ſtrout abundantly with milke.

As an vnlettred man, at the deſired ſight
 Of ſome rare beaurie moou'd with infinite delight,
 Not out of his owne ſpirit, but by that power diuine,
 Which through a ſparkling eye perſpicuouſly doth ſhine,
 Feeles his hard temper yeeld, that hee in paſſion breakes,
 And things beyond his height, transported ſtrangely ſpeaks:
 So thoſe that dwell in mee, and liue by frugall toyle,
 When they in my defence are reaſoning of my ſoyl,
 As rapt with my wealth and beauties, learned growe,
 And in wel-fitting tearmes, and noble language, ſhowe
 The Lordſhips in my Lands, from *Redright* (which remains
 S. A witneſſe of that day we wonne vpon the *Danes*)
 To *Tawceſter* wel-neere: twixt which, they vie to tell
 Of places which they ſay doe *Rumneys* ſelfe excell.
 Of *Daffer* they dare boaſt, and giue *Wormliſton* prize,
 As of that fertill Flat by *Biſhopton* that lies.

For ſhowing of my bounds, if men may rightly gheſſe
 By my continued forme which beſt doth me expreſſe,
 On either of my ſides and by the riſing grounds,
 Which in one faſhion hold, as my moſt certaine Mounds,
 In length neere thirtie miles I am diſcern'd to bee.

Thus *Red-horſe* ends her tale; and I therewith agree
 To finiſh heere my Song: the Mute ſome eaſe doth aſke,
 As wearied with the toyle in this her ſerious taſke.

Illustra-

Illustrations.

Nor the hart of England and Wales, The Muse here is entred, that is, *Warwick-shire* her Native Country, whose territory you might call *Middle-Engle* (for ere was that part of *Aiercland*, (spoken of in Story) for equality of distance on the inarming Ocean.

By his Illustrious Earles renowned every where.

Permit to your selfe credit of those, loaden with Antique fables, as *Guy* (of whom the Author in the X. I. Song, and here presently) *Morin* (and such), and no more testimony might be giuen, to exceed. But, More sure iustification hereof is, in those Great Princes *Henry Beauchamp* Earle of *Warwicke*, and *Pracombe Anglia* (as the Record call's him) vnder *Hen. VI.* and *Richard* *Third* making it as it were his gaine to Crown, and depole Kings in that bloody dissention twixt the White and Red Roses.

* Chief Earle of England.
* *Parl. rec. 21. Hen. 6. ap. Cam.*

That mighty Arden held

What is now the *Woodland* in *Warwickshire*, was heretofore part of a larger Veald or Forest call'd *Arden*. The reliques of whole name in *Dene* of *Monmouthshire*, & that *Arduenna* or *La Forest*. *Ardenne*, by *Henault* and *Luxemburg*, shews likelihood of interpretation of the vet vled *Englisch* name of *Woodland*. And, whereas, in old inscriptions, *Diana N. morensis*, with other additions, hath beene found among the *Latines*, the like seemes to be exprest in an old Marble, now in *Italy*, grauen vnder *Domitian*, in part thus:

* DIS. MANIBVS.
Q. CAESIVS. Q. F. CLAVD.
ATILIANVS. SACERDOS.
DEANAE ARDVINNAE.

That comprehensue largenes which this *Arden* once extended (before Ruine of her Woods) makes the Author thus limit her with *Seneve* and *Trent*. By reason of this her greatnes ioyn'd with Antiquity, Hee also made choise of this place for description of the Chase, the *Englisch* simples, and Hermit, as you read in him.

* *Habm. Gabz. Theatrum Aris.*
* *Diana* of the wood.
* *Ind. Lem. on ap. Paull. Merul. Cosmogr. part. 2. lib. 3. cap. 11.*
* To the separated soules, *Q. Casim. &c.* Priest of *Diana* of *Arden*, or surname *Arden*.

And thither wisely brought that goodly Virgin band.

Sufficient iustification of making a Poem, may be from tradition, which the Author here vses, but see to the VIII. Song, where you haue this incredible number of Virgins, shipt at *Londons*, nor skils it much on which you bellow your faith, or if on neither. Their request (as the *Genius* prayer) are the Authors owne fictions, to come to expresse the worth of his Native soile's Citty.

By *Leofrique* her Lord, yet in base bondage held.

The ensuing Story of this *Leofrique* and *Godina*, was vnder the Confessor. I find it reported in *Matthew of Westminster*, that *Nuda, equum ascendens, crines capitis & tricas dissolvens corpus suum totum, praeter Crura candidissima, inde vela-*

About cl. 2. L.
* As she was on horse-back, her haire loose hung so long, that it covered all hir body, to hir thighes.

mit.

Inglapthm Hiff.
fol. 519.

Power of Barles
anciently.

Malmesb. de
gest. reg. 3.
* That no
Knight should
be amerced a-
bove VII shil-
lings.

Lib. vet. ff.
Monast. de Bello
ap. Camd.
* Lib. **Domest-**
dap in *Scacca-*
ria.
Third part of
the Counties
tohisto the
Earle.
See to the XI.
* Had rule of
their Counties.
& v. to *Carno-*
um Ep. II. 162.
Nicol. Vice-
comes. lib. xix.

Inquisition in the
Norman Story,
partly toucht to
the IV. Canto.
* *Gual. Gormet-*
ensis de Ducib.
Norm. 2 cap. 4.
* *1019 Thom.*
de Wilingham
in llypedig.
Norm. secundum
quor. in quantum
ad Chronologica
rationem spectat.
perique aij.

mit. This *Leofrique* (buried at *Conentry*) was Earle of *Leicester*, not *Chester* (as some ill took it by turning *Legecestra*, being indeed sometimes for *Chester*, of old call'd *Vrbs Legionum*, as to the XI. Song already) which is without scruple shew'd in a Charter, of the Mannor of *Spalding* in *Lincolnshire*, made to *Wulfar* Abbot of *Crowland*, beginning thus: *Ego Thoroldus De Buckenbale coram Nobilissimo Domino meo Leofrico Comite Leicestriz & Nobilissimis omnis. (a sua Domina Godiva sorore mea, & cum consensu & bona voluntate Domini & Cognatis meis Comitibus Algari primogeniti & Heredis eorum, donavi, &c.* This *Algar* succeeded him; and, as a speciall title, Government. & honor, this Earldom was therein among the *Saxon* so singular, that it was hereditary with a very long pedigree, til the Conquest, from *K. Ethelbald's* time, about CCC. years. In *Malmesbury*, he is stiled Earle of *Hereford*; and indeed, as it seems, had large dominion ouer most part of *Mercland*, and was a great Protector of good *K. Edward*, from ambitious *Gedwini's* faction. You may note in him, what power the Earles of those times had for granting, releasing, or imposing liberties and exactions, which since onely the Crowne hath, as vnseparably, annex to it. Nay, since the *Normans*, I finde that *William Fitz-Osbern*, Earle of *Hereford*, made a law in his County, * *ut Nullus miles pro qualicunq. commissio plus septem solidis soluat*, which was obseru'd without Controuertie, in *Malmesbury's* time; and I haue seene originall letters of Protection (a perfect and vncommunicable power Royall) by that great Prince *Richard* Earle of *Posiers* and *Cornwall*, brother to *Hen. III.* sent to the Shirif of *Rutland*, for & in behalf of a Nonnery about *Stanford*; and it is well knowne, that his succellor *Edmund* left no small tokens of such supremacie in Constitutions liberties, and impos'd Subsidies in the Stannaries of *Cornwall*; with more such like extant in Monuments. But whatsoever their power heretofore was, I thinke, it then ceased with that custome of their hauing the third part of the Kings profit in the County, which was al'o in the *Saxon* times vsuall, as appears in that; *In Ipswich Regina Edena II. partes habuit & Comes Guert tertiam; Norwich reddebat XX. libras Regi, & Comiti X. libras*: Of the Borcough of *Leues*; its profits erant *II. partes Regi, tertia Comiti*; & *Oxford reddebat Regi XX. libras, & sex sextarios mellis, Comiti vero Algaro X. libras*. And vnder *K. Iohn*, *Geffrey Fitz-Peeter*, Earle of *Essex*, and *William le Marshall* Earle of *Strigul*, * *Administrationem suorum Comitatum habebant*, saith *Hoveden*. But Time hath, with other parts of Government, altered all this to what we now vie.

A witness of that day we won upon the Danes.

He meanes *Rollrich Stones* in the Confines of *Warwicke* and *Oxfordshire*; of which the vulgar there haue a fabulous tradition, that they are an army of Men, and I know not what Great Generall amongst them, conuerted into Stones: a tale not hauing his superior in the ranke of vnttruth's. But (vpon the conceit of a most learned Man) the Muse refers it to some battell of the *Danes*, about time of *Rollo's* Piracie and incurfion, and for her Country takes the better side (as iustifiable as the contrary) in affirming the day to the *English*. But, to suppose this a Monument of that battell, fought at *Hochmorton*, seems to me in matter of certainty, not very probable: I meane, being drawne from *Rollo's* name: of whose Story, both for a passage in the last Song, and here, permit a short examination. The *Norman* tradition is, that he, with diuers other *Danes* transplanting themselves, as well for dissention twixt him and his King, as for new fear of habitation, arriv'd here, had some skirmishes with the *English*, defending their territories; and soon afterward being admonisht in a Dreame, aided and aduised by *K. Atelistan*, entered *Seine* in *France*; wasted and won part of

of it about *Paris, Baienx*, elsewhere, returned upon request by Embassage to assist the *English* King against Rebels, and afterward in the year DCCCC.XI. or XII. receiue'd his Dukedom of *Normandy*, & Christianity, his name of *Robert*, with *Ægidia* or *Gilla* (for wife) daughter to *Charles*, surnamed the Simple, as to the IV. Song I haue, according to the credit of the Story, toucht it. But how came such habitude twixt *Athelstan* and him, before this DCCCC.XII. when as it is plain, that *Athelstan* was not King till DCCCC.XXIV. or neere that point? Neither is any concordance twixt *Athelstan* and this *Charles*, whose Kingdome was taken from him by *Rodulph D. of Burgundy*, II. yeares before our K. *Edward I.* (of the *Saxons*) died. In the ninth yeare of whose raigne, falling vnder DCCCC.VI. was that battell of *Hochorton*, so that, vnles the name of *Athelstan* be mistook for this *Edward*, or, be wanting to the Dominicall yeare of those XXII. of the *Dionysian* calculation (whereof to the IV. Song) I see no meanes to make their Storie stand with it selfe, nor our Monkes; in whom (most of them writing about the *Norman* times) more mention would haue beene of *Rollo*, Ancestor to the Conqueror, and his acts here, had they knowne any certainty of his name or warres: which I rather giue to haue beene in our Maritime parts, then Inlands, vnles when (if that were at all) he assisted K. *Athelstan*. Read *Fredeard*, and the old Annals of *France*, written neerer the supposed times, and you will scarce find him to haue beene, or else there vnder 'some other name; as *Godfrey*, which some haue coniectur'd, to be the same with *Rollo*. You may see in *Æmilius* what vncertainies, if not contrarieties, were, in *Norman* traditions of this matter; and, I make no question, but of that vnkowne Nation so much mistaking hath beene of names and times, that scarce any vndoubted truth therein now can iustifie it selfe. For, obserue but what is here deliuered, and compare it with^t them which say in DCCC.XCVIII. *Rollo* was ouerthrown at *Chartres* by *Richard Duke of Burgundy*, and *Ebat Earle of Poitiers*, assisting *Walzelms* Bishop of that Citie; & my question is, Where haue you hope of Reconciliation? Except only in Equiuocation of name; for plainly *Hastings*, *Godfrey*, *Harrold* and others (if none of these were the same) all *Danes*, had to do, and that with Dominion in *France* about this age; wherein it is further reported, that " *Robert Earle of Paris*, and in some sort a King twixt *Charles* and *Rodulph*, gaued to certaine *Normans* that had entered the Land at *Loire* (they first entered there in c. CCC. LIII.) all Little *Bretagne* and *Nantes*, and this in DCCCC. XXII. which agrees, with that gift of the same tract to *Rollo* by *Charles*, little better then hartliest discords. And so doth that of *Rollo's* being aided by the *English* King, and in league with him against the *French*, with another receiued truth: which is, that *Charles* was (by marriage with^t *Edgith* of the *English* Kings loines) sonne in law to *Edward*, and brother in law to *Athelstan*, in whose^t protection here *Lewes* (afterward the IV.) was, while *Rodulph* of *Burgundy* held the Crowne. For that vnmanerly homage also, spoken of to the IV. Song by one of *Rollo's* Knights, it is reported by *Malmsbury* and others, to be done by *Rollo* him selfe; and, touching that *Egidia* wife to *Rollo*, the iudicious *French* Historiographer *P. Æmilius* (from who the *Italian Polydore* had many odde pieces of his best context) tels cleerly, that she was daughter to *Lothar K. of Romans*, and giuen by his cozen *Charles the Grosse*, to *Godfrey King of Normans*, with *Welfrich* (that is *Nienfria*) about DCCC.LXXXVI. and imagines that the *Norman* Historians were deceiued by equiuocation of name, mistaking *Charles the Simple* for *Charles the Grosse*; liuing neere one time; as also that they finding *Egidia* a Kings daughter (being indeed *Lothar's*) supposed her *Charles the Simple's*. This makes me thinke also that of *Godfrey* and *Rollo*, hath beene like confusion of name. But both

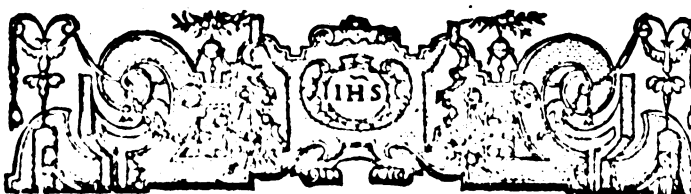
Times

Ita quidē apud P. Æmilii hist. Franc. 3. quomodo hoc se vide, & Polydore, eiusdem sequacem Hist. 5. Floron. Wigorn. pag. 335. & Roger. i. london. part. 1 fol. 241.

Fredeard. Presbyt. Annal. Franc. Richersperg. Oginis dicta P. Æmilio.

Membran. Petast. Canob. Floriacens. edit. a P. Pithoe.

Times, Raignes and Persons are so disturbed in the Stories, that being insuffi-
cient to rectifie the Contrarieties, I leaue you to the liberty of common report

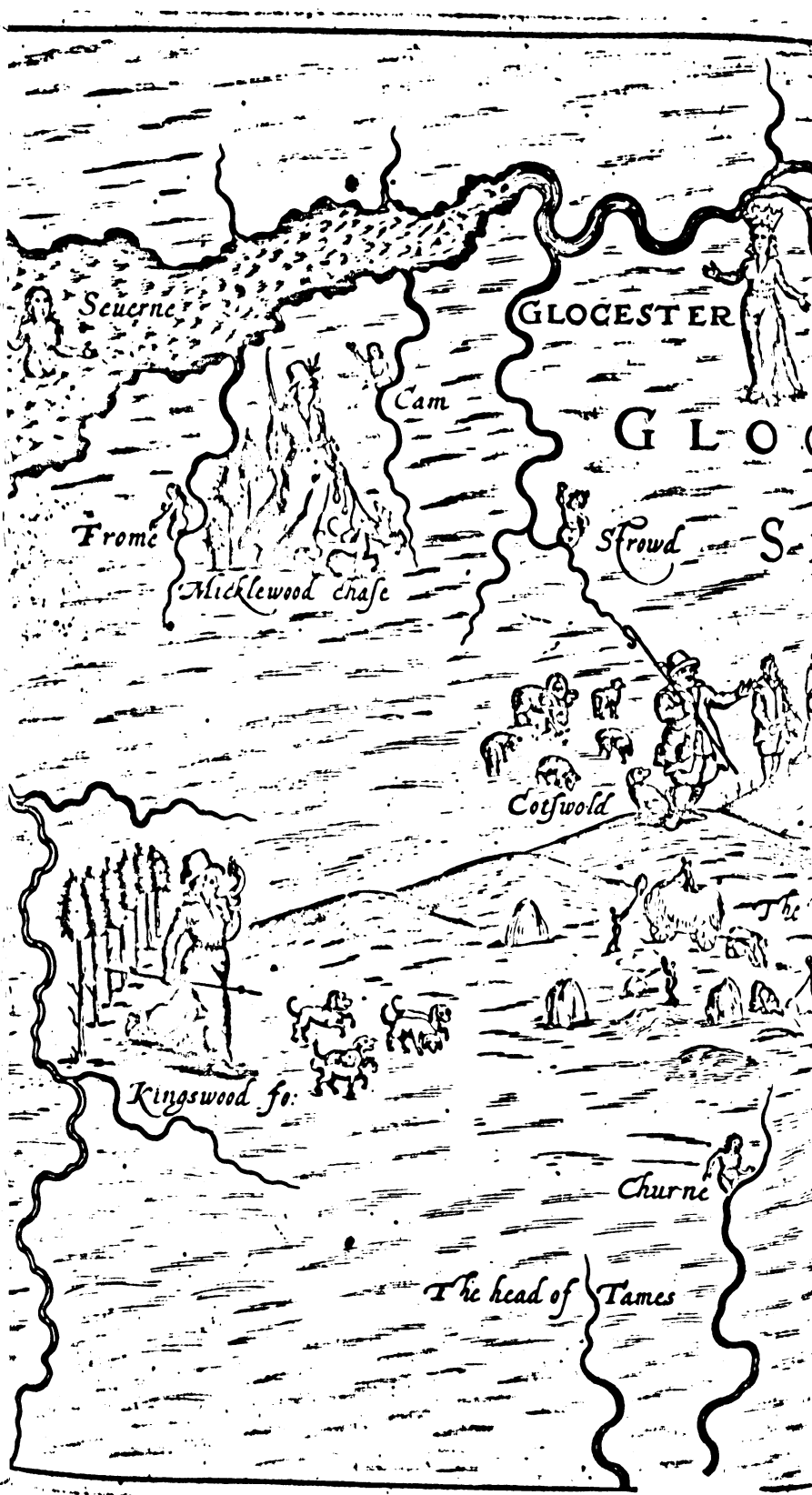


TH



INTRODUCED

OLD



S T E R

R E

PART E

Ö F Salwarpe

WORCESTER

SHYRE

Bredon Hill

Eusham

Windrush

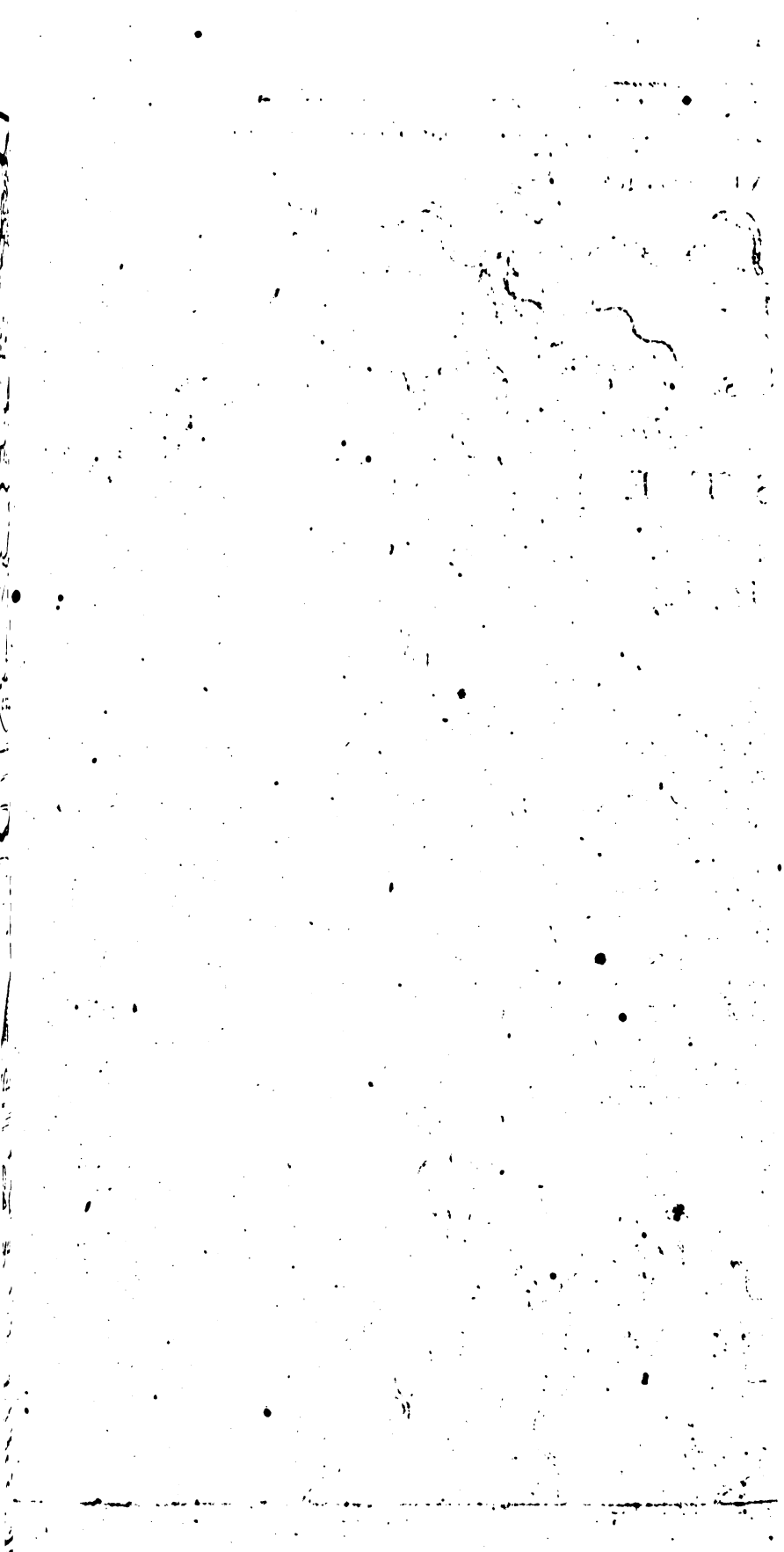
The Vale of Eusham

Mein Hill

Blockley, Springes

Ycnload

Leech





The fourteenth Song.

* THE ARGUMENT.

*Her sundry straines the Muse to prone,
Now sings of homely Country lone;
What moane th' old Heardsmen Clent doth make,
For his coy Wood-Nymph Feckn'hams sake;
And, how the Nymphs each other greet,
When Avon and brave Severne meet.
The Vale of Eusham then doth tell,
How farre the Vales doe Hills excell.
Ascending, next, faire Cotswolds Plaines,
Shee reuels with the Shepheards swaines;
And sends the daintie Nymphes away,
Gainst Tame and Isis Wedding day.*

T length, attain'd those Lands that South of *Severne* lye,
As to the varying Earth the Muse doth her apply,
Poore Sheep-hook and plaine Goad, she many times doth
Then in a Buskind strain she instantly doth bound. (sound:
moorh as the lowly streame, shee softly now doth glide:
and with the Mountaines straight contendeth in her pride.
Now back againe I turne, the Land with mee to take,
from the *Staffordian* heaths as * *Stour* her course doth make.
Which *Clent*, from his proud top, contentedly doth view:
but yet the aged Hill, immoderately doth rewe
is loued *Feckn'hams* fall, and doth her state bemoane;
to please his amorous eye, whole like the world had none.
or, from her very youth, he (then an aged Hill)
led to that Forrest-Nymph a speciall lyking still:
the least regard of him who neuer seems to take,
but suffreth in her selfe for *Salwarp's* onely lake;
and on that Riuer doats, as much as *Clent* on her.
Now, when the Hill perceiu'd, the Flood she would prefer,
all pleasure he forsakes; that at the full-bagd Cow,
Or at the curle-fac't Bull, when venting he doth low,
Or at th'vnhappy wags, which iet their Cattell stray,
At Nine-holes on the heath whilst they together play,

* Running by
Sturbridge in
Worcestershire,
towards Se-
verne.

He

^a The *Lickey*,
supposed to be
the highest
ground of this
Ile not being a
Mountaine.

The Salt Po-
tune of *Warre-
shire*.

He neuer seemes to smile; nor euer taketh keepe
To heare the harmlesse Swaine pype to his grazing sheepe;
Nor to the Carters tune, in whistling to his Teame;
Nor lends his listning care (once) to the ambling Streame,
That in the euening calme against the stones doth rush
With such a murmuring noyse, as it would seeme to hush
The silent Meads asleepe; but, voyd of all delight,
Reinedlesly drown'd in sorrow day and night,
Nor *Licky* his Allie and neighbour doth respect:
And there-with becing charg'd, thus answerth in effect;
That ^a *Lickey* to his height seem'd slowly but to rise,
And that in length and bredth he all extended lyes,
Nor doth like other hills to suddaine sharpnesse mount,
That of their kingly kind they scarce can him account;
Though by his swelling soyle set in so high a place,
That *Malverns* mightie selfe he seemeth to out-face.

Whilst *Clent* and *Licky* thus, doe both expresse their pride,
As *Saltwarpe* slips along by *Feck'nham's* shady side,
That Forrest him affects in wandring to the *Wyche*:
But he, him selfe by Salts there seeking to enrich,
His *Feck'nham* quite forgets; from all affection free.

But she, that to the Flood most constant meanes to be,
More prodigally giues her woods to those strong fires
Which boyle the source to Salts. Which *Clent* so much admires,
That loue, and her disdain, to madnes him prouoke:
When to the Wood-Nymph thus the icalous Mountaine spoke,
Fond Nymph, thy twisted curles, on which were all my care,
Thou lett'st the Furnace waste; that miserably bare
I hope to see thee left, which to doost mee despise;
VVhole beauties many a morne haue blest my longing eyes:
And, till the wearie Sunne sunk downe vnto the VVest,
Thou still my obiect wast, thou once my onely best.
Tie time shall quickly come, thy Groues and pleasant Springs,
VVhere to the mirthfull Merle the warbling Mavis sings,
The painfull laborers hand shall stock the roots, to burne;
The branch and body spent, yet could not serue his turne.
VVhich when, most wilfull Nymph, thy chaunce shal be to see,
Too late thou shalt repent thy small regard of mee.

But *Saltwarpe* downe from *Wyche* his nimbler feet doth ply,
Great *Severne* to attend, along to *Teuksbury*,
With others to partake the ioy that there is scene,
When beautious *Avon* comes vnto her soueraigne ^a *Queene*.
Heere downe from *Eushams* Vale, their greatnesse to attend,
Comes *Swiliat* sweeping in, which *Corswold* downe doth lend:
And *Garran* there arriues, the great recourse to see.
Where thus together met, with most delightfull glee,

^a *Severne*.

he cheerfull Nymphs that haunt the Valley rank and lowe
 Where full *Pomona* seemes most plentiously to flowe,
 And with her fruitery swells by *Peribore*, in her pride)
 Amongst the batfull Meads on *Severns* either side,
 To thele their confluent Floods, full Boales of Pery brought:
 Where, to each others health past many a deep-fercht draught,
 And many a sound Carouse from friend to friend doth goe.
 Thus whilst the mellowed Earth with her owne iuice doth flowe,
 Inflamed with excesse the lustie pampred Vale,
 In praise of her great selfe, thus frames her glorious tale;
 I doubt not but some Vale enough for vs hath said,
 To answer them that most with basenesse vs vpbray'd;
 Those high presumptuous Hills, which bend their vtmost might,
 Sonely to deiect, in their inveterate spight:
 For I would haue them thinke, that I (which am the Queene
 Of all the *British* Vales, and so haue euer beene
 Since *Gomers* Giant-brood inhabited this Ile,
 And that of all the rest, my selfe may so entile)
 Against the highest Hill dare put my selfe for place,
 That euer threatned Heauen with the austere face.
 And for our praise, then thus: What Fountaine send they forth
 That finds a Riuer's name, though of the (smallest worth)
 But it inuales it selfe, and on it either side
 Doth make those fruitfull Meads, which with their painted pride
 Embroaden his proud Banke? whilst in lasciuious Gyres
 He swiftly fallieth out, and suddainly retyres
 In sundry works and trailes, now shallowe, and then deepe,
 Searching the spacious shores, as though it meant to sweepe
 Their sweets with it away, with which they are replcat.
 And men, first building Townes, them selues did wisely feat
 Till in the bountious Vale: whose burthened Pasture beares
 The most abundant swathe, whose Gleabe such goodly cares,
 As to the weightie sheafe with sythe or sickle cut,
 When as his hardned hand the Labourer comes to put,
 Links him in his owne sweat, which it but hardly wiolds:
 And on the Corne-strew'd Lands, then in the stubble fields,
 There feed the Heards of Neat, by them the Flocks of Sheep,
 Seeking the soatt' red Corne vpon the ridges steepe:
 And in the furrowe by (where *Ceres* lyes much spild)
 Th'vnweldy larding Swine his mawe then hauing fild,
 Lies wallowing in the myre, thence able scarce to rise.
 When as thole monstrous Hills so much that vs despise
 The Mountaine, which forsooth the lowly Valley mocks)
 Haue nothing in the world vpon their barren Rocks,
 But greedy clambring Goats, and Conies, banisht quite
 From euery fertill place; as Rascals, that delight

X

In

In base and barren plots, and at good earth repine.
 And though in Winter we to moisture much incline,
 Yet those that be our owne, and dwell vpon our Land,
 When twixt their burly Stacks, and full-stuff Barnes they stand,
 Into the softer Clay as easely they doe sinke,
 Pluck vp their heauie feet, with lighter spirits, to thinke
 That Autumne shall produce, to recompence their toyle,
 A rich and goodly croppe from that vnpleasant toyle.
 And from that envious Foe which seekes vs to deprauē,
 Though much against his will this good we cleerly haue,
 We still are highly prais'd, and honor'd by his highr.
 For, who will vs survey, their cleere and iudging sight
 May see vs thence at full: which else the searchingst eye,
 By reason that so flat and leuelled welic,
 Could neuer throughly view, our selues nor could we showe.

Yet more; what lofty Hills to humble Valleys owe,
 And what high grace they haue which neere to vs are plac't,
 In * *Breedon* may be seene, beeing amorously imbrac't
 In cincture of mine armes. Who though he doe not vaunt
 His head like those that looke as they would Heauen supplant
 Yet let them wilely note, in what excelsiue pride
 He in my bosome sits; while him on euery side
 With my delicious sweets and delicacies I trym.
 And when great *Malvern* looks most terrible and grym,
 Hee with a pleased brow continually doth smile.

Heere *Breedon*, hauing heard his praises all the while,
 Grew insolently proud; and doth vpon him take
 Such state, as he would seeme but small account to make
 Of *Malvern*, or of *Mein*. So that the wiser Vale,
 To his instruction turns the proceffe of her tale.
 T'auoyd the greater wrath, and shunne the meane hate,
 Quoth shee, take my advice, abandon idle state;
 And by that way I goe, doe thou thy course contriue
 Giue others leaue to vaunt, and let vs closely thrice
 Whilst idly but for place the loftie Mountaines toyle,
 Let vs haue store of graine, and quantity of soyle
 To what end serue their tops (that seeme to threat the skie)
 But to be rent with stormes? whilst we in safety lie,
 Their Rocks but barren be, and they which rashly clime,
 Stand most in Enuies sight, the fairest prey for Time.
 And when the lowely Vales are clad in Sommers greene,
 The grisled Winters snowe vpon their heads is seene.
 Of all the Hills I knowe, let *Mein* thy patterne bee:
 Who though his site be such as seemes to equall thee,
 And destitute of nought that *Arden* him can yeeld,
 Nor of th'especiall grace of many a goodly field;

*A Hill inuironed on euery side with the Vale of Eborac.

of decre *Cliffords* seat (the place of health and sport)
 which many a time hath been the Muses quiet Port.
 et brags not he of that, nor of himselfe esteemes
 he more for his faire site; but richer then he seemes,
 clad in a gowne of Grasse, so soft and wondrous warme,
 s him the Sommers heat, nor Winters cold can harme.
 f whom I well may say, as I may speake of thee;
 om either of your tops, that who beholdeth mee,
 o Paradise may thinke a second hee had found,
 any like the first were euer on the ground.
 Her long and zealous speech thus *Euslam* doth conclude:
 hen straight the actiue Muse industriously pursu'd
 his noble Countries praise, as matter still did rise.
 or *Gloster* in times past her selfe did highly prize,
 hen in her pride of strength she nourisht goodly Vines,
 And oft her cares repress with her delicious Vines.
 ut, now th' All-cheering Sun the colder soyle deceauces,
 And vs (heere tow'rs the Pole) still falling South-ward leaues:
 o that the sullen earth th' effect thereof doth proue;
 according to their Books, who hold that he doth moue
 rom his first Zeniths poynt; the cause we feele his want.
 ut of her Vines depriu'd, now *Gloster* learns to plant
 the Peare-tree euery where: whose fruit shee straines for iuce,
 hat her pur'st Pery is, which first shee did produce
 rom *Worstershire*, and there is common as the fields;
 Which naturally that soyle in most abundance yeelds.
 But the laborious Mule, which still new worke assaies,
 here falllyeth through the shades, where beautilous *Seuerne* playes,
 'ntill that Riuer gets her *Glosters* wished sight:
 Where, she her streame divides, that with the more delight
 shee might behold the Towne, of which shee's wondrous proud:
 Then takes shee in the *Frome*, then *Cam*, and next the *Strowd*,
 As thence vpon her course she wantonly doth straine.
 Supposing then her selfe a Sea-god by her traine,
 Shee *Neptune*-like doth float vpon the bracky Marsh.
 Where, least shee should become too comberlome and harsh,
 faire *Nicklewood* (a Nymph, long honor'd for a Chale,
 Coniending to haue stood the high'st in *Severns* grace,
 Of any of the *Dryads* there bording on her shore)
 With her coole amorous shades, and all her Sylvan store,
 To please the goodly Flood imployes her vtmost powers,
 Supposing the proud Nymph might like her woody Bowers.
 But *Seuerne* (on her way) so large and head-strong grew,
 That shee the Wood-Nymph scornes, and *Aven* doth pursue;
 A Riuer with no lesse then goodly *Kings-wood* crown'd,
 A Forrest and a Flood by eithers fame renown'd;

Kings Road.

And each with others pride and beautie much bewichte;
 Besides, with *Brisfowes* state both wondrously enricht.
 Which soone to *Severne* sent th'report of that faire Road
 (So burthened still with Barks, as it would ouer-load
 Great *Neptune* with the weight) whose fame so farre doth ring.
 When as that mightie Flood, most brauely flourishing,
 Like *Thetis* goodlie selfe, maiestically glides;
 Vpon her spacious breast tolsing the lurgefull Tydes,
 To haue the Riuer see the state to which shee growes,
 And how much to her Queene the beauntious *Auon* owes.

A nice descrip-
tion of *Cotswold*.

But, noble Muse, proceed immediatly to tell
 How *Esshams* fertile Vale at first in liking fell
 With *Cotswold*, that great King of Shepheards: whose proud sire
 When that faire Vale first saw, to nourish her delight,
 That him she onely lov'd: for wisely shee beheld
 The beauties cleane throughout that on his sur-face dweld:
 Of iust and equall height two banks arising, which
 Grew poore (as it should seeme) to make some Valley rich:
 Betwixt them thrusting out an Elbowe of such height,
 As shrowds the lower soyle; which, shadowed from the light,
 Shootes forth a little Groue, that in the Sommers day
 Invites the Flocks, for shade that to the Couert stray.
 A Hill there holds his head, as though it told a tale,
 Or stooped to looke downe, or whisper with a Vale;
 Where little purling winds like wantons seeme to dally,
 And skip from Bank to Banke, from Valley trip to Valley.
 Such sundry shapes of soyle where Nature doth deuise,
 That she may rather seeme fantastickall, then wise.

T'whom *Sarum's* Plaine giues place: though famous for her Flocks,
 Yet hardly doth shee ty the our *Cotswolds* wealthy locks.
 Though *Lemster* him exceed for fineness of her ore,
 Yet quire he puts her downe for his abundant store.
 A match so fit as hee, contenting to her mind,
 Few Vales (as I suppose) like *Essham* hapt to find:
 Nor any other *Wold*, like *Cotswold* euer sped,
 So faire and rich a Vale by fortunings to wed.
 Hee hath the goodly Wooll, and shee the wealthy Graine:
 Through which they wisely seeme their household to maintaine.
 He hath pure wholesome Ayre, and daintie crysell Springs.
 To thole delights of his, shee daily profit brings:
 As to his large expence, she multiplies her heapes:
 Nor can his Flocks deuour th'abundance that shee reaps;
 As th'one with what it hath, the other stroue to grace.

And, now that euery thing may in the proper place
 Most aptly be contriud, the Sheepe our *Wold* doth breed
 (The simplest though it seeme) shall our description need,

And

and Shepheard-like, the Muse thus of that kind doth speak;
 no browne, nor sullied black the face or legs doth streak,
 like those of *Moreland*, *Cant*, or of the *Cambrian* hills
 that lightly laden are: but *Cotswold* wisely fills
 her with the whitest kind: whole browes so woolly be,
 as men in her faire Sheepe no emptines should see.
 The Staple deepe and thick, through, to the very graine,
 doth strongly keepeth out the violentest raine:
 body long and large, the buttocks equall broad,
 as fit to vnder-goe the full and weightie load.
 And of the fleecie face, the flanke doth nothing lack,
 at euery-where is stor'd; the belly, as the back.
 The faire and goodly flock, the Shepheards onely pride,
 as white as Winters snowe, when from the Riuer side
 he driues his new-wash't Sheepe; or on the Sheering day,
 When as the lusty Ram, with those rich spoyles of May
 his crooked hornes hath crown'd; the Bell-weather, so braue
 as none in all the flock they like themselves would haue.
 But Muse, returne to tell, how there the Shepheards King,
 whose flock hath chanc't that yeere the earliest Lambe to bring,
 in his gay Bauldrick sits at his lowe graisic Bord,
 With Flawns, Curds, Clowred-creame, and Country dainties stor'd:
 And, whilst the Bag-pipe playes, each lustie iocund Swaine
 quaffes Sillibubs in Kans, to all vpon the Plaine,
 and to their Country-Girls, whose Nolegayes they doe weare.
 Some Roundelayes doe sing: the rest, the burthen beare.
 But *Cotswold*, be this spoke to th'onely praise of thee,
 That thou of all the rest, the chosen soyle should'st bee,
 faire *Isis* to bring-forth (the Mother of great *Tames*)
 With those delicious Brooks, by whose immortall streames
 her greatnesse is begunne: so that our Riuer King,
 When he his long Descent shall from his Bel-fires bring,
 must needs (Great Pastures Prince) deriue his stem by thee,
 from kingly *Cotswolds* selfe, sprung of the third degree:
 As th'old worlds Heroës wont, that in the times of yore,
 On *Neptune*, *Ioue*, and *Mars*, themselves so highly bore.
 But easely from her source as *Isis* gently dades;
 vnto her present ayde, downe through the deeper slades,
 The nimbler footed *Churne*, by *Ciseter* doth slide;
 And first at *Greeklade* gets preheminence, to guide
 Queene *Isis* on her way, ere shee receiue her traine.
 Cleere *Colne*, and liuely *Leech*, so downe from *Cotswolds* Plaine;
 At *Leechlade* linking hands, come likewise to support
 The Mother of great *Tames*. When, seeing the resort,
 From *Cotswold* *Windrush* scowres; and with her selfe doth cast
 The Traine to ouer-take, and therefore hies her fast

X ;

Through

The fountaine
 of *Thames*,
 rising in the
 South of *Cotswold*.

Through the *Oxfordian* fields; when (as the last of all
Those floods, that into *Tames* out of our *Cotswold* fall,
And farth'st vnto the North) bright *Enlod* forth doth beare.
For, though it had been long, at length she came to beare
That *Iſis* was to *Tame* in wedlock to be tid:
And therefore ſlice prepar'd attend vpon the Bride;
Expecting, at the Feaſt, paſt ordinarie grace.

And being neere of kinne to that moſt Spring-full place,
Where out of *Blockley* banks ſo many Fountaines flowe,
That cleane throughout his foyle proud *Cotswold* cannot ſhowe
The like: as though from farre, his long and many Hills,
There emptied all their vaines, where-with thoſe Founts hee fills,
Which in the greateſt drought to brimfull ſtill doe float,
Sent through the rifted Rocks with ſuch an open throat,
As though the Cleeues conſum'd in humor; they alone,
So cryſtalline and cold, as hardneſs ſtick to ſtone.

But whiſt this while we talke, the farre diſulg'd fame
Of this great Bridale tow'rd, in *Phabus* mightie name
Doth bid the Muſe make haſte, and to the Bride-houſe ſpeed;
Of her attendance there leaſt they ſhould ſtand in need.

Illustrations.

Somewhat returning now neere the way you deſcended from the Northern
ſparts, the Muſe leads you through that part of *Worceſterſhire*, which is on
this ſide *Severn*, and the neighbouring *Stafford*, viewing alſo *Cotſwold*,
and ſo *Gloceſter*. The fictions of this Song are not ſo couert, nor the alluſions
ſo difficult, but that I preſume your conceit, for the moſt part, willingly diſ-
charges my labour.

And of her cares reſt with her delicious wines.

In this tract of *Gloceſterſhire* (where to this day many places are ſtiled *Vine-
yard*) was of ancient time among other fruits of a fertile ſoile, great ſtore of
Vines and more then in any other place of the Kingdom. Now in many parts
of this Realm we haue ſome: but what comes of them in the Preſſe is ſcarce
worth reſpect. Long ſince, the Emperour * *Probus* * *Gallis omnibus & Hiſpanis
ac Britannis permiſit ut vites haberent vinumq; conſicerent*: But * *Tacitus*, before
that, ſpeaking of this Iſland commends it with * *Solum præter Oleam vitemq; &
cetera calidioribus terris oriri ſueta, patiens frugum, facundum*. Long ſince *Pro-
bus*, England had its Vineyards alſo & ſome ſtore of Wine, as appears by that in
Domeſday, * *Vnus & Parvus & VI. Arpenſi Vinca* (that is between V. and VI.
Acres, Arpenſ in French ſignifying a Content of ground of C. Rods ſquare, e-
uery Rod XV III. foot) & *reddit XX. modiorum ſi bene procedat*, being recorded
of a place by *Ralegh* in *Effex*. This was vnder *William. I.*: and ſince him in
time of *Hen. I.* much Wine was made here in *Gloceſterſhire*. That now the Iſle
enioyes not frequencie of this benefit, as in old time, whether it be through
the ſoiles old age, and ſo like a woman growing ſterile (as * in another kind

Tremel

* Permitted
Vines to the
Gaules, Span-
ards & Britons,
and leave to
make Wine.
* *Plin. lib. 14. c. 10.*
* *In lat. Agric.*
4.

* A ſole fruit-
full enough; &
cept of *Olive*
& *Vines*, which
reſt for hot or
climata.

* One Parke &
ſix Arpens of
Vineyard, and
brings forth
ſome XX. fir-
kins of Wine, at
the yeare proue
well.

* *Cant. in Tri-*
ubant. l. 10.

* *Ma. me. de*
Tom. p. 10. geſſu
4.

* *Ap. Columell.*
de re Ruſtic. 2.
cap. 1.

Tremellius many hundred yeares since thought) or by reason of the earths change of place, as vpon difference in Astronomicall obseruations *Stradon* guelt, or that some part of singular influence, whereon Astrologie hangs most of inferior qualities, is alter'd by that slow course (yet of great power in alteration of Heauens System) of the eight Sphere (or precession of the Equinoctial) or by reason of indoltry wanting in the Husbandman, I leaue it to others examination.

— Still falling Southward leanes.

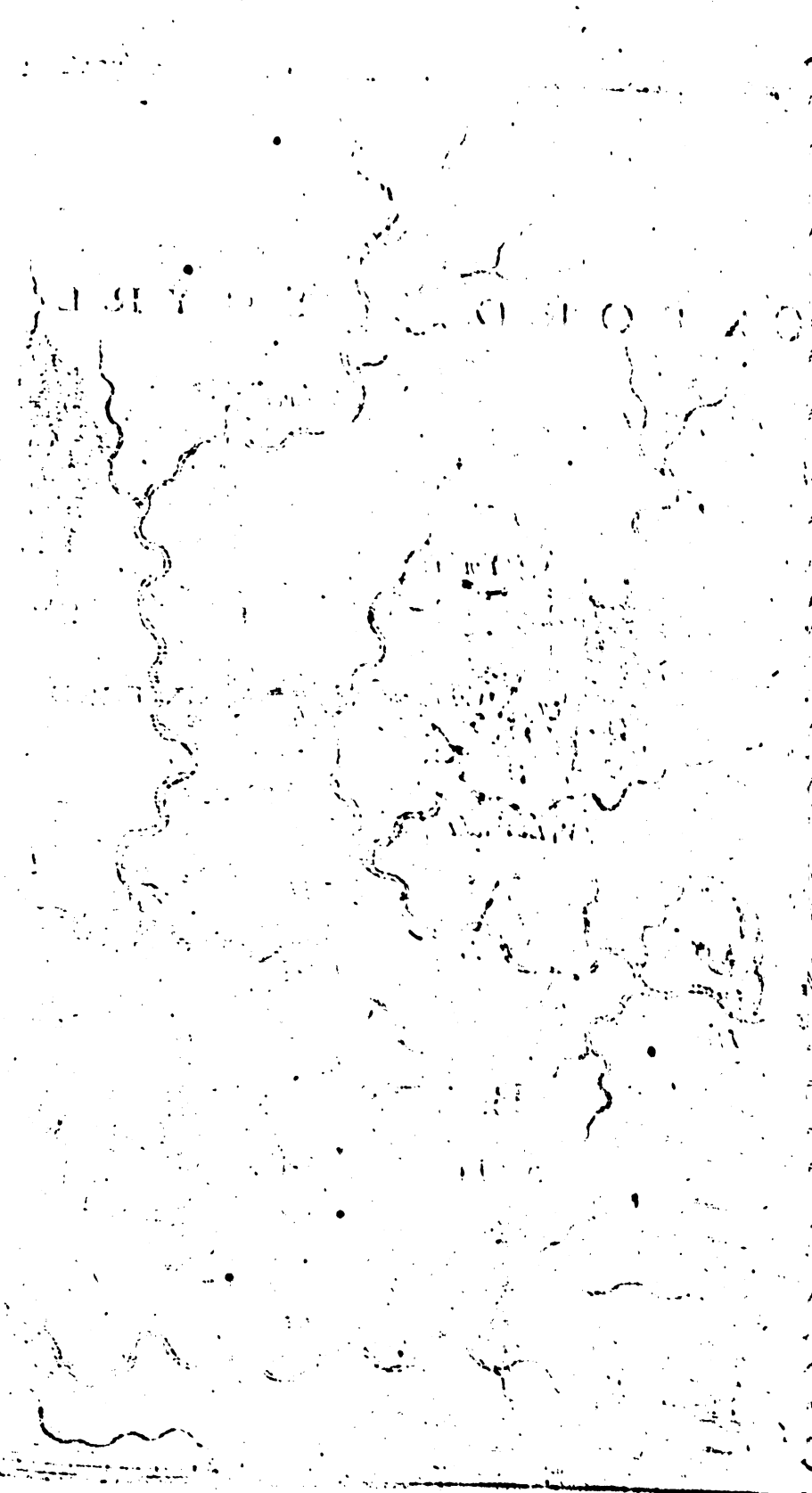
He alludes to the difference of the Zodiaques obliquity from what it was of old. For, in *Ptolemy* time about c 15 CD LX yeares since the v most Declination of the Sunne in the I. of *Cancer* (where she is neerest to our Varticall) was XXIII Gr. and about LII. Minut. since that, *Albategin* (about *Harlem* time) obserued it some XV. Scruples lesse: after him (neere c 15. of last) *Arzachel* found it XXIII. Gr. XXXIV. Scr. and in this later age about *Cornis-burg* and *Copernicus* brought it to XXIII. Gr. XXVIII. Scruple. which con cords allow with the *Ptolemique* accompt, and as many as thence traduce their *Ephemerides*. So that (by this calculation) about XXIII. Minut. the Sunne comes not now so neere our *Zenith*. as it did in *Ptolemies* time. But in truth (for in these things I accompt that truth, which is warranted by most accurat Obseruation; and those learned Mathematicians, by omitting of *Parallax* and *Refractions*, deceived themselves and posterity) the declination in this age is XXIII. Gr. XXXI. Scruple. and $\frac{1}{2}$ as that Noble *Dane*, and most Honor'd Restorer of Astronomical Motions, *Tycho Brahe*, hath taught vs: which, although it be greater then that of *Copernicus* and his followers, yet is much lesse then what is in *Ptoleme*, and by two Scruples different from *Arzachel*, so iustifying the Authors conceipt, supposing the cause of our Climate not now producing Wines, to be the Sunnes declination from vs, which for euery Scruple answers in earth, about one of our Miles; but a farre more large distance in the Celestiall Globe. I can as well maintaine this high-fetted cause, being vpon difference of so few Minut. in one of the slowest motions (and we see that greatest effects are alwayes attributed to them. as vpon the old conceit of the *Platonique* yeare, abridged into neere his halfe by *Copernicus*, those consequences retold vpon the change of Eccentriques out of one ligne into another, the Equinoctiall precession, and such like; as others may their conuersion of a Planets state into *Fortunat*, *Oppress* or *Lambust*, by measuring or misling their XVI. Scruples of *Cazimi*, their *Orbes moities*, and such curiosities. Neyther can you value the effect of this declination, by the Sunnes much neerer approach to the earth, vpon that decrease of his Eccentricity which *Copernicus* and his followers haue published. For, admitting that were true, yet iudiciall Astrologie relies more vpon Aspect and beames falling on vs with Angles (which are much altered by this change of Obliquity in the Zodiaque) then distance of euery singular starre from the Earth. But indeede, vpon mistaking the Poles altitude, and other error in Obseruation, * *Copernicus* was deceiu'd, and in this present age the Sunnes Eccentricity (in *Ptolemy*, being the XXIV. of the Eccentriques semidiameter, diuided into LX) hath bene found betwene the XXVII. and XXVIII. P. which is farre greater then that in *Copernicus*, erroneously making it but neere the XXXI. But this is too heauenly a language for the common Reader; and perhaps too late I leaue it.

THE

* *Copernicus*. Rp. 3 cap. 1.

* *Cardan*. ad a. *Totrabili*. & de *Armetat*. Rev. a. qui prophand m. mium, a *Adoti* i m *Uiluna* *Splava*, q's feli. cet quos crea c 15. DCCC. contratio volut fieri modo sup. ponit sacrosan. cla Religione mutatonē imp. te simul et imp. pradiut. & im. 9 generu sexcenta. * *Cuius* vocamine, granter munda. tw est Int. Sea. leg Exeritat. 90 felt. a. * *Tycho* Braheio *Progy* m a/m.

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OXFORD SHYRE

Cherwell

Yenload

Bernwood

Whitchwood

OXFORD

Isis

Windrush

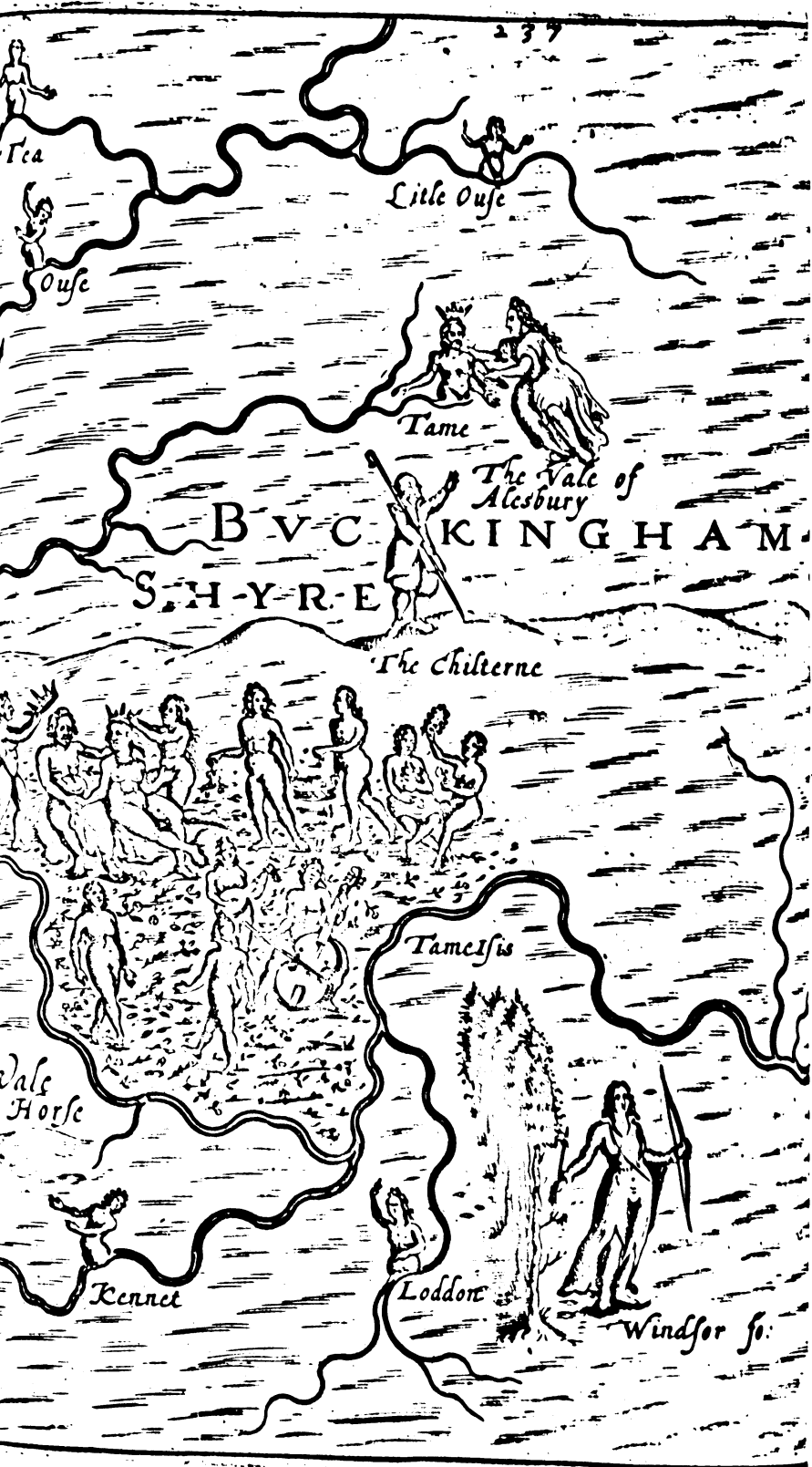
Isis

Isis

Ock

BARCK SHYRE

Kenet



AND THE BAY
1842



The fifteenth Song.

* THE ARGUMENT.

*The guests heere to the Bride-house bie.
The goodly Vale of Alsbury
Sets her sonne (Tame) forth, brane as May,
Vpon the ioyfull Wedding day:
Who, deckt up, tow'rds his Bride is gone.
So louely Isis comming on,
At Oxford all the Muses meet her,
And with a Prothalamion greet her.
The Nymphs are in the Bridall Bowres,
Some strowng sweets, some sorting flowres:
Where lustie Charwell himsef raises,
And sings of Rivers, and their praises.
Then Tames his way tow'rd Windfore tends,
Thus, with the Song, the Mariage ends.*

Now Fame had through this Ile divulg'd, in euery care,
The long-expected day of Mariage to be neere,
That *Isis*, *Cotswolds* heire, long woo'd was lastly wonne,
And instantly should wed with *Tame*, old *Chiltern's* sonne.

And now that Wood-mans wife, the mother of the Flood,
The rich and goodly Vale of *Alsbury*, that stood
So much vpon her *Tame*, was busied in her Bowres,
Preparing for her sonne, as many suites of Flowres,
As *Cotswold* for the Bride, his *Isis*, lately made;
Who for the louely *Tame*, her Bridegroome, onely staid.

Whilst euery crySTALL Flood is to this businels prest,
The cause of their great speed and many thus request:
O! whither goe yee Floods? what suddaine wind doth blowe,
Then other of your kind, that you so fast should flowe?
What businels is in hand, that spurres you thus away?
Fair *Windrush* let me heare, I pray thee *Charwell* say:
They suddainly reply, What lets you should not see
That for this Nuptiall feast wee all prepared bee?
Therefore this idle chat our cares doth but offend:
Our leysure serues not now these trifles to attend.

But

*Tame, arising
in the Vale of
Alsbury, at the
foot of the
Chilterne.*

The richnesse
of the Vale of
Alisbury.

The *Chiltern*-
Country be-
ginning also to
want wood.

That *Ouze* ar-
ising neer *Brack-
ley*, running in-
to the *German*
Sea.
* *Walling.*

But whilst things are in hand, old *Chiltern* (for his life)
From prodigall expense can no way keepe his wife;
Who feedes her *Tame* with Marle, in Cordiall-wise prepar'd,
And thinks all idly spent, that now she onely spar'd
In setting forth her sonne: nor can shee thinke it well,
Vnlesse her lauish charge doe *Cosswold's* farre excell.
For, *Alisbury's* a Vale that walloweth in her wealth,
And (by her wholesome ayre continually in health)
Is lustie, frim, and fat, and holds her youthfull strength.
Besides her fruitfull earth, her mightie breadth and length,
Doth *Chiltern* fitly match: which mountainously hie,
And beeing very long, so likewise shee doth lie;
From the *Bedfordian* fields, where first she doth begin,
To fashion like a Vale, to th' place where *Tame* doth win.
His *Isis* wished Bed; her soyle throughout so sure,
For goodnesse of her Gleabe, and for her Pasture pure,
That as her Graine and Grasse, so shee her Sheepe doth breed,
For burthen and for boane all other that exceed:
And shee, which thus in wealth abundantly doth flowe,
Now cares not on her Child what cost shee doe bestowe.
Which when wise *Chiltern* saw (the world who long had try'd,
And now at last had layd all garish pompe aside;
Whose hoare and chalkie head discry'd him to be old,
His Beechen woods bereft that kept him from the cold)
Would faine perswade the Vale to hold a steddie rate;
And with his curious Wife, thus wisely doth debate:

Quoth hee, you might allow what needeth, to the most:
But where as lesse will serue, what meanes this idle cost?
Too much, a surfet breeds, and may our Child annoy:
These fat and lushious meats doe but our Stomacks cloy.
The modest comly meane, in all things likes the wife,
Apparrell often shewes vs womanish precise.
And what will *Cosswold* thinke when he shall heare of this?
Hee'll rather blame your waste, then praise your cost iwis.

But, women willfull be, and shee her will must haue,
Nor cares how *Chiltern* chides, so that her *Tame* be braue.
Alone which tow'nds his Loue shee easely doth convey:
For the *Oxonian Ouze* was lately sent away
From *Buckingham*, where first he finds his nimbler feet;
Tow'nds *Whittlewood* then takes: where, past the noblest * *Street*,
Hee to the Forrest giues his farewell, and doth keepe
His course directly downe into the *German* Deepe,
To publish that great day in mightie *Neptunes* Hall,
That all the Sea-gods there might keep it festiuall.

As wee haue told how *Tame* holds on his euen course,
Returne we to report, how *Isis* from her fource

Comer

Comes tripping with delight, downe from her daintier Springs;
And in her princely traine, attend her Marriage, brings
Cleere *Churnes*, *Colne*, and *Leech*, which first she did retaine,
With *Windrush*; and with her (all out-rage to restraine
Which well might offred be to *Isis* as shee went)
Came *Tenload* with a guard of Satyres, which were sent
From *Whichwood*, to await the bright and God-like Dame.
So, *Bernwood* did bequeath his Satyres to the *Tame*,
For Sticklers in thole stirres that at the Feast should bee.

These preparations great when *Charwell* comes to see,
To *Oxford* got before, to entertaine the Flood,
Apollo's ayde he begs, with all his sacred brood,
To that most learned place to welcome her repaire.
Who in her comming on, was wext so wondrous faire,
That meeting, strife arose betwixt them, whether they
Her beauty should extoll, or shee admire their Bay.
On whom their severall gifts (to amplifie her dowre)
The Muses there bestowe; which euer haue the power
Immortall her to make. And as shee past along,
Thole modest *Thespian* Mals thus to their *Isis* song;

Yee Daughters of the Hills, come downe from euery side,
And due attendance giue vpon the louely Bride:
Goe strew the paths with flowers by which shee is to passe,
For be yee thus assur'd, in *Albion* neuer was
A beautie (yet) like hers: where haue yee euer scetie
So absolute a Nymph in all things, for a *Queene*?
Giue instantly in charge the day be wondrous faire,
That no disorderd blast attempt her braided haire,
Goe, see her State prepar'd, and euery thing be fit,
The Bride-chamber adorn'd with all bebecoming it.
And for the princely Groome, who euer yet could name
A Flood that is to fit for *Isis* as the *Tame*?

Yee both so louely are, that knowledge scarce can tell,
For feature whether hee, or beautie shee excell:
That rauished with ioy each other to behold,
When as your crysall wafts you closely doe enfold,
Betwixt your beaurious selues you shall beget a *Sonne*,
That when your liues shall end, in him shall be begunne.
The pleasant *Sarryan* shores shall in that Flood delight,
And *Kent* esteeme her selfe most happy in his sight.
The Shire that *London* loues, shall onely him prefer,
And giue full many a gift to hold him neer to her.

The *Skeld*, the goodly *Mose*, the rich and Viny *Rhine*,
Shall come to meet the *Thames* in *Neptunes* watty Plaine,
And all the *Belgian* Streames and neighboring Floods of *Gaul*,
Of him shall stand in awe, his tributaries all.

Rivers arising
in *Crosfield*,
spoke of in the
former Song.

* Laurel for
Learning,

* The Muses.

* They al dree,
aieers, of grea-
test note in the
*Lower Germa-
ny*, cast them-
selues into the
Ocean, in the
Coast opposite
to the mouth
of *Thames*.

As

^b Mariage
Soog.

As of fayre *Isis* thus, the learned Virgins spake,
A shrill and suddaine brute this ^b *Prothalamion* brake;
That *White-horse*, for the loue she bare to her Ally,
And honored sister Vale, the bountious *Alisbury*,
Sent Presents to the *Tame* by *Ock* her onely Flood,
Which for his Mother Vale, to much on greatnesse stood.

From *Oxford*, *Isis* hasts more speedily, to see
That Riuer like his birth might entertained bee:
For, that ambitious Vale, still struiuing to commaund,
And vsing for her place continually to stand,
Proud *White-horse* to perswade, much busines there hath been
T'acknowledge that great Vale of *Ensham* for her Queen.
And but that *Ensham* is so opulent and great,
That thereby since her selfe holds in the soueraigne seat,
This ^b *White-horse* all the Vales of *Britaine* would or' beare,
And absolutely sit in the imperiall Chaire;
And boasts as goodly Heards, and numerous Flocks to feed;
To haue as soft a Gleabe, as good increase of seed;
As pure and fresh an ayre vpon her face to flowe,
As *Ensham* for her life: and from her Steed doth showe,
Her lustie rising Downes, as faire a prospect take
As that imperious ^a *Wold*: which her great Queene doth make
So wondrously admyr'd, and her so farre extend.
But, to the Mariage, hence, industrious Muse descend.

^b *White-horse*
sheweth for so-
uerainety with
all the Vales
of *Britaine*.

^a *Cowfold*.

The *Naiads*, and the Nymphs extreamly ouer-ioy'd,
And on the winding banks all busily imploy'd,
Vpon this ioy full day, some dainty Chaplets twine:
Some others chosen out, with fingers neat and fine,
Braue ^b *Anadems* doe make: some Bauldricks vp do bind:
Some, Garlands: and to some, the Nosegaies were assign'd;
As best their skill did serue. But, for that *Tame* should be
Still man-like as him selfe, therefore they will that he
Should not be drest with Flowers, to Gardens that belong
(His Bride that better fitte) but onely such as sprong
From the replenisht Meads, and fruitfull Pastures neere,
To sort which Flowers, some sit; some making Garlands were;
The Primrose placing first, because that in the Spring
It is the first appeares, then onely flourishing;
The azur'd Hare-bell next, with them, they nearly mixt:
T'allay whose lushious smell, they Woodbind plac't betwixt.
Amongst those things of sent, there prick they in the Lilly;
And neere to that againe, her sister Daffadilly.
To sort these Flowers of showe, with th'other that were sweet,
The Cowslip then they couch, and th'Oxslip, for her meet:
The Coumbine amongst they sparingly doe set,
The yellow King-cup, wrought in many a curious fret,

^b Crownes of
Flowers.

Flowers of the
Medowes and
Pastures.

And

And now and then among, of Eglantine a spray,
By which againe a course of Lady-smocks they lay:
The Crow-flower, and there-by the Clouer-flower they stick,
The Daylie, ouer all those sundry sweets so thick,
As Nature doth her selfe; to imitate her right:
Who seems in that her * pearle so greatly to delight,
That euery Plaine therewith she powdret to beholde;
The crimson Darnell Flower, the Blew-bottle, and Gold;
Which though esteem'd but weeds; yet for their dainty hewes,
And for their sent not ill, they for this purpose chuse.

*Margherita, is
both a Pearle
and a Duly.*

Thus hauing told you how the Bridegroome *Tame* was dress'd,
He shew you, how the Bride, faire *Isis*, they invest;
Sitting to be attyr'd vnder her Bower of State,
Which scornes a meaner sort, then fits a Princely rate:
In * Anadems for whom they curiously dispose
The Red, the dainty White, the goodly Damask Rose,
For the rich Ruby, Pearle, and Amatist, men place
In Kings Emperiall Crownes, the circle that enchase.
The braue Carnation then, with sweet and soueraigne power
(So of his colour call'd, although a Iuly-flower)
With th'other of his kinde, the speckled and the pale:
Then th'odoriferous Pink, that sends forth such a gale
Of sweetnes; yet in sent, as various as in sorts.
The purple Violet then, the Pansie there supports:
The Mary-gold aboute adorne the arched Bar:
The dubble Daylie, Thrift, the Button-batcheler,
Sweet William, Sops in wine, the Champion: and to these,
Some Lauander they put, with Rosemary and Bayes:
Sweet Marjoram, with her like, sweet Basil rare for smell,
VWith many a flower, whose name were now too long to tell:
And rarely with the rest, the goodly Fowler-delice.

*Flowers of
Gardens.*

Thus for the nuptiall houre, all fitt point-deuice,
Whilst some still busied are in decking of the Bride,
Some others were again as seriously imploy'd
In strewing of those hearbs, at Bridalls vs'd that be;
Which euery where they throwe with bountious hands and free:
The healthfull Balme and Mint, from their full laps doe fly,
The sent-full Camomill, the verdurous Costmary.
They hot Muscado oft with milder Maudlin cast:
Strong Tansey, Fennell coole, they prodigally waste:
Cleere Ilop, and therewith the comfortable Thyme,
Germander with the rest, each thing then in her prime;
As well of wholesome hearbs, as euery pleasant flower,
Which Nature here product, to fit this happy houre.
Amongst these strewing kinds, some other wilde thar growe;
As Burnet, all abroad, and Meadow-wort they throwe.

*Strewing
hearbs.*

Y

Thus

A Hill betwixt
Northampton-
shire and War-
wick.

* Famous rings
of bells in Ox-
ford-steeple, cal-
led the Grosse-
ring.
* Oxford.

A fine Poet.

* That which
was call'd Gal-
lia Cisalpina,
and is Lombar-
dy, Romagna
and the West-
erne part of
Italy.

Thus all things falling out to euery ones desire,
The ceremonies done that Mariage doth require,
The Bride and Bridegroom set, and serv'd with sundry cares,
And euery other plac't, as fitted their estates;
Amongst this confluence great, wile *Charwell* here was thought
The fust to cheare the guests: who throughly had been taught
In all that could pertaine to Court-ship, long ago,
As comming from his Sire, the fruitfull * *Helidon*,
He trauellet to *Tames*; where pasing by those Townes
Of that rich Country neere, whereas the mirthfull downes,
With Taber and the pipe, on holydayes doe vlc,
Vpon the May-pole Greene, to trample out their shooes:
And hauing in his cares the deepe and * solemne rings,
Which found him all the way, vnto the * learned Springs,
Where he, his Soueraigne *Our* most happily doth meet,
And him, the thrice three maids, *Apelles* of spring, greet
With all their sacred gifts: thus, expert being growne
In musicke, and besides, a * curious Maker knowne:
This *Charwell* (as I said) the fust these Floods among,
For silence hauing call'd, thus to th' assembly song;
Stand fast ye higher Hills: low vallyes easily lie:
And Forrests that to both you equally apply
(But for the greater part, both wilde and barren be)
Retire ye to your wastess and Riuers only we,
Oft meeting let vs mixe: and with delightfull grace,
Let euery beautilous Nymph, her best lov'd Flood embrace,
An Alien be he borne, or neer to her owne Spring,
So from his natiue Fount he brauely flourishing,
Along the flowry Fields, licentiously do straine,
Greeting each curld groue, and circling euery Plaine;
Or hasting to his fall, his sholy grauell scowr's,
And with his Crystall front, then courts the climbing Townes.
Let all the world be Iudge, what Mountaine hath a name,
Like that from whose proud foot, their Springs some Flood of Fame
And in the Earth's suruay, what seat like that is set,
Whose Streets some ample Streame, abundantly doth wet?
Where is there Hauen found, or Harbour, like that Road,
Int' which some goodly Flood, his burthen doth vnload?
By whose rank swelling Streame, the far-fetcht forraine fraught,
May vp to In-land Townes conueniently be brought.
Of any part of Earth, we be the most renown'd;
That countries very oft, nay, Empires oft we bound.
As *Rubicon*, much fam'd, both for his Fount and Fall,
The ancient limit held, twixt *Italy* and * *Gaul*.
Europe and *Asia* keep on *Tanaïs* either side.
Such honor haue we Floods, the World (euen) to diuide.

day : Kingdoms thus we proue are christened oft by vs;
Iberia takes her name of Crystall *Iberus*.
 such reuerence to our kinde the wiser Ancients gave;
 as they suppos'd each Flood a Deity to haue :
 But with our fame at home returne we to proceed.
 In *Brittaine* here we find, our *Senerne*, and our *Tweed*;
 The tripartited *Ile* doe generally diuide;
 To *England*, *Scotland*, *Wales*, as each doth keep her side.
Trent cuts the Land in two, so equally, as tho
 Nature it pointed-out, to our great *Brute* to show
 how to his mightie Sonnes the Iland he might share.
 A thousand of this kinde, and neerer, I will spare;
 Where if the state of Floods, at large I list to show,
 proudly could report how *Pactolus* doth throwe
 pgraines of perfect gold : and of great *Ganges* tell;
 Which when full *India's* showers inforceth him to swell;
 Gilds with his glistering sands the ouer-pampered shores
 How wealthy *Tagus* first by tumbling down his ore,
 The rude and slothfull *Moores* of old *Iberia* taught,
 To search into those hills, from which such wealth he brought.
 Beyond these if I pleas'd, I to your praise could bring,
 In sacred *Tempe*, how (about the hooft-plow'd Spring)
 The *Heliconian* Maides, vpon that hallowed ground,
 Recounting heaucily Hymnes eternally are crown'd.
 And as the earth doth vs in her owne bowels nourish;
 So euery thing, that growes by vs, doth thrue and flourish.
 To godly vertuous men, we wisely likened are :
 To be so in themselues, that do not only care;
 But by a sacred power, which goodnesse doth awaite,
 Doe make those vertuous too, that them associate.
 By this, the wedding ends, and brake vp all the Showe :
 And *Tames*, got, borne, and bred, immediately doth flowe;
 To *Windſor*-ward amaine (that with a wondring eye,
 The Forrest might behold his awfull Emperie)
 And soon becometh great, with waters wext so rank,
 That with his wealth he seemes to retch his widned Bank :
 Till happily attayn'd his Grandfire *Chilterns* grounds,
 VWho with his Beechen wreaths this king of Riuer crownes.
 Amongst his holts and hils, as on his way he makes,
 At *Reading* once arriu'd, cleere *Kennet* ouertakes:
 Her Lord the stately *Tames*, which that great flood againe;
 VWith many signes of ioy doth kindly entertaine.
 Then *Loddon* next comes in, contributing her store;
 As still we see, The much runnes euer to the more.
 Set out with all this pompe, when this Emperiall Screame;
 Him selfe establisht sees, amidst his warry Realme;

His much-lov'd *Henty* leaues, and proudly doth pursue
His Wood-nymph *Windsors* leate, her lovely sire to view.
VVhose most delightful face when once the Riuer sees,
VVhich shewes her selfe attir'd in tall and stately trees,
He in such earnest loue with amorous gestures woos,
That looking still at her, his way vvas like to loose;
And wandring in and out so wildly seems to goe,
As headlong he himselfe into her lap would throw.

Him with the like desire the Forrest doth imbrace,
And with her presence strives her *Tames* as much to grace.
No Forrest, of them all, so fit as she doth stand.
VVhen Princes, for their sports, her pleasures will command,
No Wood-nymph as her selfe such troupes hath euer seene,
Nor can such Quarries boast as haue in *Windsor* beene.
Nor any euer had so many solemne dayes;

So braue assemblies viewd, nor took so rich *assaies.

Then, hand in hand, her *Tames* the Forrest softly brings,
To that supremest place of the great English Kings,
§ The *Garters* Royall leate, from him who did aduance
That Princely Order first, our first that conquered *France*;
The Temple of *Saint George*, whereas his honored Knights,
Vpon his hallowed day, obserue their ancient rites:
Where *Eaton* is at hand to nurse that learned brood,
To keepe the Muses still nere to this Princely Flood;
That nothing there may want, to beawtifie that leate,
VVith euery pleasure stor'd: And here my Song compleate.

*Breaking up
of Deere
brought into
the Quarry.

Illustrations.

I shall here be shorter then in the last before. The Muse is so full in herself
employ'd wholly about the Nuptials of *Tame*. and *Isis*. In the Ghurlands
Tame are vvreathed most of our *English Field-flowers*: in them of *Isis*, o
more sweet and those of the *Garden*; Yet vpon that,

The Garters Royall seat, from him who did aduance.

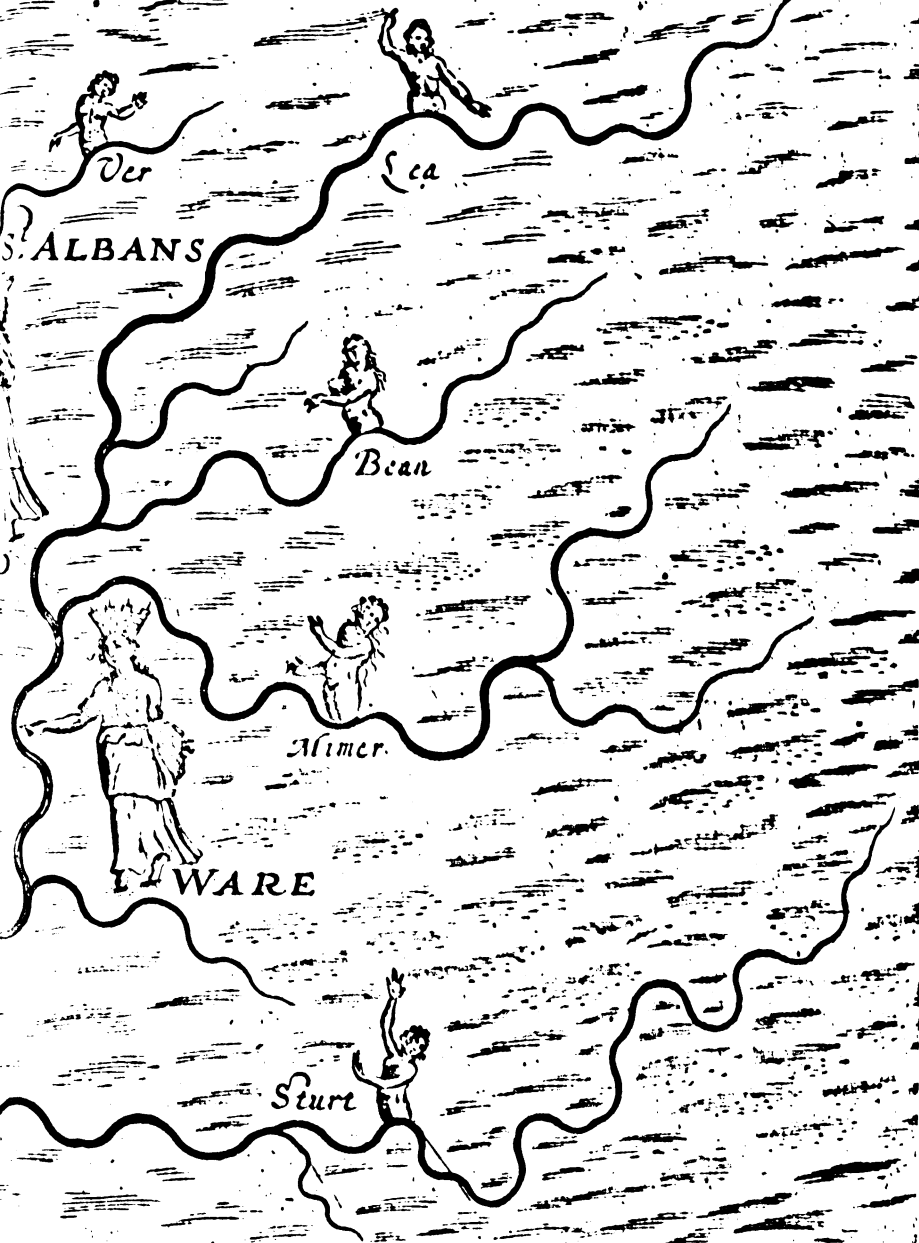
I cannot but remember the institution, (touche to the IV. Song) of
most honorable Order, dedicated to *S. George* (in XXIV. Ed. III.) it is ye
ly at this place celebrated by that Noble companie of XXVI. Whether
cause were vpon the word of *Garret* giuen in the *French wars* among the *E*
lish, or vpon the *Queens*, or Countes of *Salisbury*es *Garret* fallen from her l
or vpon different & more ancient Original whatsoeuer, know cleerly (witho
vnlimited affection of your Countries glorie) that it exceeds in Maiestie, l
nor, and fame, all Chivalrous Orders in the world; and (excepting those
Templers, *S. James*, *Calatrana*, *Alcantara*, and such like other, which w
more Religious then Military) hath precedence of Antiquity before the elo
rank of honor, of that kind any where established. The *Annunciada* (institue
by *Amades VI.* Earle of *Sanoy*, about c13 cccc. ix. although others hau
by *Amaleis IV.* and so creat it before this of the *Garret*) and that of the *Gol*
Fleece. by *Philip*, Duke of *Burgundy* c13. cccc. xxix. of *S. Michael* by *Le*
XI. Della Banda, by *Alfonso* of *Spaine*, & such like, ensued it, as imitating
stitutions, after a regard of the farre extended fame, worth, and glory of
Georges Knights.

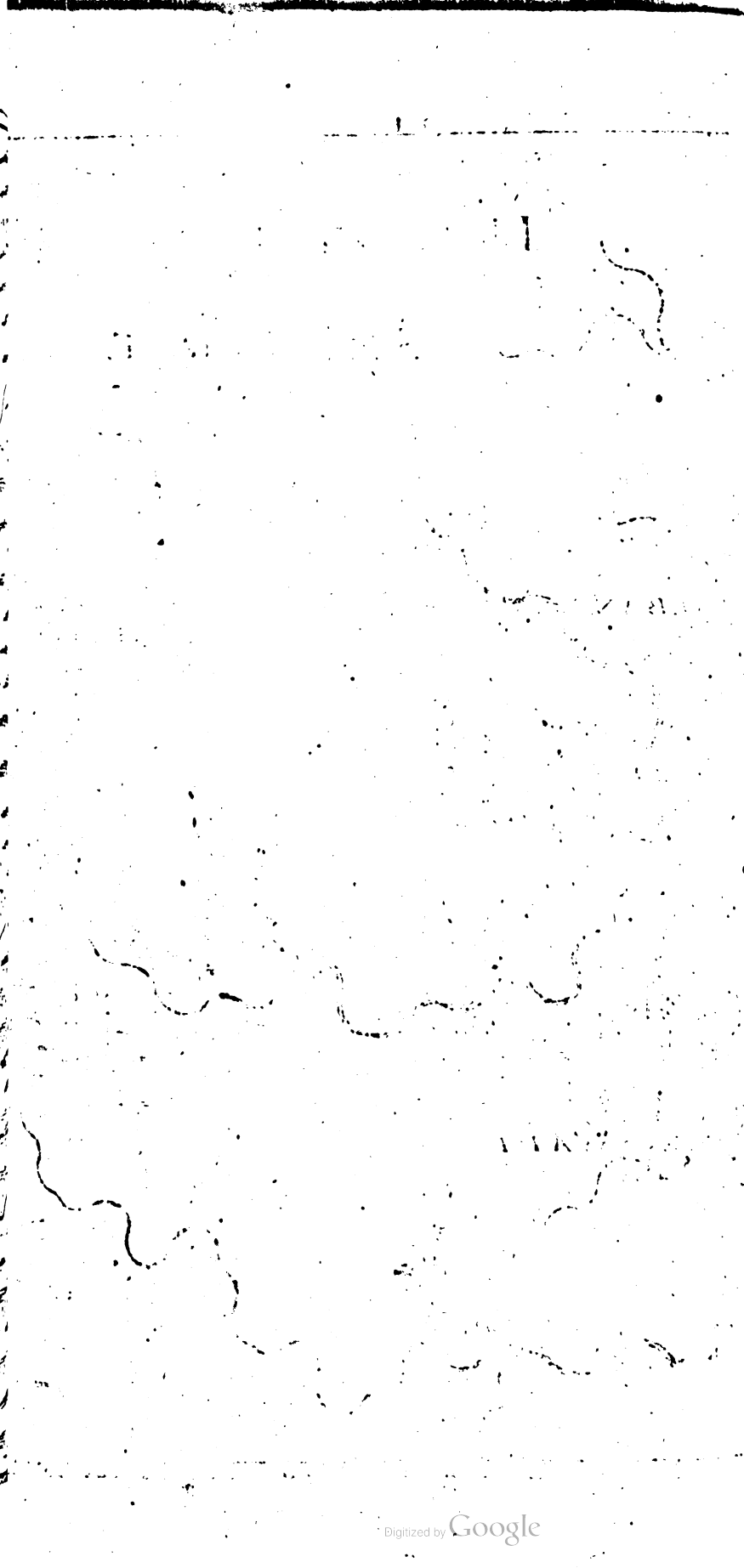
*P. Aubert.
Mis. Orig. R.
quell. 2. cap. 4.
O. Sanfomm. O.
112. de Calatrani.





HARTFORD SHYRE







The sixteenth Song.

* THE AROUMENT.

*Olde Ver, neere to Saint Albans, brings
 Watling to talk of auncient things;
 What Verlam was before she fell,
 And many more sad ruines tell.
 Of the foure old Emperiall Wases,
 The course they held, and too what Seas;
 Of those seauen Saxon Kingdomes here,
 Their sites, and how they bounded were.
 Then Pure-vale vants her rich estate;
 And Lea bewraies her wretched Fate.
 The Muse, led on with much delight,
 Deliueres London happy site;
 Showes this loose Ages leud abuse;
 And for this time there slaies the Muse.*



*He Brydall of our Tame and Princely Ifis past;
 And Tamesis their sonne, begot, and waxing fast,
 Inuiteth Crystall * Colne his wealth on him to lay,
 Whose beauties had intic't his Soueraine Tames to stay;*

*Had he not been inforc't, by his vnruely traine.
 For Brent, a pretty Brook, allures him on againe,
 Great London to salute, whole hic-rear'd Turrets throng
 To gaze vpon the Flood, as he doth passe along.
 Now, as the Tames is great, so most transparent Colne
 Feeles, with excelsiucioy, her amorous bosome swolne;
 That Ver of long esteem'd, a famous auncient Flood
 (Vpon whose aged Bank olde Verlam cheslet stood,
 Before the Roman rule) here glorify'd of yore,
 Vnto her cleerer banks contributed his store;
 Enlarging both her streame, and strengthening his tenowne,
 Where the delicious Meads her through her courle doe crown.
 This * Ver (as I haue said) Colnes tributary brook,
 On Verlams ruin'd walles as sadly he doth look,
 Neere Holy Albans Towne, where his rich shrine was set;
 Old Watling in his way the Flood doth ouer-get.*

Y :

Where

*The river run-
 ning by Por-
 bridge and Col-
 brooke.*

*The little clea-
 rier by Saint
 Albans.*

Whereafter reuerence done, *Ver* quoth the Ancient Street
 Tis long since thou and I first in this place did meet.
 And so it is quoth *Ver*, and we haue liu'd to see
 Things in farre better state then at this time they be:
 But he that made, amend: for much their goes amisse.
 Quoth *Watling*, gentle flood, yea so in truth it is:
 And sith of this thou speakst; the very sooth to say,
 Since Great *Mulmutius*, first, made me the noblest Way,
 The soyle is altered much: the cause I pray thee showe.
 The time that thou hast liu'd, hath taught thee much to knowe.
 I faine would vnderstand, why this delightfull place,
 In former time that stood so hie in Natures grace
 (Which bare such store of graine, and that so wondrous great,
 That all the neighboring Coast was cald the *soyle of wheate)
 Of later time is turn'd a hotte and hungry sand,
 Which scarce repayes the seed first cast into the the Land.
 At which the silent brooke shrunk in his siluer head,
 And fain'd as he away would instantly haue fled;
 Suspecting, present speech might passed grieue renew.
 Whom *Watling* thus againe doth seriously pursue;
 I pray thee be not coy, but answer my demand:
 The cause of this (deere Flood) I faine would vnderstand.

S. Thou saw'st when *Verlam* once her head aloft did beare
 (Which in her cinders now lies sadly buried heere)
 With Alabaster, Tuch, and Porphery adorn'd,
 VVhen (welneare) in her pride great *Troynouant* she scorn'd.
 S. Thou sawest great-burthen'd Ships through these thy valleyes pass
 Where now the shap-edg'd Sithe sheeres vp the spyring grasse:
 That where the vgly Seale and Porpoise vs'd to play,
 The Grasshopper and Ant now lord it all the day:
 Where now *Saint Albans* stands was called *Holme-hurft* then;
 Whose sumptuous Fane we see neglected now agen.

This rich and goodly Fane which ruind thou doest see,
 Quoth *Ver*, the motiue is that thou importun'st me:
 But to another thing thou cunningly doest flie,
 And reason seem'st to vrge of her sterilitie.
 With that he fetcht a sigh, and ground his teeth in rage;
 Quoth *Ver* euen for the sin of this accursed Age.
 Behold that goodly Fane, which ruind now doth stand,
 To holy **Alban* built, first Martyr of the Land;
 Who in the faith of Christ from *Rome* to *Britanne* came,
 And dying in this place, resign'd his glorious Name.
 In memory of whom, (as more then halfe Diuine)
 Our English *Offa* rear'd a rich and sumptuous shrine
 And Monastery heere: which our succeeding kings,
 From time to time endow'd with many goodly things.

Look before to
 the X L. Song.

An

With the el-
dest sonne of
the Conqueror,
into the Holy-
Land.

Writing the
cheefest of the
finest great
Waies.

And many a Christian Knight was buried heere, before
The Norman set his foote vpon this conquered shore ;
And after those braue spirits in all those balefull stowres,
That with Duke *Robert went against the Pagan powers;
And in their Countries right at *Cressy* those that stood,
And that at *Poyters* bath'd their bilbowes in French blood ;
Their valiant Nephewes next at *Agin-court* that fought,
Whereas rebellious France vpon her knees was brought:
In this religious house at some of their returns,
When nature claym'd her due, here plac't their hallowed vnes:
Which now deuowring Time, in his so mighty waste,
Demolishing those walls, hath vterly defac't.
So that the earth to feele the ruinous heaps of stones,
That with the burth'nous weight now presse their sacred boanes,
Forbids this wicked brood, should by her fruits be fed ;
As loathing her owne womb, that such loose children bred.
Herewith transported quite, to these exclames he fell:
Lives no man, that this world her grieuous crimes dare tell?
Where be those noble spirits for ancient things that stood?
When in my prime of youth I was a gallant flood ;
In those free golden dayes, it was the Satyres vse
To taxe the guilty times, and raile vpon abuse:
But soothers find the way preferment most to win ;
Who seruing Great mens turnes, become the bauds to sin.
VVhen *Watling* in his words that rooke but small delight,
Hearing the angry Brook so cruelly to bite;
As one that faine would driue these fancies from his mind,
Quoth he, Ile tell thee things that sure thy gentler kind.
My Song is of my selfe, and my three sister Streets,
VVhich way each of vs runne, where each her fellow meets,
Since vs, his Kingly Waies, *Mulmutius* first began,
From Sea, againe to Sea, that through the Iland ran.
VVhich that in mind to keep posterity might haue,
Appointing first our course, this priuiledge he gaue,
That no man might arrest, or debtors goods might seize
In any of vs sowe his militarie Waies.
And though the *Fosse* in length exceed me many a mile,
That holds from shore to shore the length of all the Ile,
From where Rich *Cornwall* points, to the *Iberian* Seas,
Till colder *Cathnes* tells the scattered *Orcades*,
I measuring but the bredth, that is not halfe his gates
Yet, for that I am grac't with goodly *Londons* state,
And *Tames* and *Seuerne* both since in my course I crosse;
And in much greater trade, am worthier farre then *Fosse*.
But o vnhappy chance ! through times disastrous lot,
Our other fellow Streets lie vterly forgot :

As

Not farre from
Dunstable.

As *Icen*, that let out from *Yarmouth* in the East,
By the *Iceni* then being generally possest,
Was of that people first rearm'd *Icen* in her race,
Vpon the * *Chiltern* here that did my courle imbrace:
Into the dropping South and bearing then outright,
Vpon the *Solent* Sea stopt on the *Ile-of-Wight*.

And *Rickneld*, forth that raught from *Cambria's* farther shore,
Where *South-Wales* now shoots forth *Saint David's* Promontore.
And, on his mid-way neere, did me in *England* meet;
Then in his oblique courle the lusty stragling Street
Soone ouertook the *Fosse*; and toward the fall of *Tine*,
Into the *Germane* Sea dissolu'd at his decline.

Here *Watling* would haue ceast, his tale as hauing tolde:
But now this Flood that saine the Street in talke would hold,
Thole ancient things to heare, which well old *Watling* knew,
With these entising words, her fairely forward drew.

Right Noble Street, quoth he, thou hast liu'd long, gone farre,
Much trafique had in peace, much trauailed in warre;
And in thy larger courseluray'st as sundry grounds
(Where I poore Flood am lockt within these narrower bounds,
And like my ruin'd selfe these ruins only see,
And there remains not one to pittie them or me)
On with thy former speech: I pray thee somewhat say.
For, *Watling*, as thou art a military Way,
Thy story of old Streets likes me so wondrous well,
That of the ancient folk I saine would heare thee tell.

With these perswasive words, smooth *Ver* the *Watling* wan:
Stroking her dusty face, when thus the Street began;

When once their seauen-fold Rule the *Saxons* came to reare,
And yet with halfe this *Ile* sufficed scarcely were,
Though from the *Inland* part the *Britans* they had chas't,
Then vnderstand how heere themselves the *Saxons* plac't.

Where in Great *Britans* state foure people of her owne
Were by the seuerall names of their abodes well knowne
(As, in that horne which iuttes into the Sea so farre,
Vvherein our *Denonshire* now, and furthest *Cornwall* are,
The old *Danmony* dwelt: so hard againe at hand,
The *Durotriges* sat on the *Dorsetian* Sand:

And where from Sea to Sea the *Belga* forth were let,
Euen from *Southhamptons* shore, through *Wilt* and *Sommerfet*,
The *Attrebates* in *Bark* vnto the Bank of *Tames*,
Betwixt the *Celtick* flecue and the *Sabrinian* streames)
The *Saxons* there let down one Kingdome: which install'd,
And being Vvest, they it their Wwestern kingdom call'd.
So Eastward where by *Tames* the *Trinobants* were set,
To *Trinowant* their Towne, for that their name in debt,

For a more
plaine diuision
of the English
kingdomes see
to the XL
Song.

Th

That *London* now we tearme, the *Saxons* did possesse,
 And their East kingdome call'd, as **Essex* doth expresse;
 The greatest part thereof, and still their name doth beare;
 Though *Middlesex* therein, and part of *Hertford* were;
 From *Colne* vpon the West, vpon the East to * *Stour*,
 Where mighty *Tames* himselte doth into *Neptune* pour.
 As to our farthest Rise, where forth those Fore-lands leane,
 Which beare their chaulky browes into the *German* Maine,
 The *Angles* which arose out of the *Saxon* race,
 Allur'd with the delights and fines of that place,
 Where the *Teeni* liu'd did set their kingdome downe,
 From where the wallowing Seas thole queachy *Wasches* drowne
 That *Ely* doe in-*Ile*, to martyred *Edmonds* Ditch,
 Till those *Norfolcian* shores vast *Neptune* doth inrich:
 Which (farthest to the East of this diuided *Ile*)
 Th' East *Angles* kingdome, then, those English did instile.
 And *Suffex* seemeth still, as with an open mouth,
 Those *Saxons* Rule to shew that of the vtmost South
 The name to them assum'd, who rigorously expeld
 The *Kentish Britans* thence, and those rough wood-lands held
 From where the goodly *Tames* the *Surrian* grounds doth sweep,
 Vntill the smiling Downes salute the *Celtick* Deep.
 Where the *Dobuni* dwelt, their neighbouring *Catenclani*,
Cornanij more remote, and where the *Coritani*,
 Where *Dee* and *Mersey* shoot into the Irish Sea;
 (Which welneere o're this part, now called *England*, lay,
 From *Seuerne* to the Ditch that cuts *New-Market* Plaine,
 And from the Banks of *Tames* to *Humber*, which containe
 So many goodly shires of *Mersey*, *Mercia* hight)
 Their mightier Empire, there, the middle English pight.
 Which farthest though it raught, yet there it did not end:
 But *Offa*, king thereof, it after did extend
 Beyond the Bank of *Dee*; and by a Ditch he cut
 Through *Wales* from North to South, into wide *Mercia* put
 Welneere the halfe thereof: and from three peoples there,
 To whom three speciall parts diuided iustly were
 (The *Ordonices*, now which *North-Wales* people be,
 From *Cheshire* which of old diuided was by *Dee*:
 And from our *Marchers* now, that were *Demetia* then;
 And those *Silures* call'd, by vs the *South-Wales* men)
 Beyond the *Seuerne*, much the English *Offa* took,
 To but the *Britans* vp, within a little nooke.
 From whence, by *Merseyes* Banks, the rest a kingdome made:
 Where, in the *Britanes* Rule (before) the *Brigants* sway'd;
 The powerfull English there establisht were to stand:
 Which, North from *Humber* set, they tearm'd *North-hamberland*;

* So call'd, of
 the East-Sax-
 ons.

* A River vp-
 on the Coas-
 tines of *Suff*,
 and *Essex*.

Two Kingdomes which had been, with severall thrones install'd.
Bernitia hight the one; *Diera* th'other call'd.

The first from *Humber* stretcht vnto the Bank of *Tine*;
 Which Riuer and the *Frith* the other did confine.

Bernitia beareth through the spacious *Yorkish* bounds,
 From *Durham* down along to the *Launcestrian* Sounds,

With *Mersey* and cleere *Tine* continuing to their fall,
 To *England*-ward within the *Pict's* renowned Wall,

And did the greater part of * *Cumberland* containe:

With whom the *Britans* name for euer shall remaine;

Who there amongst the rocks and mountaines liued long,

When they *Loegria* left, inforc't through powerfull wrong.

Diera ouer *Tine*, into *Albania* lay,

To where the * *Frith* falls out into the *German* Sea.

This said, the aged *Street* sagd sadly on alone:

And *Ver* vpon his course, now hasted to be gone

T'accompany his *Colne*: which as she gently glides,

Doth kindly him imbrace: w hom soon this hap betides;

As *Colne* come on along, and chanc't to cast her eye

Vpon that neighbouring Hill where *Harrow* stands so hie,

She *Peryvale* perceiu'd pranked vp with wreaths of wheat,

And with exulting tearmes thus glorying in her seat:

VVhy should not I be coy, and of my Beauties nice,

Since this my goodly graine is held of greatest price?

No manchet can so well the courtly palat please,

As that made of the meale fetcht from my fertill *Leaze*.

Their finest of that kind, compared with my wheate,

For whitenesse of the Bread, doth look like common Cheate.

What Barly is there found, whose faire and bearded eare

Makes stouter English Ale, or stronger English Beere.

The Oate, the Beane, and Pease, with me but Pulles are;

The course and browner Rye, no more then Fitch and Tare.

What seed doth any soyle, in *England* bring, that I

Beyond her most increase yet cannot multiply.

Besides my sure abode next goodly *London* is,

To vent my fruitfull store, that me doth neuer misse.

And those poore baser things, they cannot put away,

How ere I let my price, nere on my chap-men stay.

VVhen presently the Hill, that maketh her a Vale,

With things he had in hand, did interrupt her tale,

VVith *Hampsted* being false and *Hie-gate* at debate;

As one before them both, that would aduance his State,

From either for his height to beare away the praise,

Besides that he alone rich *Peryvale* suruaies.

But *Hampsted* pleads, himselfe in Simples to haue skill,

And therefore by desert to be the noblest Hill;

* Sea-depths
 near the shores.

The Cymbris
 Land.

A river running
 by Edinbrough
 into the Sea.

Peryvale, or
Pure-vale, yieldeth
 the finest
 meal, of Eng-
 land.

Hampsted ex-
 cellent for
 Simples.

one, that on his worth, and knowledge doth rely
 learned Physicks vlc, and skilfull Surgerie;
 and challengeth, from them, the worthiest place her owne,
 since that old *Wasling* once, o're him, to passe was knowne.
 Then *Hie-gate* boasts his Way; which men do most frequent;
 is long-continued fame; his hie and great descent;
 appointed for a gate of *London* to haue been,
 when first the mighty *Brute*, that City did begin.
 And that he is the Hill, next *Enfield* which hath place,
 Forrest for her pride, though titled but a Chase.
 Her *Purlewes*, and her *Parks*, her circuit full as large,
 as some (perhaps) whose state requires a greater charge.
 'Whole * Holts that view the East, do wistly stand to look
 upon the winding course of *Lee's* delightfull Brook.
 Where *Mimer* comming in, inuites her Sister *Beane*,
 Amongst the chalky Banks increase their *Mistresse* traine;
 Whom by the dainty hand, obsequiously they lead
 By *Hartford* gliding on, through many a pleasant Mead.
 And comming in his course, to crosse the common Fare,
 for kindnes she doth kisse that hospitable *Ware*.
 Yet scarcely comfort *Lee* (a lasse!) to woe begonne,
 Complaining in her course, thus to her selfe alone;
 How should my beauty now giue *Waltham* such delight,
 Or I poore silly Brook take pleasure in her sight?
 Antiquity (for that it stands so far from view,
 And would her doating dreames should be believ'd for true)
 Dare lowdly lie for *Colne*, that sometimes Ships did passe,
 To *Verlam* by by her Streame, when *Verlam* famous was;
 But, by these later times, suspected but to faine,
 The Planks and Anchors shews, her errour to maintaine;
 Which were, indeede, of Boats, for pleasure there to rowe
 Upon her (then a Lake) the *Roman* Pompe to shewe,
 When *Rome*, her forces here did euer ycere supply,
 And at old *Verlam* kept a warlike Colony.
 But I distressed *Lee*, whose course doth plainly tell,
 That what of *Colne* is said, of me none could tell,
 Whom * *Alfred* but too wise (poore Riuer) I may say
 (When he the cruell *Danes*, did cunningly betray,
 Which *Hartford* then besieg'd, whole Nauy there abode,
 And on my spacious brest, before the Castle road)
 By vantage of my soyle, he did diuide my Streame;
 That they might ne're returne to *Neptunes* watry Realme.
 And, since, distressed *Lee* I haue been left forlorne,
 A by-word to each Brook, and to the World a scorne.
 When *Sturt*, a Nymph of hers (whose faith she oft had provid,
 And whom, of all her traine, *Lee* most intirely lov'd)

Hampsted-hill,
 famous for
 Simples.

High woody
 Banks.

Whence
 London
 comes

See to the
 XII. Song.

Least

Least to excesſiue greefe, her Miſtreſſe might inuade,
Thus (by faire gentle ſpeech) to patience doth perſwade:

Though you be not ſo great to others as before,
Yet not a iot for that diſlike your ſelfe the more.
Your caſe is not alone, nor is (at all) ſo ſtrange;
Sith euery thing on earth ſubiect is it ſelfe to change.
Where riuers ſometime ran, is firme and certaine ground:
And where before were Hills, now ſtanding Lakes are found.
And that which moſt you vrge, your beauty to diſpoile,
Doth recompence your Bank, with quantitie of ſoyle,
Beſet with ranks of Swans; that, in their wonted pride,
Do prune their ſnowy plumes vpon your pleaſant ſide.
And *Waltham* wooes you ſtill, and ſimiles with wonted cheere;
And *Tames* as at the firſt, ſo ſtill doth hold you deer.

To much beloued *Lee*, this ſcarcely *Start* had ſpoke,
But goodly *Londons* ſight their further purpoſe broke:
When *Tames* his either Banks, adorn'd with buildings faire,
The City to ſalute doth bid the Muſe prepare.
Whoſe Turrets, Fanes, and Spyres, when wiſtly ſhe beholds,
Her wonder at the ſite, thus ſtrangely ſhe vnfolde:
At thy great Builders wit, who's he but wonder may?
Nay: of his wiſedom, thus, enſuing times ſhall ſay;
O more then mortall man, that did this Towne begin!
Whoſe knowledge ſound the plot, ſo fit to ſet it in.
What God, or heavenly power was harbour'd in thy breaſt,
From whom with ſuch ſucceſſe thy labours ſhould be bleſt
Built on a riſing Bank, within a Vale to ſtand,
And forthy healthfull ſoyle, choſe grauell mixt with ſand.
And where faire *Tames* his courſe into a Creſcent caſts
(That, forced by his Tydes, as ſtill by her he haſts,
He might his ſurging waues into her boſome ſend)
Becauſe too farre in length, his Towne ſhould not extend.

And to the North and South, vpon an equall reach,
Two Hills their euen Banks do ſomewhat ſeeme to ſtretch;
Thoſe* two extremer Winds from hurting it to let;
And only leuell lies, vpon the Riſe and Set.
Of all this goodly *Ile*, where breathes moſt cheerefull aire
And euery way there-to the wayes moſt ſmooth and faire;
As in the fitteſt place, by man that could be thought,
To which by Land, or Sea, prouiſion might be brought.
And ſuch a Road for Ships ſcarce all the world commands,
As is the goodly *Tames*, neer where *Brute's* City ſtands.
Nor any Hauen lies to which is more reſort,
Commodities to bring, as alſo to transport:
Our Kingdome that enrich (through which we flouriſh long)
Ere idle Gentry vp in ſuch abouндance ſprong.

The goodly
ſituation of
London.

The North &
South winds.

Now

Now pestring all this Ile: whose disproportion drawes
The publique wealth so drie, and only is the cause
Our gold goes out to fast, for foolish foraine things,
Which vpstart Gentry still into our Country brings;
Who their insatiate pride seek chiefly to maintaine
By that, which only serues to vles vile and vaine;
Which our plaine Fathers earst would haue accounted sinne;
Before the costly Coach, and silken stock came in;
Before that *Indian* weed so strongly was imbrac't;
Wherin, such mighty summes we prodigally waste;
That Merchants long train'd vp in Gayn's deceitfull schoole
And subtly hauing learn'd to looth the humorous foole,
Present their painted toyes vnto this frantique gull,
Disparaging our Tinne, our Leather, Corne, and wooll;
When Forrainers, with ours them warmly cloath and feed;
Transporting trash to vs, of which we nere had need.

But whilst the angry Muse, thus on the Time exclaims,
Sith euery thing therein consisteth in extreames;
Lest she inforc't with wrongs, her limits should transcend,
Here of this present Song she briefly makes an end.

Tobacco.

Illustrations.

In wandring passage the Muse returnes from the Wedding, somewhat into the
Land, and first to *Hartford*; whence, after matter of description, to *London*.

Then saw'st when Verlam once her head aloft did beare.

For, vnder *Nero*, the *Britons* intollerably loaden with weight of the *Roman*
government, and especially the *Iceni* (now *Norfolk & Suffolk* men) prouok't
by that cruell seruitude, into which, not themselves only, but the wise also and
Posteritie of their King *Prasutagus* were, euen beyond right of victorie, con-
strained, at length breathing for libertie (and in a further continuance of warre
hauiug for their Generall *R. Boudicca*, *Boudnica*, or as the difference of her
name is) rebell'd against their forraine Conqueror, and in *Martiall* oppositi-
on committing a slaughter of no lesse then *LXXX M.* (as *Dio* hath, although
Tacitus misse c c l c c. of this number) ranlacke and spoild *Verlam* (then
Camalodunum) and also this *Verlam* (near *S. Albons*) which were the two chief
Townes of the Ile; The first a Colony (whereof the VIII. Song:) thus a *Municipal*
Citie, call'd expressely in a Catalogue at th'end of *Nennius*, *Carr-Municip.* Out of
Agellus I thus note to you its Nature. * *Municipes sunt Cines Romanorum Mun-*
icipijs suis iure & Legibus suis utentes, Muneris tantum cum Pop. Rom. honorarij
participes, a quo Munere capessendo appellati videntur, nullis alijs necessitatibus
neq; vlla Pop. Rom. lege astricti, quum nunquam Pop. Rom. eorum iundus saluti
esset. It differed from a Colony, most of all in that a Colony was a Progeny of the
Citie, and this of such were as receiued into State-favour and friendship by the
Roman. Personating the *Genius* of *Verlam*, that euer famous *Spenser* sang

Z

I was

* *Sutton. lib. 6.*
cap. 39.

* *Municipium*
Tert. Annal.
14.

* *Not. Ann.*
16. cap. 19

* Such as lived
in them were
free of *Rome*,
but vsing their
owne lawes, ca-
pable only of
honorable ti-
tles in the *Ro-*
man State, and
th'c had their
name.

* In his Ruines
of Time.

*I was that Citie, which the Garland wore
Of Britaines Pride, deliuered vnto me
By Roman Victors, which it wonne of yore;
Though nought at all but Ruines now I be,
And lie in mine owne ashes, as ye see:
Verlam I was; what bootes it that I was,
Sith now I am but weeds and wastfull grafs?*

DCC. XCV.

* *Leland, ad
Cyg. Cant.** *Spens. vbi
pro.** *In Brom. Brit.** *In Epist. de Eu-
cid. Britan.** *An vñ known
passage ouer
Thames.
* Spenser.*

As vnder the Romans, so in the Saxon times afterward it endured a second Ruine: and, out of its corruption, after the Abbey erected by K. Offa, was generated that of Saint Albons; whither, * in later times most of the Stone-work and whatsoeuer fit for building was by the Abbots translated. So that,

*Now remaines no Memorie,
Nor any little monument to see,
By which the Traveller that fares that way,
This once was sice, may warned be to say.*

The name hath bin thought from the Riuer there running call'd *Ver*, and *Hamfry* *Lbuid* makes it, as if it were *Æt-lhan*. i. a Church vpon *Ver*.

Then saw'st great burthen'd ships through these thy vallies pass.

Lay not here vnlikelihoods to the Authors charge; he tells you more tediously towards the end of the Song. But the cause why some haue thought so, is, for that, * *Gildas*, speaking of S. *Albons* martyrdome and his miraculous passing through the Riuer at *Verlamcestre*, calls it * *iter ignotum trans Thamefis flumij aluenam*: so by collection they guess that *Thames* had then his full course this way, being thereto further mou'd by Anchors and such like hard digg'g. This coniecture hath been followed by that Noble Mule thus in the person of *Verlam*,

*And where the Cryfall Thamis went to slide
In silver channell downe along the lee,
About whose flowry bankes on either side
A thousand Nymphes, with miris full iollity,
Were wont to play from all annoyance free:
There now no Runers course is to be scene,
But Moorish Fennes, and Marshes euer greene.*

*There also where the winged ships were scene,
In liquid wanes, to cut their somie way,
A thousand Fishers numbred to haue been
In that wide Lake looking for plentious pray
Of fish, with basters which they vs'd to betray,
Is now no Lake, nor any Fishers store,
Nor euer Ship shall saile there any more.*

But, for this matter of the *Thames*, those two great Antiquaries, *Leland* and *Camden*, haue ioind in iudgement against it: and for the Anchors, they may suppos'd of fish-boats in large pooles, which haue here bin, and yet are left liques of their name.

Since vs his Kingly waies Mōlmutius first began.

Neere D. yeers before our Sauour, this K. *Molmutius* (take it vpon credit

the British story) constituted diuers lawes; especially that Churches, Plooughs, and High-waies should haue libertie of Sanctuarie, by no authoritie violable. That Churches should be free and enioy libertie for refuge, consenting allowance of most Nations haue tolerated, and in this Kingdome (it being affirm'd also by constitution of ¹ K. Lucius a Christian) euery Churchyard was a Sanctuarie, vntill by act ¹ of Parliament vnder Hen. VIII. that licence, for protection of Offences, being too much abused, was taken away; but, whether now restored in the last ¹ Parliament, wherein all statutes concerning Abinration or Sanctuarie made before XXXV. Eliz. are repealed, I examine not. The Ploough and Husbandmen haue by our ¹ statutes & especially by ¹ Civil and ¹ Persian law, great freedoms. High-waies, being without exception, necessarie, as well for Peace as Warre, haue bin defended in the Roman¹ lawes, and are taken in ours, to be in that respect (as they are by implication of the name) the Kings High-waies, and ¹ "res sacra: & quia aliquid inde occupauerit excoellendo fines & terminos terra (sua dicitur fecisse Purpresturam super ipsum Regem. According to this priuiledge of *Mulmutius* in the statute of *Marlebrilge* it is enacted, that none should distraine in the Kings High-way, or the common Street, but the King and his Ministers, *specialem auctoritatem ad hoc habentibus*, which I particularly transcribe, because the printed books are therein so generally corrupted by addition of this here cited in Latine; You see it alters the Law much, and we haue diuers iudgements, that in behalfe of the King by common Bailiffs without special authority Distres may be taken, as for an amerciament in the Shrifcs Torne or Leete, or for Parliament Knights fees. But the old Rolls of the statute (as I haue seen in a faire *Ms.* examined by the exemplification, for the Record it selfe is with many other lott) had not those words, as the ¹ Register also specially admonishes, nor is any part of that Chapter in some *Mss.* which I maruaile at, seeing we haue a formal writ grounded vpon it. Not much amiss were it here to remember a worse fault, but continually receiu'd, in the *Charter of the Forest Art. VII.* where you read *Nullus Forestarius &c. aliquam collectam faciat nisi per Visum & Sacramentum XII. Regardatorum quando faciunt Regardum. Tot Forestarii &c.* the truth of the best Copies (and so was the Record) being in this digression *Nullus Forestarius &c. aliquam collectam faciat. Et per visum Sacramentum XII. Regardatorum, quando faciunt Regardum, tot Forestarii ponantur &c.* as, beside authentique *Mss.* it is expresse in the like Charter, almost word for word, giuen first by K. Iohn, and printed in *Mathe Paris*; twixt which, and that of ours commonly read, may be made a time-deseruing comparison. Were it not for digression, I would speake of the sensles making of *Boniface* Archbishop of *Canterbury* witnes to the graund Charter in IX. Hen. III. When as it is plaine that he was not Archbishop vntill XXV. The best copie that euer I sawe had *Simon* Archbishop of *Canterburie*; which indeed was worse, there being no such Prelate of that See, in those times; but the mistaking was by the transcriber turning the single S. (according to the forme of writing in that age) into *Simon* for *Stephen*, who was (*Stephen of Langton*) Archbishop at that time. But I forget my selfe in following matter of my more particular study, & return to *Mulmutius*. His constitution being generall for libertie of High-waies, controuersie grew about the course and limits of them: wherupon his sonne K. *Belin* to quit the subiect of that doubt caus'd more specially these foure, here presently spoken of, to be made, which might be for interrupted passage, both in Warre and Peace; and hence by the Author, they are call'd *Military* (a name giuen by the *Romans* to such High-waies, as were for their marching armies) and indeed by more polie conceit and iudicious authority these our waies haue bin thought

¹ Florio. ¹ 22 Hen. 8. cap. 14. ¹ Jacob. Sosa. 1. cap. 25. ¹ West. 2. cap. 20. ¹ 21. Ed. 1. ¹ Distress. Scarcely. ¹ C. Qua resp. non oblig. 1. 7. ¹ Excoellendo & alibi. ¹ Xenoph. Cyroped. 1. ¹ ff. de vi pub. l. 1. ¹ Bract. lib. 4. tract. Affi. Non. dist. c. 16. §. 8. ¹ Priuiledged places, and he which trespasses there commits punishment vpon the King. ¹ 22 Hen. 3. cap. 16. ¹ 7. Artic. Cler. cap. 9. Statutum Marlebridge sibi constitutum. ¹ 24. Ed. 1. ¹ W. 1. 2. 1. 8. ¹ Rich. 2. ibid. 194. ¹ 11. Hen. 4. fol. 1. 19. Ed. 1. ¹ W. 1. 2. 1. 8. ¹ 22. alibi. ¹ Original. fol. 97. b. ¹ Charta de Foresta ad M. 1. em. data.

¹ P. Camden. 1. 1. 1. 1.

^a *Lind. Bruni-
or. Brit.*

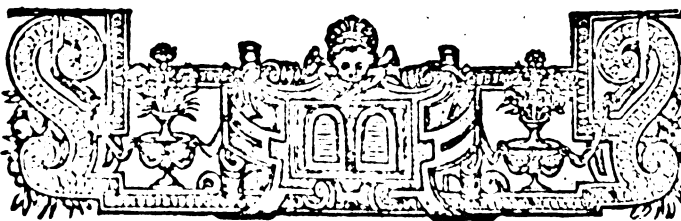
^a *Polichronic.
lib. i. cap. de
Pla. reg.*

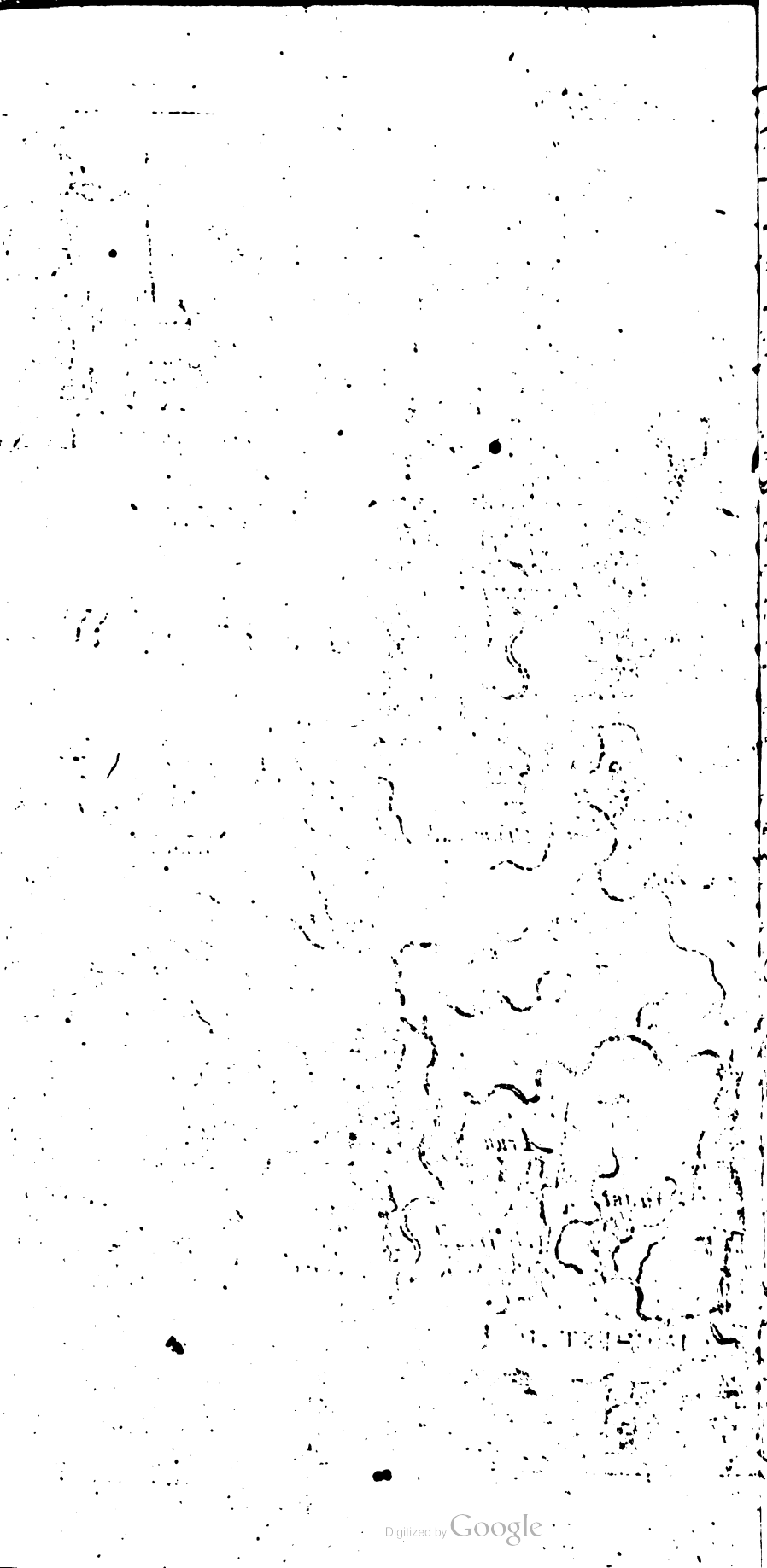
^a *Henric. Hun-
tingd. lib. i.
Regis Henrici
part. i. fol. 248*

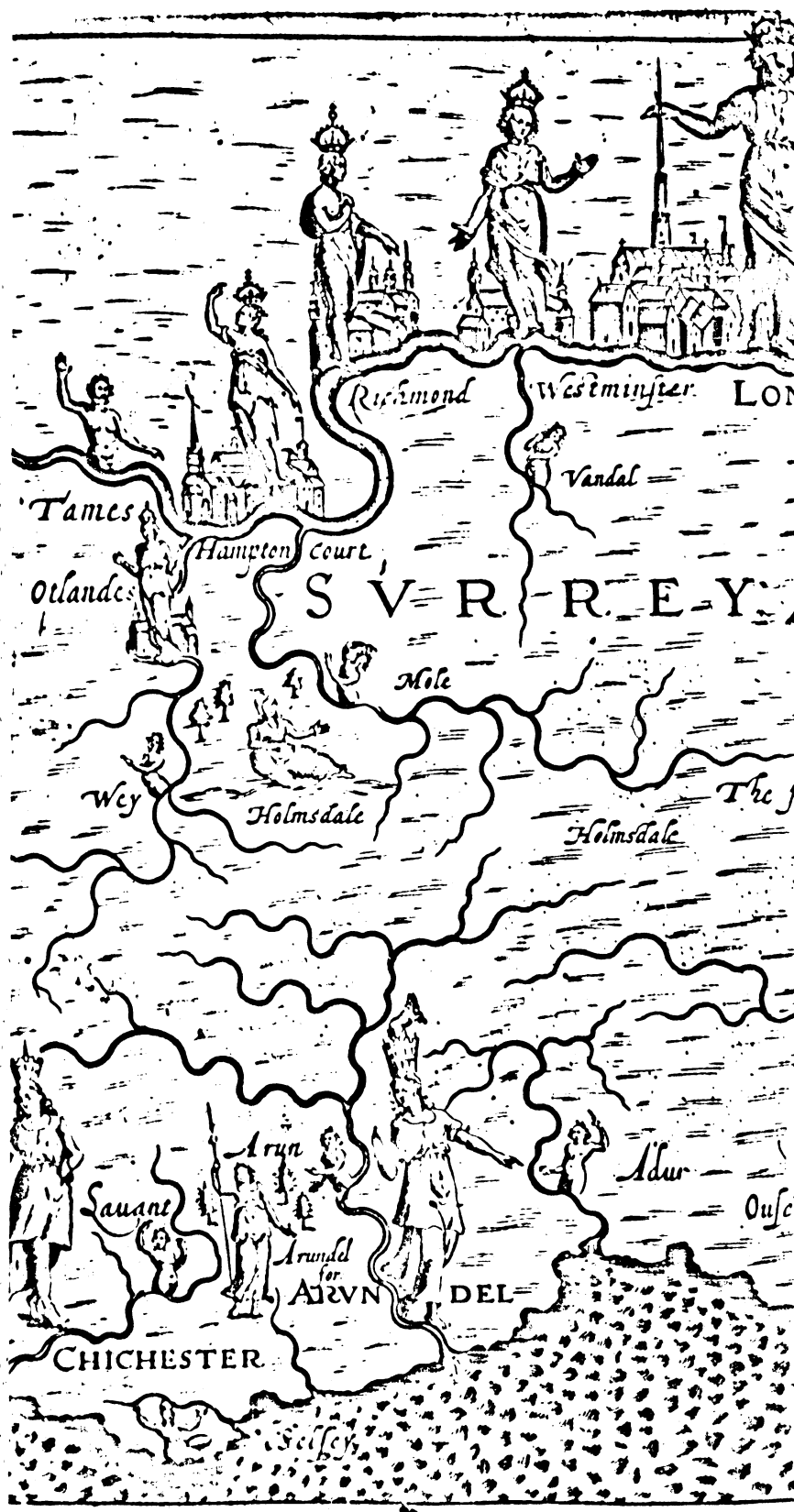
^a *Adam Bruni-
hist. Eccl. lib. i. cap. 3.
and see to the
III. Song.*

a worke of the Romans also. But their courses are differently reported, and in some part their names also. The Author calls them *Wailing-street*, the *Fosse*, *Ikenild*, and *Rickeneld*. This name of *Rickeneld* is in *Randail* of *Chester*, and by him deriued from *S. Dewies* in *Penbroke* into *Hereford*, & so through *Worcester*, *Warwick*, *Derby*, and *Tork-shires* to *Timmouth*, which (vpon the Authors credit reporting it to me) is also iustifiable by a very ancient deed of Land, bounded neer *Bermingham* in *Warwickshire* by *Rickeneld*. To endeavor certainty in them, were but to obrude vnwarrantable coniecture, and abuse time & you. Of *Wailing* (who is here personated, & so much the more proper because *Verlam* was call'd also by the English, *Wailing-chester*) it is sayd that it went from *Douer* in *Kent*, & so by *West* of *London* (yet part of the name seems to this day left in the middlc of the Citie) to this place, & thence in a crooked line through *Shropshire* by *Wrekin* hill into *Cardigan*; but others say from *Verlam* to *Chester*; and where all is refer'd to *Belin* by *Geffrey ap Arthur*, and *Polychronicon*, another tells you that the sonnes of (I know not what) *K. Werble* made, and denominated it. The *Fosse* is deriued, by one consent out of *Cornwall* into *Devonshire*, through *Somerset*, ouer *Coteswoode* by *Tenkesburie*, along neere *Conventry*, to *Leicester*, through *Lincolne* to *Berwick*, and thence to *Cathness* the vtmost of *Scotland*. Of Reltitution of the other you may be desperate; *Rickeneld* I haue told you of; In *Henry* of *Huntingdon*, no such name is found but with the first two, *Ickenild* and *Ermingstreet*. *Ickenild*, sayth he, goes from East to West; *Ermingstreet*, from South to North: Another tell me that *Ermingstreet* begins at *S. Dewies*, and conuaies it selfe to *Southampton*, which the Author hath attributed to *Icning*, begun (vpon the word communie with *Iceni*) in the Easterne parts. Its not my power to reconcile all these, or elect the best; I only add, that, *Ermingstreet* (which being of English, *Idioni*, seems to haue had its name from *Ipmyrull* in that signification wherby it interprets an vniuersall pillar worship for *Mercurie* president of waies, is like enough (if *Huntingdon* be in the right, making it from South to North) to haue left its part in *Stansstreet* in *Surrey*, where a way made with stones and grauel in a soile on both sides very different continues neere a mile and thence towards the Easterne shore in *Sussex* are some places seeming as other reliques of it. But I here determine nothing.

TH







Part of the Weald

S-V-S-S-E-X

Waterdowne for;

Ashdowne for;

Ward forrest

Leonard

Rother flu:

Argas hall

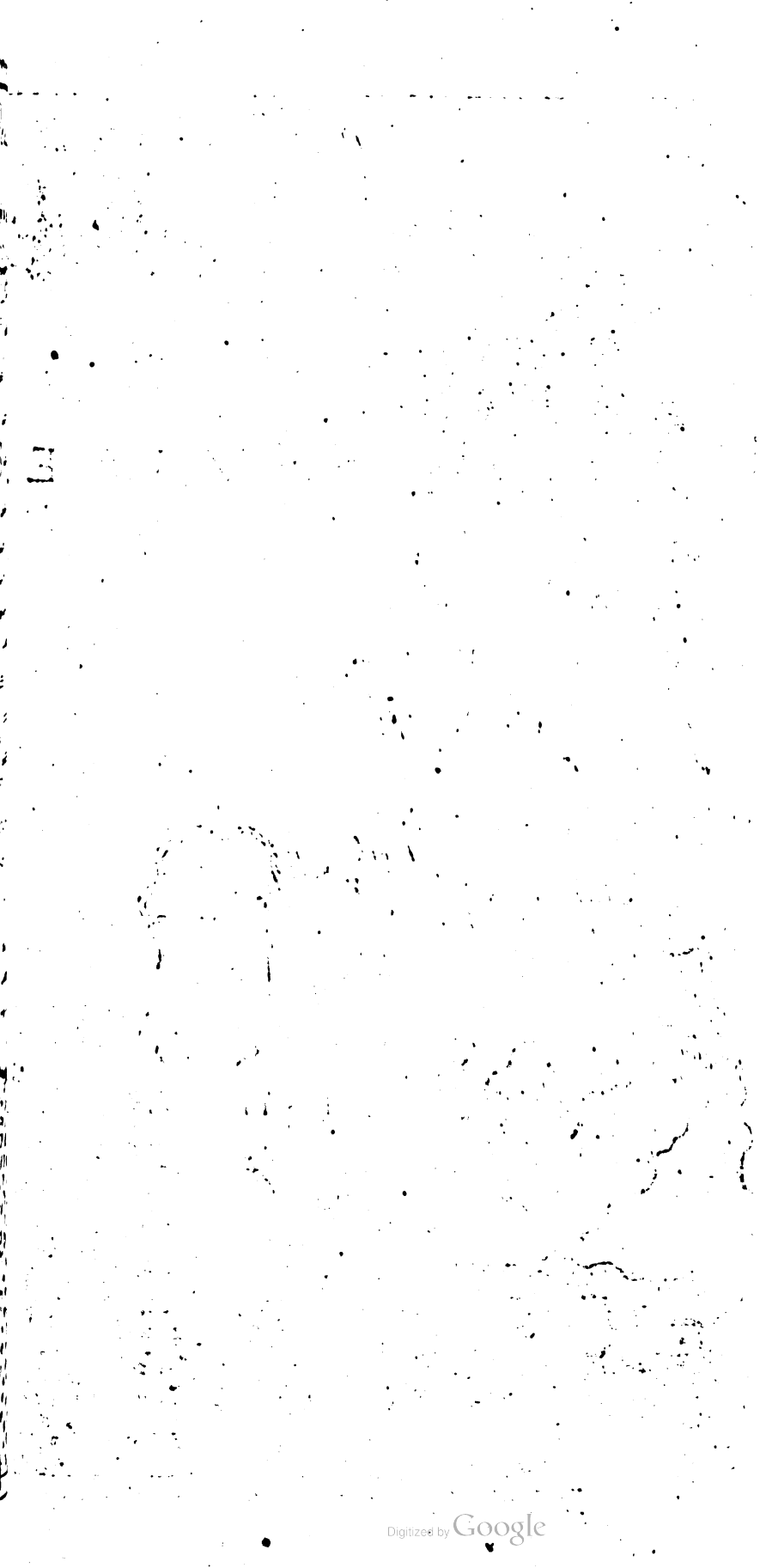
Doun

Dallington fo:

HASTINGS

Ashburne

As Ten





The seventeenth Song.

✽ THE ARGUMENT.

*To Medway, Tames a ſuter goes,
But fancies Mole, as forth he flows.
Her mother, Homeldale, holds her in;
She digs through Earth, the Tames to win.
Great Tames, as King of Rivers, ſings
The Catalogue of th' Engliſh Kings.
Thence the light Muſe, to th' outward ſeares,
The Surrian and Suttexian ſhores,
The Forreſts and the Downes ſurnaies,
With Rilllets running to thoſe Seas,
This Song of hers then cutteth ſhort,
For things to come, of much import.*

AT length it came to paſſe, that *Iſis* and her *Tame*
Of *Medway* vnderſtood, a Nymph of wondrous fame;
And much deſirous were, their princely *Tames* ſhould proue
If (as a wooer) he could win her Maiden-love;
That of ſo great deſcent, and of ſo large a Dower,
Might well-allie their Houſe, and much increaſe his power:
And ſtriving to preferre their Sonne, the beſt they may,
Set forth the luſty Flood, in rich and braue array,
Bankt with imbrodered Meads, of fundy ſites of flowres,
His breaſt adorn'd with Swans, oft walke with ſiluer ſhowres:
A trame of gallant Floods, at ſuch a coſtly rate
As might beſeeme their care, and ſitting his eſtate.
Attended and attyr'd magnificently thus,
They ſend him to the Court of great *Oceanus*,
The Worlds huge wealth to ſee; yet with a full intent,
To wooe the lovely Nymph, faire *Medway*, as he went.
Who to his Dame and Sire, his duty ſcarce had done,
And whilſt they ſadly wept at parting of their Sonne,
See what the *Tames* beſell, when t'was ſuſpected leaſt.
As ſtill his goodly traine yet euery houre increaſt,
And from the *Surrian* ſhores cleere *Wey* came down to meet
His Greatnes, whom the *Tames* ſo graciouſly doth greet,

Z :

That

* Commung
by Ternham, so
called & Tern
there growing

That with the * Fearne-crown'd Flood he Minion-like doth play:
Yet is not this the Brook, enticeth him to stay.

But as they thus, in pompe, came sporting on the shole,
Gainst *Hampton-Court* he meets the soft and gentle *Mole*.
Whose eyes so pierc't his breast, that seeming to foreflowe
The way which he so long, intended was to go,
With trifling vp and down, he wandreth here and there;
And that he in her sight, transparent might appeare,
Applies himselfe to Fords, and setteth his delight
On that which most might make him gracious in her sight.

Then *Isis* and the *Tame* from their conioyned bed,
Desirous still to learne how *Tames* their son had sped
(For greatly they had hop't, his time had so been spent,
That he ere this had won the goodly heyre of *Kent*)
And sending to enquire, had newes return'd againe
(By such as they imploy'd, on purpose in his traine)
How this their only heyre, the *Illes* emperiall Flood,
Had loytered thus in loue, neglectfull of his good.

Isa.

No manuaile (at the newes) though * *Ouse* and *Tame* were sad,
More comfort of their sonne expecting to haue had.
Nor blame them, in their looks much sorrow though they show'd:
Who fearing least he might thus meanelly be bestow'd,
And knowing danger still increased by delay,
Employ their vtmost power, to hasten him away.
But *Tames* would hardly on: oft turning back to show,
From his much loued *Mole* how loth he was to go.

A very woody
Vale in Surrey.

The mother of the *Mole*, old * *Homesdale*, likewise beares
Th'affection of her childe, as ill as they do theirs:
Who nobly though deriu'd, yet could haue been content,
Thaue matcht her with a Flood, of farre more mean descent.
But *Mole* respects her words, as vaine and idle dreames,
Compar'd with that high ioy, to be belou'd of *Tames*:
And head-long holds her course, his company to win.
But, *Homesdale* raised Hills, to keep the straggler in;
That of her daughters stay she need no more to doubt:
(Yet neuer was there help, but loue could finde it out.)
So *Mole* digs her selfe a Path, by working day and night
(According to her name, to shew her nature right)
And vnderneath the Earth, for three miles space doth creepe
Till gotten out of sight, quite from her mothers keep,
Her foreintended courte the wanton Nymph doth run;
As longing to imbrace old *Tame* and *Isis* son.

When *Tames* now vnderstood, what paines the *Mole* did take,
How farre the louing Nymph aduentur'd for his sake;
Although with *Medway* matcht, yet neuer could remoue
The often quickning sparks of his more ancient loue.

So that it comes to paſſe, when by great Natures guide
The *Ocean* doth returne, and thruſteth in the Tide;
Vp row'rs the place, where firſt his much-lov'd *Mole* was ſeen,
§. He euer ſince doth flow, beyond delightfull *Sheene*.

Then *Vandal* commeth in, the *Moles* beloued mate,
So amiable, faire, ſo pure, ſo delicate,
So plump, ſo full, ſo freſh, her eyes ſo wondrous cleer:
And firſt vnto her Lord, at *Wandſworth* doth appeare,
That in the goodly Court, of their great ſoueraigne *Tames*,
There might no other ſpeech be had amongſt the Streames;
But only of this Nymph, ſweet *Vandal*, what ſhe wore;
Of her complection, grace, and how her ſelfe ſhe bore.

But now this mighty Flood, vpon his voiage preſt
(That ſound how with his ſtrength, his beauties ſtill increaſt,
From where, braue *Windsor* ſtood on tip-roe to behold
The faire and goodly *Tames*, ſo farre as ere he could,
With Kingly houſes Crown'd, of more then earthly pride,
Vpon his either Banks, as he along doth glide)
With wonderfull delight, doth his long courſe purſue,
Where *Oſlands*, *Hampton Court*, and *Richmond* he doth view;
Then *Weſtminſter* the next great *Tames* doth entertaine;
That vaunts her Palace large, and her moſt ſumptuous Fane:
The Lands tribunall ſeate that challengeth for hers,
The crowning of our Kings, their famous ſepulchers.
Then goes he on along by that more beauctious Strand,
Exprefſing both the wealth and brauery of the Land.
(So many ſumptuous Bowres, within ſo little ſpace,
The All-beholding Sun ſcarſe ſees in all his race.)

And on by *London* leads, which like a *Creſcent* lies,
VWhoſe windowes ſeem to mock the Star-befreckled ſkies;
Beſides her riſing Spyres, ſo thick themſelues that ſhow,
As doe the briſtling reeds, within his Banks that growe.
There ſees his crouded Vharfes, and people-peſtred ſhores,
His Boſome ouer-ſpread, with ſhoales of labouring ores:
VWith that moſt coſtly Bridge, that doth him moſt renowne,
By which he cleerly puts all other Riuerſe downe.

Thus furniſhed with all that appertain'd to State,
Deſired by the Floods (his Greatnes which awayt)
That as the reſt before, ſo ſomewhat he would ſing,
Both worthy of their praiſe, and of himſelfe their King;
A Catalogue of thoſe, the Scepter heer that ſwayd,
The Princely *Tames* recites, and thus his Song he laid;

As *Baſtard William* firſt, by Conqueſt hither came,
And brought the *Norman* Rule, vpon the *English* name:
So with a tedious warre, and almoſt endleſſe royles,
Throughout his troubled raigne, here held his hard-got ſpoyle.

Decreaſing

Tames ebbs &
flowes beyond
Richmond.

London lying
like a halfe
Mooon.

London-bridge
the Crowne of
Tamr.

Deceasing at the last, through his vnsettled State,
 S. Left (with his ill-got Crown) vnnaturall debate.
 For, dying at his home, his eldest sonne abroad
 (Who, in the Holy-warre, his person then bestow'd)
 His second *Rufus* next vsurpt the wronged raigne:
 And by a fatall dart, in his *New Forrest* slaine,
 Whilst in his proper right religious *Robert* slept,
 Through craft into the Throne, the younger *Beau-clerk* crept.
 From whom his Scepter, then, whilst *Robert* stroue to wrest,
 The other (of his power that amply was possest)
 With him in battell ioyn'd: and, in that dreadfull day
 (Where Fortune shew'd her selfe all humane power to sway)
 Duke *Robert* went to wrack; and taken in the flight,
 S. Was by that cruell King depriu'd of his sight,
 And in close prison put; where miserably he dy'd:
 But *Henries* whole intent was by iust heauen deny'd.
 For, as of light, and life, he that sad Lord bereft;
 So his, to whom the Land, he purpos'd to haue left,
 The * raging Seas deuow'd, as hitherward they saild.
 When, in this Line direct, the *Conquerors* issue faild,
 Twixt *Henries* Daughter *Mauld*, the *Almayne* Emperours Bride
 (Which after to the Earle of *Anion* was affid)
 And *Stephen* Earle of *Bloys*, the *Conquerors* Sisters son,
 A fierce and cruell war immediately begun;
 Who with their feuerall powers, arriued here from *France*,
 By force of hostile Armes, their Titles to aduance.
 But, *Stephen*, what by coyne, and what by forraine strength,
 Through Worlds of danger gain'd the glorious goale at length.
 But, left without an heyre, the Empresse issue next,
 No Title elle on foote; vpon so faire pretext,
 The second *Henry* soon vpon the Throne was set,
 (Which *Mauld* to *Ieffrey* bare) the first *Plantaginet*.
 Who held strong wars with *Wales*, that his subiection spurn'd:
 Which oftentimes he beat; and, beaten oft, return'd:
 VVith his sterne Children vext: who (whilst he strouet aduance
 His right within this *Ile*) rays'd war on him in *France*.
 With his hie fame in fight, what colde brest was not fir'd?
 Through all the *Westerne* world, for wisdome most admyr'd.
 Then *Richard* got the Rule, his most renowned sonne.
 Whose courage, him the name of *Cure De Lion* won.
 VVith those first earthly Gods, had this braue Prince been borne,
 His darling hand had from *Aleides* shoulders torne
 The *Nemean Lion's* hyde: who in the Holy-land
 So dreadfull was, as though from *Ioue* and *Neptunes* hand,
 The thundring three-forkt Fire, and Trident he had rest,
 And him to rule their charge they only then had left.

* See the last
 note to the IV.
 Song.

Him *Iohn* againe ſucceeds; who, hauing put-away
 Yong *Arthur* (*Richards Sonne*) the Scepter took to ſway.
 Who, of the common-wealth firſt hauock hauing made,
 §. His ſacrilegious hands vpon the Churches laid,
 In cruelty and rape continuing out his raigne;
 That his outrageous luſt and courſes to reſtraine,
 §. The Baronage were forc't deſenſiue Armes to raiſe,
 Their daughters to redeeme, that he by force would ſeiſe.
 Which the firſt Ciuill warre in *England* here begun.
 And for his ſake ſuch hate his ſonne young *Henry* won,
 That to depoſe their Prince, th'reuengefull people thought;
 And from the Line of *France* yong *Lewes* to haue brought;
 To take on him our Rule: but, *Henry* got the Throne,
 By his more forcefull friends: who, wiſe and uiſſant growne,
 §. The generall Charter ſeiz'd: that into ſlavery drew
 The freſt borne *Engliſh* blood. Of which ſuch diſcord grew,
 And in the Barons breſts ſo rough combuſtions rais'd,
 With much expence of blood as long was not appeaz'd,
 By ſtrong and tedious guſts held vp on either ſide,
 Betwixt the Prince and Peeres, with equall power and pride.
 He knew the worſt of warre, matcht with the Barons ſtrong;
 Yet victor liu'd, and raig'n'd both happily and long.

This long-liu'd Prince expyr'd: the next ſucceeded; he,
 Of vs, that for a God might well related be.
 Our *Long ſhanks*, *Scotlands* ſcourge: who to the *Oreads* taught
 His Scepter, and with him from wilde *Albania* brought
 The reliques of her Crowne (by him firſt placed here)
 §. The ſeat on which her Kings inaugurated were.
 He ram'd the deſperate *Welſh*, that out ſo long had ſtood,
 And made them take * a Prince, ſprong of the *Engliſh* blood.
 This *Ile*, from Sea to Sea, he generally controld,
 And made the other parts of *England* both to holde.

* See before to the IX. Song.

This *Edward*, firſt of ours, a ſecond then enſues;
 Who both his Name and Birth, by looſenes, did abuſe:
 Faire *Ganimeds* and Fools who rais'd to Princely places;
 And choſe not men for wit, but only for their faces.
 In parasites and knaues, as he repos'd his truſt,
 Who ſooth'd him in his wayes apparantly vniuſt;
 For that prepoſterous ſinne wherein he did offend,
 In his poſterior parts had his prepoſterous end.

A third then, of that name, amends for this did make:
 Who from his idle fire ſeem'd nought at all to take.
 But as his Grand-fire did his Empires verge aduance:
 So led he forth his powers, into the heart of *France*.
 And faſtning on that Right, he by his mother had,
 Againſt the *Salique* law, which vtterly forbad

Their

Their women to enherite; to propagate his Cause,
 At *Cressey* with his sword first cancelled those Lawes:
 Then like a furious storme, through troubled *France* he ran;
 And by the hopefull hand of braue *Black-Edward* wan
 Proud *Poytiers*, where King *John* he valiantly subdew'd,
 The miserable French and there in mammocks hew'd;
 Then with his battering *Rams* made Earth-quakes in their *Towres*,
 Till trampled in the dust her selfe she yeelded ours.

As mighty *Edwards* heyre, to a second *Richard* then
 (Son to that famous Prince *Black Edward*, Man of Men,
 Vntimely that before his conquering father dy'd)
 Too soon the Kingdom fell: who his vaine youth apply'd
 To wantonnesse and spoyle, and did to fauour drawe
 Vnworthy ignorant sots, with whole dull eyes he sawe:
 Who plac't their like in Court, and made them great in State
 (Which wise and vertuous men, beyond all plagues, might hate.)
 To whom he blindly gaue: who blindly spent againe,
 And oft oppress'd his Land, their riot to maintaine.
 He hated his Allyes, and the deteruing steru'd;
 His Minions and his will, the Gods he only seru'd:
 And finally, depos'd, as he was euer friend
 To Rybalds, to againe by Villaines had his end.

Henry the Sonne of *Gaunt*, supplanting *Richard*, then
 Ascended to the Throne: when discontented men,
 Desirous first of change, which to that height him brought,
 Deceiu'd of their ends, into his actions fought;
 And, as they set him vp, assay'd to pluck him down:
 From whom he hardly held his ill-atchieued Crown;
 That, Treasons to suppress which oft he did disclose,
 And raising publike Armes, against his powerfull foes,
 His vsurpation still being troubled to maintaine,
 His short disquiet dayes scarce raught a peacefull raigne.

A fift succeeds the fourth: but how his father got
 The Crown, by right or wrong, the Sonne respecteth not,
 Nor further hopes for that ere leaueth to pursue;
 But doth his claime to *France*, courageously renew;
 Vpon her wealthy shores vn-lades his warlike fraught;
 And, shewing vs the fields where our braue fathers fought,
 First drew his sun-bright Sword, reflecting such a light,
 As put sad guilty *France*, into so great a fright,
 That her pale *Genius* sank; which trembling seem'd to stand,
 When first he set his foot on her rebellious Land.
 That all his Grand-fires deeds did ouer, and thereto
 Those hie atcheeuements adde the former could not doe:
 At *Agincourts* proud light, that quite put *Poytiers* down;
 Of all, that time who liv'd, the King of most renowne.

Whose

Whose too vntimely end, the *Fates* too soon did haste
 VVhose nine yeares noble acts, nine VVorlds deserue to last.
 A sixt in name succeeds, borne great, the mighty sonne
 Of him, in *Englands* right that spacious *France* had wonne.
 VVho coming young to raigne, protected by the *Peeres*
 Vntill his Non-age out: and growne to riper yeeres,
 Prov'd vpright, soft, and meeke, in no wise louing warre;
 But fitter for a Cowle, then for a Crowne by farre.
 Whose mildnes ouer-much, did his destruction bring:
 A wondrous godly man, but not so good a King.
 Like whom yet neuer man tri'd fortunes change so oft;
 So many times throwne-down, so many times aloft
 (When with the vtmost power, their friends could them afford,
 The *Yorkists*, put their right vpon the dint of sword)
 As still he lost and wonne, in that long bloody warre,
 §. From those two *Factions* stil'd, of *York* and *Lancaster*.
 But by his foes inforc't to yeeld him to their power,
 His wretched raigne and life, both ended in the *Tower*.
 Of th'*Edward*s name the fourth put on the Regall *Wreath*;
 Whom furious bloody warre (that seem'd a while to breath)
 Not vtterly forooke. For, *Henries* *Queene* and heyre
 (Their once possessed raigne still seeking to repaire)
 Put forward with their friends, their title to maintaine.
 Whose blood did *Barnets* *Streets* and *Tenksburys* distaine,
 Till no man left to stirre. The Title then at rest,
 The old *Lancastrian* Line, being vtterly suppress't,
 Himselfe the wanton King to amorous pleasures gaue;
 §. Yet ialous of his right descended to his Graue.
 His Sonne an infant left: who had heli'd to raigne,
Edward the fift had been. But iustly see againe,
 As he a King and Prince before had cau'd to die
 (The father in the *Tower*, the sonne at *Tenksbury*)
 So were his children yong, being left to be protected
 By *Richard* 3 who nor God, nor humane lawes respected:
 This *Viper*, this most vile deuowrer of his kinde
 (Whom his ambitious ends had strooke so grossly blind)
 From their deare mothers lap, them seising for a pray
 (Himselfe in right the next, could they be made away)
 Most wrongfully vsurpt, and them in prison kept;
 Whom cruelly at last he smothered as they slept.
 As his vnnaturall hands, were in their blood imbruid:
 So (guilty in himselfe) with murder he persuid
 Such, on his haynous acts as lookt not faire and right:
 Yea, such as were not his expresse, and had might
 Poppole him in his courle; till (as a monster loth'd,
 The man, to hell and death himselfe that had betroth'd)

They

They brought another in, to thrust that Tyrant down;
In battell who at last resign'd both life and Crown.

A seauenth *Henry*, then, th' imperiall seate attain'd,
In banishment who long in *Britanne* had remain'd,
What time the Yorkists sought his life to haue bereft,
Of the *Lancastrian* House then only being left
(Deriv'd from *Iohn of Gaunt*) whom *Richmond* did beget,
S. Vpon a daughter borne to *Iohn of Sommer set*.

Elizabeth of York this Noble Prince aff'd,
To make his Title strong, thereby on either side.
And grafting of the *White* and *Red Rose* firme together,
Was first, that to the Throne aduanc'd the name of *Tetber*.
In *Bojworths* fatall Field, who hauing *Richard* slaine,
Then in that prosperous peace of his successfull raigne,
Of all that euer rul'd, was most precise in State,
And in his life and death a King most fortunate.

This Seauenth, that was of ours, the Eighth succeeds in name;
Who by Prince *Arthurs* death (his elder Brother) came
Vnto a Land with wealth abundantly that flow'd:
Abundantly againe, so he the same bestow'd,
In Banquets, Mask's, and Tilts, all pleasures prone to try,
Besides his secret escapes who lou'd *Polygamy*.
The Abbayes he suppress'd; a thousand lingring yeere,
Which with reuенewes large the World had sought to reare.
And through his awfull might, for temporall ends did saue,
To other vies earst what frank deuotion gaue;
And here the papall power, first vtterly deny'd,
Defender of the Faith, that was instil'd and dy'd.

His sonne the Empire had, our *Edward* sixt that made;
Vntimely as he sprang, vntimely who did fade.
A Protestant being bred; and in his infant raigne,
Th'religion then receiv'd, here stoutly did maintaine:
But ere he raught to man, from his sad people rest,
His Scepter he againe vnto his Sisters left.

Of which the eldest of two, *Queen Mary*, mounts the Chaire;
Theruin'd *Roman* State who struing to repaire,
With persecuting hands the Protestants purslew'd;
Whole Martyred ashes oft the wondring Streets bestrew'd.
She matcht her selfe with *Spaine*, and brought King *Philip* hither,
Which with an equall hand, the Scepter sway'd together.
But issueless she dy'd; and vnder six yeeres raigne,
To her wise Sister gaue the Kingdome vp againe.

Elizabeth, the next, this falling Scepter hent;
Digressing from her Sex, with Man-like government
This Iland kept in awe, and did her power extend
Afflicted *France* to ayde, her owne as to defend;

Again

gainſt th' *Iberian* rule, the *Elammings* ſure defence:
 ſee *Irelana's* deadly ſcourge; who ſent her *Nauicalence*
 into the either *Iude*, and to that ſhore ſo greene,
Virginia which we call, of her a *Virgin Queen*:
 In *Portugall* gainſt *Spaine*, her *Engliſh* enſignes ſpread;
 ſhe took *Cales*, when from her ayde the brav'd *Iberia* ſted:
 moſt flourishing in State: that, all our *Kings* among,
 canſe any ru'd ſo well: but * two, that reign'd ſo long:
 Here ſuddainly he ſtaid: and with his kingly Song,
 Whil'ſt yet on euery ſide the City loudly rong,
 He with the Eddy turn'd, a ſpace to look about:
 The Tide, retiring ſoon, did ſtrongly thruſt him out.
 And ſoon the pliant Muſe, doth her braue wing aduance,
 Towards thoſe Sea-bordring ſhores of ours, that point at *France*, north:
 The harder *Syrrian* Heath, and the *Suffexian* Downe.
 Which with ſo great increaſe though Nature do not crowne,
 As many other Shires, of this inuiron'd Ile:
 Yet on the * *Wearthers* head, when as the ſunne doth ſmile,
 Nurſt by the *Southern* Winds, that ſoft and gently blowe,
 Here doth the luſty ſap as ſoon begin to flowe;
 The Earth as ſoon puts on her gaudy Summers ſure;
 The VVoods as ſoon in green, and orchards great with fruit.
 To Sea-ward, from the ſeat where firſt our Song begun,
 Exhaled to the South by the aſcending ſunne,
 Power ſtately VVood Nymphs ſtand on the *Suffexian* ground,
 Great * *Andredſweld's* ſometime: who, when ſhe did abound,
 In circuit and in growth, all other quite ſuppreſt:
 But in her wane of pride, as ſhe in ſtrength decreaſt,
 Her Nymphs aſſum'd them names, each one to her delight:
 As, *Water-downe*, ſo call'd of her depreſſed ſite;
 And *Aſh-Downe*, of thoſe Trees that moſt in her do growe,
 Set higher to the Downes, as th' other ſtandeth lowe.
Saint Leonards, of the ſeat by which ſhe next is plac'd,
 And *Whord* that with the like delighteth to be grac'd.
 Theſe Forreſts as I ſay, the daughters of the *Weald*
 (That in their heauie breaſts, had long their greets conceal'd)
 Foreſeeing, their decay each howe ſo faſt came on;
 Under the axes ſtroak, fetcht many a grieuous grone,
 VVhen as the anuiles weight, and hammers dreadfull ſound,
 Euen rent the hollow VVoods, and ſhock the queachy ground:
 So that the trembling Nymphs, oppreſt through glaſtly feare,
 Ran madding to the Downes, with looſe diſhev'd hayre.
 The *Syluans* that about the neighbouring woods did dwell;
 Both in the tuſty Frith and in the moſſy Fell,
 Forſook their gloomy Bowres, and wandred farre abroad,
 Expeld their quiet ſeats, and place of their abode,

Henry III. and
 Edward III.
 the one reign-
 ed 56. the o-
 ther. 50.

* The Sun in
 Aries.

A Forreſt, con-
 taining moſt
 part of *Kent*,
Suſſex, and *Surrey*.

A a

When

When labouring carts they saw to hold their daily trade,
 Where they in summer wont to sport them in the shade.
 Could we, say they, suppose, that any would vscherish,
 Which suffer (euery day) the holiest things to perish?
 Or to our daily want to minister supply?
 These yron times breed none, that minde posteritie.
 Tis but in vaine to tell, what we before haue been,
 Or changes of the world, that we in time haue seen;
 When, not deuising how to spend our wealth with waste,
 VVe to the sauage Iwine, let fall our larding mast.
 But now, alas, our selues we haue not to sustaine,
 Nor can our tops suffice to shield our Roots from raine.
Jones Oke, the warlike Ash, veyn'd Elme, the softer Beech,
 Short Hazell, Maple plaine, light Aspe, the bending Wych,
 Tough Holly, and smooth Birch, must altogether burne:
 What should the Builder serue, supplies the Forgers turne;
 When vnder publike good, base priuate gaine takes holde,
 And we poore woefull Woods, to ruine lastly solde.

This vttered they with griefe: and more they would haue spoke,
 But that the enuious Downes, int' open laughter broke;
 As ioying in those wants, which Nature them had giuen,
 Sith to as great distresse the Forrests should be driuen.
 Like him that long time hath anothers state enuy'd,
 And sees a following Ebbe, vnto his former Tide;
 The more he is deprest, and bruiz'd with fortunes might,
 The larger Reane his foe doth giue to his despight:
 So did the enuious Downes; but that againe the Floods
 (Their fountaines that deriue, from those vnpittied Woods,
 And so much grace thy Downes, as through their Dales they creep,
 Their glories to conuay vnto the *Celtick* deep)
 It very hardly tooke, much murmuring at their pride.
 Cleere *Lauant*, that doth keep the *Southamptonian* side
 (Diuiding it well-neere from the *Sussexian* lands
 That *selfe* doth luruey, and *Solent*s troubled sands)
 To *Chichester* their wrongs impatiently doth tell:
S. And *Arun* (which doth name the beautilous *Arundell*)
 As on her course she came, it to her Forrest tolde.
 Which, nettled with the newes, had not the power to hold:
 But breaking into rage, wisht Tempests them might riuie;
 And on their barren scalps, still flint and chauke might thriue,
 The braue and nobler Woods which basely thus vpbraide.
S. And *Adur* comming on, to *Shoreham* softly said,
 The Downes did very ill, poore Woods so to debase.
 But now, the *Ouse*, a Nymph of very scornefull grace,
 So touchy waxt therewith, and was so squeamish growne,
 That her old name she scorn'd should publicly be knowne.

Wh

whole haueu out of mind when as it almost grew,
 he lately passed times denominate, the New.
 Cucmer with the rest put to her vtmost might:
 As *Asborne* vndertakes to doe the *Forrests* right
 At *Pemsey*, where she powres her soft and gentler Flood)
 and *Allen* once distain'd with natiue English blood:
 Whose Soyle, when yet but wet with any littleraine,
 Doth blush; as put in mind of those there sadly slaine,
 When *Hastings* harbour gaue vnto the *Norman* powers,
 Whose name and honors now are denizend for ours)
 That boding ominous Brook, it through the *Forrests* rungs:
 Which ecchoing it againe the mighty *Wald* along,
 Great stirre was like to grow; but that the Muse did charme
 their furies, and her selfe for nobler things did arme.

New-Hauen.

Illustrations.

After your trauailes (thus led by the Muse) through the Inlands, out of
 the Welsh coast maritime, here are you carried into *Surrey* and *Suffex*,
 the Southerne shires from *London* to the Ocean: and *Thames*, as K. of all our
 Riuer, summarily sings the Kings of *England*, from *Norman William* to ye-
 sterdaies age.

Mole digs her selfe a path, by working day and night.

This *Mole* runnes into the earth, about a mile from *Darling* in *Surrey*,
 and after some two miles sees the light againe, which to be certaine hath been
 affirmed by Inhabitants there about reporting triall made of it. Of the Riuer
Denerill neere *Parmister* in *Wiltshire* is said as much; and more of *Alpheus* run-
 ning out of *Elis* (a part of the now *Morea* anciently *Peloponnesus* in *Greece*)
 through the vast Ocean to *Aretbusa* in a little Isle (calle by *Syracuse* of *Sicily*)
 call'd *Ortygia*, and thither thus conuining vnmixt with the Sea, which hath
 been both tried by a cup, lost in *Elis*, and other stuff of the *Olympian* sacrifices
 there cast vp, & is iustified also by expresse assertion of an old Oracle to *Ar-
 chias*, a *Corinthian*, aduising him he should hither deduce a Colony.

Ἰδὲ ἄγε σὺνέλαυνε

Μοχλὸν ποταμὸν ἐν ἑσπέρῳ Ἀργείοισι.

Likethis, *Pausanias* reckons more; *Erasim* in *Greece*, *Lycus* that runs into *Me-
 ander*, *Tiger*, and diuers others, some remember for such qualitie. And *Gaudi-
 ana* (the antient limit of *Portingall* and the *Batigne Spaine*) is specially famous
 for this forme of subterranean course: which although hath been thought fa-
 bulous, yet by some learned and iudicious of that Country, is put for an vnfa-
 ned truth.

He euer since doth flowe beyond delightfull Sheenie.

Moles fall into *Thames* is neere the vtmost of the Flood, which from the
German Ocean, is about LX. miles, scarce equalled (I thinke) by any other
 Riuer in *Europe*; whereto you may attribute its continuing so long a course,
 vnlesse to the Diurnall motion of the Heauens, or Moone, from East to West
 (which hardly in any other Riuer of note falling into so great a Sea, will be

A a 2

found

* Strab. Geo-
 graph. v.

* Pausan. Ell-
 ac. 6.

* There Al-
 phes springeth
 againe, embrace
 ing faire Ar-
 chias.

* Herodot. lib. v.
 * Idem. 2. Poli-
 hym.

* Isid. lib. 43.
 * Ludovic. Xp-
 m in Fion.
 Hispan.

* *Scalig. de sub-
tilit. anacron.*
32.

* *Gail. P. Fla-
nens. in hist. Co-
domens.*

* This is the
bequest under-
stood by them
which say he
devised his
kingdome to
William II.

* *Antiq. Sched.
in Hen. Camd.*

* *Armen. ad I. an-
cim. nucleatus
dilectandam,
Iure & Cons. II
& Angl. namo,
vindicant Ho-
stian. II. Loff.
quast. g. A. be-
n. Gentil. de
Iure Belli. g. cap.
g. & c. cas. Calu.
in D. Colp. lib. 7.*

See the II.
Song.

found so agreeable, as to this, flowing the same way) and to the easiness of the
Channell being not over creeky, I cannot grieve. I incline to this of the he-
uens, because such testimony is of the Oceans perpetuall motion in the
kind; and whether it be for frequencie of a winding, and thereby more re-
flecting shore, or for any other reason iudiciall; not yet discovered, it is certain
that our coasts are most famous for the greatest differences, by ebbs & floods
before all other whatlocuer.

Left with his ill got Crowne vnnaturall debate.

See what the matter of Descent to the IV. Song tells you of his title; yet eu-
er out of his owne mouth as part of his last will and testament, these words are re-
ported; *I Constitute no heire of the Crowne of England: but to the vniuersal
Creator, whose I am, and in whose hand are all things, I commend it. For I had
not by interitance, but, with direfull conflict, and much effusion of blood, I took
from that perur'd Harold, and by death of his fauorites, haue I subdu'd it to my
Empire. And somewhat after: Therefore I dare not bequeath the scepter of the
kingdome to any but to God alone, least after my death worse troubles happen in it,
my Occasion. For my sonne William (alwaies, as it became him, obedient to me)
with that God may giue him his graces, and that, if so it please the Almighty, he
may raige after me. This is William the II. (called Rufus) was his second sonne
Robert his eldest hauing vpon discontent (taken because the Dukedome of
Norman lie, then as it were by birth-right, nearly like the principality of Wales
anciently, or Duchy of Cornwall at this day, belonging to our Kings their
apparent, was denied him) reuolted vnnaturally, and moued war against him
aided by Philip I. of France, which caused his merited disinheri-
tance. Twixt this William and Robert, as also twixt him and Henry I. all brothers (and for
to the Conqueror) were diuers oppositions for the Kingdom and Dukedome
which here the Author alludes to. Our stories in euery hand informe you
And will discover also the Conquerors adoption by the Confessor, Harold's
to him, and such institutions of his lawfull title enforced by a case reported
one English, who, deriuing his right from Seisin before the Conquest. re-
cued by iudgement of K. William I. the Manner of Starborn in Norfolk
gainst one that arraign'd a Norman to whom the King had before granted it: who
had been vniust, if he had by right of warre only gotten the kingdom; for then
had all titles of subiects before, been vtterly extinct. But, (admit this case
as you please, or any cause of right beside his sword) It is plaine that his
and impetuous affection (mou'd by their rebellions which had stood for
sworne Harold) dispos'd all things as a Conqueror: Vpon obseruation of
subiection of all Lands to tenures, his charge of Lawes, disinheriting the En-
lish, and such other reported (which could be but where the profitable Dom-
inion, as Ciuilians call it, was vniuersally acquired into the Princes hand) as
in reading the disgracefull account then made of the English name, it will
manifest.*

Who by a fatal dart in wast New Forest slaine.

His death by an infortunate loosing at a Dear out of one *Walter Tirrel* his
in *New Forest*, his brother *Richard* being blasted therewith infection, & *Rich-
ard Duke Roberts* Sonne, hauing his neck broken therein a boughs swift catch
him from his horse, haue been thought as diuine reuenges on *William*
first, who destroy'd in *Hantsbire XXXVI.* parish Churches to make dens
wild beasts; although its probable enough, that it was for security of lan-
new forces there, if the wheele of fortune, or change of Stars, shoulde
haue disposell'd him of the English Crowne. Our stories will of these things

better instruct you: but, if you seek *Marbrow Paris* for it, amend the absurdity of both the *London* and *Tigwin* Prints in *An. CIO. LXXXV I.* and for *Rex magnificens & bona indolis Adolescens*, read, *Rich. magnificens &c.* for *Richard* brother to this *Red William*

Marbrow Paris
lorum sibi restitu-
tum.

Was by that cruell King deprived of his sight.

Thus did the Conquerors Posterity vnquietly possesse their Fathers inheritance. *William* had much to do with his brother *Robert*, iustly grudging at his vsurping the Crowne from right of Primogeniure; but so much the lesse, in that *Robert* with diuers other *German* and *French* Princes left all priuate respects for the Holy warre, which after the Croisre vndertaken (as those times v-
led) had most fortunate successe in Recovery of *Palestine*. *Robert* had no more but the Dutchy of *Normandy*, nor that without sword often drawne, before his Holy expedition: about which (hauing first offer of, but refusing the King-
dome of *Ierusalem*) after he had some V. yeeres been absent, he returned into *England*, finding his younger brother (*Henry I.*) exalted into his hereditarie throne. For, although it were vndoubtedly agreed that *Robert* was eldest son of the Conqueror; yet the pretence which gaue *Henry* the Crowne (beside the meanes of his working fauorites) was, that * *he was the only Issue borne after his Faiber was a King*: vpon which point a great question is disputed among Ciuilians. *Robert* was no sooner return'd into *Normandy*, but presently (first animated by *Randall*, Bishop of *Durham*, a great disturber of the common peace twixt the Prince and subiect by intolerable exactions & vnlimited iniu-
stice vnder *William II.* whose chief iustice it seems he was, newly escaped out of prison (whither for those state-misdemeanors he was committed by *Henry*) he dispatches & enterchages intelligēce with most of the Baronage, claiming his Primogeniure-right, & therby the kingdom. Hauing thus gain'd to him most of the *English* Nobility, he lands with forces at *Portsmouth*, thence marching towards *Winchester*: but before any encounter the two Brothers were perswaded to a Peace; Couenant was made and confirmed by oth of XII. Barons. on both parts. that *Henry* should pay him yeerly cto. cto. pounds of siluer, and that the suruiuor of them should inherit, the other dying without issue. This Peace, vpon denial of paiment (which had the better colour, because, at request of *Q. Maude*, the Duke prodigally releas'd his cto. cto. pounds the next yeere after the Couenant) was soone broken. The K. (to preuent what mischief might follow a second arriual of his brother) assil'd by the greatest fauours of *Normandy* and *Anion*, belieged Duke *Robert* in one of his Castles, took him, brought him home Capriue, and at length vling that course (next secure to death) so often red of in *Chonates*, *Cantuzen*, and other Orientall stories, put out his eyes, being all this time imprisoned in *Cardiffe* Castle in *Glamorgan*, where he miserably breathed his last. It is by *Polydore* added, out of some authority, that K. *Henry* after a few yeers imprisonment releas'd him, and commanded that within XL. daies and 12. houres (these houres haue in them time of two Flouds, or a Floud and an Ebb) he should, abturing *England* and *Normandy*, passe the seas as in perpetuall Exile; and that in the meane time, vpon new Treasons attempted by him, he was secondly committed, and endured his punishment and death as the common Monks relate. I find no warrantable authority that makes me beleue it: Yet, because it giues some kind of example of our Obsolete law of Abiuration (which it seems had its beginning frō one of the statutes published vnder name of the *Confessor*) a word or two of the time prescribed here for his passage: which being examined vpon *Bractons* credit, makes the report therein faulty. For he seems confident that the

* Solus omnium
metus esset regis.
Maimon. For
he was borne
the III. yeere
after the Con-
quest.
Hottom. Hist.
quest. 2.
Plethator, &
Exaltationem
regni Flor. Wig.
& Monasterii
turbat.

* Hen. 3. ap. Reg.
Houd. fol. 314.

* Glouc. lib.
14. ap. 1. cat. 16.
ff. 101. adras
lanū nostrum li.
1. § 67.

* John. North. 3.
Ed. 7. Corom.
313. Lectur. ap.
Er. 10. Corom. 181
P. Stamford
lib. 2. ap. 40.
quide hū grami-
ter, & modestū
querrunt
* Math. Par. pag.
507.

* Bract. lib. 4.
trall. off. 2. Nov.
Dis. cap. 9. &
lib. 1. tr. 11. de
Fison. cap. 2. 2.
de Con'actudine
in Norm. 2. 1.
Ed. 3. fol. 46. b.

* Coll. Gen-
vaulx. de Artois
art. 164.

XL. daies in abjuratiō, were afterward induc'd upon the statute of * *Clarendon*, which gave the accused of Felony, or Treason although quitted by the *Ordel* (that is iudgmēt by Water or Fire, but the Satute published, speaks only of Water, being the common triall of meaner persons) XL. daies to passe out of the Realme with his subsistance, which to other Felons taking Sanctuary & confessing to the Coroner, he affirms not grantable; although *John le Breton* is against him, giving this liberty of time, accounted after the abjuratiō to be spent in the Sanctuary, for provisiō of their voiage necessaries, after which complete, no man, on paine of *se & Member*, is to supply any of their wants. I know it a point very intricat to determine, observing these opposit Authors and no expresse resolution. Since them, the Oth of Abjuratiō published among our Manuall Statutes neerly agrees with this of Duke *Roberts*, but with neither of those old Lawyers. In it, after the Felon confesses, and abiures, and hath his Port appointed; *I will (proceeds the Oth) diligently endeavor to passe over at that Port, and will, not delaye time there above a Flood, and an Ebb, if I may have passage in that space; if not, I will every day goe into the Sea up to the knees, saying to gooner, and unlesse I may do this within Fortie continuall daies I will returne to the Sanctuarie, as a Felon of our Lord the King; So God mee help, &c.* So herethe XL. daies are to be spent about the passage and not in the Sanctuarie: Compare this with other authorities, and you shall find all so dissonant, that Reconciliation is impossible, Resolution very difficult. I only offer to their consideration, which can here iudge, why *Hubert de Burgh* (Earle of Kent, and chiefe iustice of Eng^l and vnder Hen. III.) having incur'd the Kings high displeasure, and grievously persecuted by great Enemies, taking Sanctuarie, was, after his being violently drawn out, restored; yett that the Sheriffs, of *Hereford* and *Essex*, were commanded toward him there, and prevent all sustenance to be brought him, which they did, *decernentes sibi XL. Diurnum excentis observare*: And whether also the same reason (now unknown to vs) bred this XL. daies for expectation of embarquement out of the kingdom, which gave it in an other kind for retorne? as in case of *Disseisin*, the law hath bin that the Disseisor could not reenter without action, vntill he had as it were made a present and Continuall Claime, yett if he had been out of the Kingdom in single Pilgrimage (that is not in generall voiage to the Holy-lane) or in the Kings service in France, or so, he had allowance of XL. daies. II. Floods, and I. Ebb, to come home in, and XV. daies, and fowre dayes, after his return; and if the tenant had been so beyond Sea he might have been *Esloin'd de ultra Mare*, and for a yeere and a day, after which he had XL. daies, One Flood, and one Ebb (which is easily vnderstood as the other for two Floods) to come into England. This is certaine that the space of XL. daies (as a yeere and a day) hath had with vs diuers applications, as in what before, the *Affise* of *Freshforce* in Cities and Boroughs, and the Widowes *Quarentaine*, which seems to have had beginning either of a deliberative time granted to her, to think of her conueniencie in taking letters of administration, as in an other Country the reason of the like is giuen, or else from the XL. daies in the *Esloine* of Child-birth allowed by the Norman Customs. But you mislike the digression. It is reported that when *William the Conqueror* in his death-bed, left *Normandie* to *Roberts*, and *England* to *William the Red*, this *Henry* askt him what he would giue him, *100. pounds of silver* (saith he) *and be contented my sonne, for, in time, when shall have all which I possesse, and be greater then either of my brethren.*

His sacrilegious hands upon the Churches laid.

The great controuersie about electing the Arch-bishop of *Canterbury* (the K. as his right bad him, commanding that *John* Bishop of *Northwich* should have

the Prelacie, the Pope, being *Innocent III.* for his owne gaine, aided with
some disloyall Monks of *Canterbury*, deliring, and at last consecrating *Step-
hen of Langton* a Cardinal) was first cause of it. For *K. Iohn* would by no means
endure this *Stephen*, nor permit him the dignity after his vnjust Election at
ome, but banished the Monks and stoutly menaces the Pope. Hee presently
makes delegation to *William* Bishop of *London*, *Eustace* of *Ely*, and *Malgere* of
Worcester, that they should, with monitory aduice, offer perswasion to the K. of
conformity to the *Romish* behest; if hee persisted in Constancy, they should
enounce *England* vnder an interdict. The Bishops tell *K. Iohn* as much, who
suddenly, mov'd with imperious affection & scorn of Papal vsurpation, swears,
*Gods tooth, if they or any other, with vnadvised attempt, subiect his Kingdome to
an interdict, hee would presently drine every Prelate, and Priest of England to the
Pope, and confiscat all their substance, and of all the Romans amongst them, hee
would first pull out their eyes, and cut off their noses, and then send them all packing,*
with other like threatening tearmes, which notwithstanding were not able to
cause them desist; but within little time following in publike denunti-
ation they performed their authority; and the King, in some sort, his threatening,
committing all Abbeyes and Priories, to Laymens custodie, and compelling
every Priests Concubine to a grieuous fine. Thus for a while continued the
Realme without diuine Sacraments or Exercise, excepted only Confession, Ex-
treame vnction, and Baptisme; the King being also excommunicated and
burials allowed onely in high-waies, and ditches without Ecclesiastique Ce-
remonie, & (but only by indulgence procur'd by Archbishop *Langton* which
purcha't all fauor that in all the Monasteries, excepting of *White-Friers*, might be
diuine seruice once a week) had no change, for some *IV.* or *V.* yeers, when the
Pope in a solemn Councell of Cardinals, according to his pretended plenary
power, depos'd *K. Iohn*, and immediately by his Legat *Pandulph* offered to *Phi-
lip II.* of *France* the kingdom of *England*. This with suspicion of the subjects
heart at home, and another cause then more esteemed then either of these, that
is, the prophetic of one *Peter* an Hermit in *Yorkshire* foretelling to his face that
before Holy-Thursday following he should be no King, altered his listie, and re-
solute, but too disturbed affections; and perswaded him by Oth of himself and
XVI. more of his Barons, to make submision to the church of *Rome*, & condiscen-
dended to giue for satisfaction, *100. clo. clo. clo. pounds* sterling (that name
of *Sterling* began, as I am instructed, in time of *Hen. II.* and had its Originall of
name from some Esterling, making that kind of mony, which hath its essence
in particular weight, & fineness, not of the Starling bird, as some, nor of *Sterlin*
in *Scotland* vnder *Ed. I.* as others absurdly, for in records much more anci-
ent the expresse name *Sterling* (as I haue red) to the Clergie, and subiect all his
dominions to the Pope; and so had absolution, and after more then *IV.* yeers
release of the Interdict, I was the willinge to insert it all, because you might see
what iniurious opposition, by Papall vsurpation, he endured; and then conie-
ecture that his violent dealings against the church were not without intolerable
prouocation, which madded rather then amended his troubled spirits. Easily you
shal not find a Prince more beneficial to the holy cause then he if you take his
former part of raigne, before this ambitious *Stephen* of *Langtons* election exas-
perated desire of reuenge. Most kind habitude then wastwixt him & the Pope,
and for alms toward *Ierusalem* aid he gaue the *XL.* part of his reueneue, & cau-
sed his Baronage to secod his example. Although therefore he be no waies ex-
cus. ble of many of those fautes both in gouernment & religion which are laid
on him, yet it much extenuates the ill of his action, that he was so besieged with
continual & vndigestible incentives of the Clergie with traiterous confidence
striking at his Crown, & in such sort, as humanity must haue exceeded it selfe,

p. Joann. Reg.

*To Stron. de No-
tis, London pag.
92. P. Camelin
Scot. Buchan.
alias.
Polydor. hist.
16.
Hers. 6. Rich.
Fin. Rod. 1. &
alibi in eisdem
Archian. P.
Ante a'ios de
hij. consilendis
in Math. Paris.*

en

* John Had-
land.

to have indured it with any mixture of patience. Nor ever shall I impute that his wicked attempt of sending Ambassadors, *Thomas Hardington, Ralph Fitz-Nicholas*, and *Robert of London*, to *Amiramiu*, King of *Morocco*, for the *Mahometan* Religion, so much to his owne will and Nature, as to the persecuting Bulls, Interdicts, Excommunications, Deposings, and such like, published & acted by them which counterfeiting the vaine name of Pastors, sheere- ing, and not feeding their Sheep, made this poore King (for they brought him so poore, that he was call'd * *Iohannes sine terra*) even as a Phrenetique, commit what posterity receiues now among the worst actions (and in themselves they are so) of Princes.

His Baronage were fore's defensiu Armes to raise.

16. Joh. Roy.

K. Johns grand
Charter.

No sooner had *Bandulph*, transacted with the King, and *Stephen of Langton* was quietly posselt of his Archbishopricque, but he presently, in a Council of both Orders at *Pauls*, stirr'd up the hearts of the Barons against *John*, by producing the old Charter of liberties granted by *Hen. I.* comprehending an instauration of *S. Edwards* lawes, as they were amended by the Conqueror, and prouoking them to challenge obseruation therof as an absolute due to subiects of free State. He was easily heard, and his thoughts seconded with rebellious designs: and after denials of this purpos'd request, armies were mustred to extort these Liberties. But at length by treaty in *Kwinned neere Stanes*, he gaue them two Charters, the one, of Liberties generall, the other of the Forest: both which were not very different from our *Gravnd Charter of the Forrest*. The Pope at his request confirmed all: but the same yeere, discontentment (through too much favour and respect given by the King to diuers strangers, whom since the composition with the Legate, he had too frequently, and in too high esteeme entertained) renewing among the Barons, Ambassadors were sent to aduertise the Pope what iniury the Sea of *Rome* had by this late Exaction of such liberties out of a Kingdome, in which it had such great interest (for King *John* had been very prodigall to it, of his best and most maiestical Titles) and with what commotion the Barons had rebel'd against him, soon obtain'd a Bull curling in Thunder all such as stood for any longer maintenance of those granted Charters: This (as how could it be otherwise?) bred new but almost incurable broiles in the State twixt King and subiect: But in whom more, then in the Pope and his Archbishop, was cause of this dissension? Both, as wicked Bouteceus applying themselves to both parts; sometimes animating the subiect by censorious exauthorizing the Prince, then assisting and moving forward his pronenesse, to faithles abrogation, by pretence of an interceding vniuersall authority.

The generall Charter seiz'd

clo. cc. xxv.

* That they would willingly grant his request, if he would vouchsafe them those Liberties so long desired.

The last note somewhat instructs you in what you are to remember, that is, the *Grand Charters* granted and (as matter of fact was) repealed by *K. John*; his sonne *Henry III.* of some IX. yeeres age (vnder protection first of *William Maresshall* Earle of *Penbroke*, after the Earles death, *Peter de Rodes* Bishop of *Winchester*) in the ninth yeere of his raigne, in a Parliament held at *Westminster* desired of the Baronage (by mouth of *Hubert de Burgh* proposing it) a Fifteene: whereto vpon deliberation, they gaue answer, * *quod Regis Petitionibus gratanter acquiescerent suis dispetitis Libertates concedere voluisset*. The King agreed to the Condition, and presently vnder the great seale deliuered Charters of them into euery county of *England*, speaking as those of *K. John* (saith

with Paris)* ita quod Charta verorumq; Regum in nullo inueniuntur dissimiles.
 et those, which we haue, published want of that which is in K. Johns, wherein
 you haue a speciall Chapter that, if a *leues* debtor die, and leaue his helre with-
 age subiect to paiement, the Vsury during the nonage should cease, which
 explains the meaning of the Statute of Merton Chap. V. Otherwise but ill in-
 terpreted in some of our yecre * books: After this, follows further, that no
 ide, except, to redeem the Kings person out of Captivity (example of that was
 Richard I. whose Ransome, out of the hands of Leopold Duke of Austria, was
 yecre ccc lxxx. pounds of siluer, collected from the subiect) make his eldest
 sonne Knight, or marry his eldest daughter, should be leuied of the subiect, but
 by Parliament. Yet, reason, why these are omitted in Hen. III. his Charter, it
 seems, easily may be giuen; seeing X. yecres before time of Edward Long-
 shankes exemplification (which is that wheron we now rely, and only haue) all
 yecres were banished the kingdome: and among the Petitions, and Griouances
 of the Commons at time of his inlauration of this Charter to them, one was
 thus consented to; * *Nullum Tallagium vel Auxilium, per nos vel Heredes nostros
 de cetero in regno nostro imponatur seu leuetur sine voluntate & Consensu commu-
 nis Archiepiscoporum, Episcoporum, Abbatum & aliorum Prelatorum, Comitum,
 Baronum, Milium, Burgensium, & aliorum liberorum bonorum*: which al-
 though compar'd with that of Aides by Tenure, be no law, yet I coniecture
 that vpon this article was that Chapter of Aides omitted. But I returne to Hen-
 ry: He, within some three yecres, summons a Parliament to Oxford, and de-
 clares his full age, refusing any longer Peter de Roches his Protection; but tak-
 ing all vpon his personall gouernment, by pretence of past nonage, caused
 all the Charters of the Forrest to be cancell'd, and repeul'd therout, (forso-
 take it, although my Author speake chiefly of that of the Forrest) and made
 the subiect with price of great sums, rated by his chiefe Iustice Hugh de Bureh,
 renew their liberties, affirming that his grant of them was in his Minority, and
 therefore so defensible: which, with its like (in disenheriting and seising on his
 Subiects possessions, without Iudicall course, beginning with these two
 great Potentates Richard Earle of Cornwall, his brother, and William le Mar-
 shall Earle of Pembroke) bred most intestine trouble twixt him and his Ba-
 rons, although sometime discontinued, yet not extinguish't even till his de-
 clining dayes of enthroned felicity. Obserue among this, that where our
 Historians and Chronologers, talke of a desire by the Baronage, to haue the
 Constitutions of Oxford restored, you must vnderstand those Charters can-
 celled at Oxford; where after many rebellious, but prouoked, oppositions the
 King at last, by oath of himselfe and his sonne Edward, in full Parliament
 (hauing neuertheless oft times before made shew of as much) Granted a-
 gaine their desired freedome: which in his spacious raigne, was not so much
 impeache by himselfe, as through ill Counsell of Alien caterpillers crawling
 about him, being as scourges then sent ouer into this Kingdome. But Robert
 of Glocester shall summarily tell you this, and giue your Palate variety.

* So that the
 Charter of
 both Kings are
 iust alike.

235. Hen. 6 fol.
 61. & 2. Eliz.
 Plowd. 1. fol.
 236. atque P.
 Bract lib. 2. cap.
 26. §. 2.

* No Tallage
 or Aide with-
 out consent of
 Parliament
 should alter be
 exacted.
 Thom. de Wat-
 singham in 16.
 Ed. 1. Poind.
 lib. 17.

* 41. Hen. 3.
 Guy of Liff-
 man, William of
 Valence, and
 Atholmes his
 halfe brothers,
 Sons of Isabel
 K. Johns Dow-
 ager, daughter
 to Aimer Earle
 of Engolme,
 married to
 Hugh Browne
 Earle of March
 in Poitiers
 * Richard Earle
 of Cornwall son
 to K. John.
 * Atholmes.
 * Eleanor
 daughter to
 Raymond Earle
 of Provence.

The meste two that here bel bi King Henries day
 In this lond scholle bigunne to tell put Ich map.
 We adde this Brethren that is Nobres sons were
 And the * Buig of Almaine the verthe that to breiethem here,
 Ac fir William de Valence and fir * Emmer thereto,
 Elit of Wincere and fir Guy de Llew also
 Thou hom and thou the * Quene was so much Frens' sole (bought
 That of English men me told as right nought,
 And the King hom let her to it that each was as King
 And none poure men god, and ne paide no thing.

So

'They took.
'Hue.

'St. Malt.

'Live.
'Agiue.
'Good.

'Kindled ta-
pers.
'Cursed.

To ent of this brethren yuf ther plemide eny wight
Hu fede, yuf we both eu wrong, wo shall ou do right:
As wo feuh we beth kings, ve wille we mowe do,
And many Engliche alas tulde mid hom also.
So that throu Godes grace the Crles at last,
And the Bishops of the lende, and Barons bespake baste,
That the kind Engllismen of Londe hu wolde out caste,
And that long bring about, vuf her poer laste.
Therof hu nome counsil, and to the king hu send,
To abbe pite of his lond and suche manners amende.
So ther at laste hu brought him therto
To make a Puruerance amendment to do,
And made it was at Oxenford, that lord bo: to septe,
Twelf hundred as in yer of Grace and fifty and eyghte,
Right aboute Maffener fourtene night in laste
The Crles and the Barons were well stude baste
To amend that Lond as the Crle of Glouceire,
Sir Richard, and sir Symond Crle of Leicetre
And sir John le Liz-Gerry and othe r Barons inolve
So that at last the B. therto hu drew,
To coma: the Frenlle men to libbe beyonde se
Bi bor londs her and ther and ne come neight age.
Ant to granti god lawes and the Old Charter also
That so olte was igranted er, and so olte vndo.
Vereof was the Chartre made and asked balt thre
Of the king and of othe her men that there were:
Tho nome sende tapers the Bishops in bor hend
And the la. hunsle and othe her men of the lond,
The Bishops airaised all that there agen were
And euer eft vntude the lawes that dede nere there,
And burnuge tapers: and such as laste,
The king and others seide Amen and the Tapers adoun caste.

If particulars of the storie, with precedents and consequents, be desired, a-
boue all I send you to *Matthew Paris*, and *William Rishanger*, and end in ad-
ding that this so controuerted Charters had not their ferled suretie vntil Ed.
I. Since whom they haue been more then XXX. times, in Parliament con-
firmed.

The seate on which her Kings inaugurated were.

VWhich is the Chaire and stone at *Westminster*, whereon our Soueraignes
are inaugurated. The *Scottish* stories (on whose credit, in the first part here-
of, I importune you not to relie) affirme that the Stone was first in *Galicia* of
Spaine at *Brigantia* (whether that be *Compostella*, as *Francis Taraphawills*, or
Coronna as *Florian del Campo* coniectures, or *Britanfor* according to *Ma-
riana*, I cannot determine) where *Gaihel*, King of *Scots* there, sate on it as his
throne: Thence was it brought into *Ireland* by *Simon Breab*. first K. of *Scots*
transplanted into that Isle, about DCC. yeeres before Christ: Out of *Ireland*
K. *Ferguze* (in him by some, is the beginning of the now continuing *Scot-
tish* raigne) about CCC. LXX. yeeres afterward, brought it into *Scotland*,
K. *Kenneth* some DCCC. L. of the Incarnation, placed it at the Abbey of
Scone (in the Shrifdome of *Perth*) where the Coronation of his successors
was vsuall, as of our Monarch's now at *Westminster*, and in the *Saxon* times
at *Kingston* vpon *Thames*. This *Kenneth*, some say, first caus'd that Distich to
be ingrauen on it.

"*Hollin Booth*,
hist. 1. 10. & 14.
Bochanan Rev.
Scott, 6. & 8.

*Ni fallat Fatum, Scoti, quocumq; locatum.
Imminent lapidem, Regnare teneantur ibidem.*

(Whereupon its call'd * *Fatale marmor in Hector Boetium*) and inclos'd it in a woden Chaire. It is now at *Westminster*, and on it are the Coronations of our Soueraignes; thither first brought (as the Author here speaks) among infinite other spoiles, by *Edward Longshanks* after his warres and victories against *K. Iohn Balliol*.

Their women to enherise

So they commonly affirme: but that deniall of soueraignty to their women cost the life of many thousands of their men, both vnder this victorious *Edward*. and his sonne the *Black Prince*; and other of his successors. His case stood briefly thus: *Philip IV.* surnamed the *Faire*, had issue III. sonnes, *Lewis* the * *Contentious*, *Philip the Long*, and *Charles the Faire*, (All these successively reign'd after him, and died without issue inheritable) he had likewise a daughter *Isabell* (I purposely omit the other, being out of the present matter,) married to *Edward II.* and so was mother to *Edward III.* The issue male of *Philip the Faire* thus failing, *Philip* sonne and heire of *Charles Earle of Valois, Beaumont, Alençon, &c.* (which was brother to *Philip the Faire*,) challenged the Crowne of *France* as next heire male against this *Edward*, who answered to the objection of the *Salique* law, that (admitting it as their assertion was, yet) he was Heire Male although descended of a daughter: and in a publique assembly of the Estates first about the Protectorship of the womb, (for, *Queen Iane Dowager* of the *Faire Charles*, was left with childe, but afterward delivered of a daughter, *Blanch*, afterwards Dutches of *Orleans*) was this had in solemne disputation by Lawiers on both sides and applied at length also to the direct point of enheriting the Crowne. What followed vpon iudgement giuen against his Right, the valiant and famous deeds of him and his English, recorded in *Walsingham, Froissart, Amulins*, and the multitude of later collected stories make manifest. But for the Law it selfe; every mouth speaks of it, few I thinke vnderstand at all why they name it. The opinions are, that it being part of the ancient Lawes made among the *Salians* (the same with *Franks*) vnder King *Pharamond* about cld. cc. yeares since, hath thence denomination; and, *Goropius* (that fetches all out of Dutch, and more tolerably perhaps this then many other of his *Etymologies*) deriuing the *Salians* name from *Sal*, which in contraction he makes from * *Sadel* (Inuentors wherof the *Franks*, saith he, were) interprets them, as it were, *Horsemen*, a name first applied to the warlike and most Noble of any Nation, as * *Chivaliers* in *French*, and *Equites* in *Latine* allowes likewise. So that, vpon collection, the *Salique* law by him is as much as a *Chivalrous law*, and *Salique land* * *qua ad equestris Ordinis Dignitatem & in Capite summo, & in ceteris membris conseruan. lampersinebat*: which verie wel agrees with a sentence giuen in the Parliament at *Burdex* vpon an ancient Testament deuising all the Testators *Salique* lands, which was, in point of iudgement, interpreted * *Fief*. And who knows not, that *Fiefs*, were Originally, military gifts. But then, if so, how coms *Salique* to extend to the Crown, which is meere without Tenure? Therefore * *Ego scio* (saith a later * *Lawyer*) *legem salicam agere de Primato Patrimoniorum tantum*. It was compos'd (not this alone, but with others as they say) by *Hyogast, Bologast, Salogast*, and *Windogast*, wife Counsellors about that *Pharamond*'s raigne. The text of it in this part is offered vs by *Claude de Seissell* Bishop of *Alaisilles*, *Boetius*, and diuers others of the

* The *Salique* Marble.

clv. cc. xvii
24. 24. 1.

Salique law.

* *Hutin*.

* *Francis*, lib. 2.
* As our word *Sadles*.

* *Knights*,
* Which belongeth to the preservation of chivalrous state in the possessions.

* *Bodin* de Rep. lib. 6. cap. 9. P. 1.
* *Warth*, *Chaffan*, *Conf. Burgund.* Rubric. 3. §. 9. mm. 70. as it were.

* *Knights fees*, or *Lands held*.
* *Paul*, *Morl.* Cosmog. part. 2. lib. 3. cap. 17.

* I know that the *Salique* law intends only private possessions.

* No part of the Salique land can descend to the daughter, but all to the male.

¹ Adl. ff. de Successorib.

¹ Hieron. Bignon. De l'Etat des Rois Livre. 3. * this is no Law written, but learned of Nature.

¹ P. Tacit. Histor. 4.

¹ Radulph. Boter. Commentar. 8.

Ex Archiep. Port. 1. Ed. 4. in last Ed. 9. Ed. 4. fol. 9.

¹ A. Polydore. lib. 16.

the French, as it were as ancient as the Origine of the name, and in these words * *De Terra Salica nulla Portio Hereditatis Mulieri veniat, sed ad virilem sexum* *Tota terra Hereditas perveniat*, and in substance, as referr'd to the person of the Kings heire female; so much is remembered by that great Civilian ¹ *Balliu*, and divers others, but rather as Custom then any particular law, as one of that kingdome also hath expressly and newly written; *Ce n'est point une loy écrite, mais une avec nous, que nous n'avons point inventée, mais l'avons puisée de la nature même, qui le nous a ainsi appris & donné cet instinct*; But why, the same author dares affirme that King *Edward* yeelded vpon this point to the French *Philip de Valois*, I wonder, seeing all storie & carriage of state in those times is so manifestly opposite. *Becanus* undertakes a conjecture of the first cause which excluded *Gynacracie* among them, guessing it to be vpon their observation of the misfortune in warre, which their neighbours the *Bructerians* (a people about the now *Omer Issel* in the *Netherlands*, from neere whom he as many other first deriue the *Franks*) endur'd in time of *Vespasian*, vnder Conduct & Empire of one ¹ *Vellada*, a Lady euen of Divine esteeme amongst them. But howsoever the law be in truth, or interpretable, (for it might ill befecme me to offer determination in matter of this kind) it is certaine, that to this day, they have an use of ancient time which commits to the care of some of the greatest Peers, that they, when the Queene is in Child-birth, be present, and warily observe lest the Ladies priuily should counterfeite the enheritable Sex, by supposing some other made when the true Birth is female, or, by any such means, wrong their ancient Custom Roiall, as of the Birth of this present *Lexes* the XIII. on the last of September, in cld. DC. I. is, after other such remembered.

Of these two factions stit'd, of Yorke and Lancaster.

Briefly their beginning was thus. *Edward* the III. had VII. sonnes, *Edward* the Black Prince, *William* of Hatfield, *Lionel* D. of *Clarence*, *John* of *Gauunt* D. of *Lancaster*, *Edmund* of *Langley* D. of *Yorke*, *Thomas* of *Woodstocke*, and *William* of *Windor*, in prerogative of birth as I name them. The Black Prince died in life of his Father, leauing *Richard* of *Burdenx* (afterward the II.) *William* of *Hatfield* died without issue; *Henry* D. of *Lancaster* (sonneto *John* of *Gauunt* the fourth brother) deposed *Richard* the II. and to the V. and VI. of his name left the kingdome descending in right line of the family of *Lancaster*. On the other side, *Lionel* D. of *Clarence* the third Brother had only issue *Philip* a daughter married to *Edmund Mortimer*, Earle of *March* (who vpon this title was delign'd Heire apparent to *Rich.* II.) *Edmund*, by her had *Roger*; to *Roger* was issue II. sonnes, and II. daughters: but all died without posteritie, excepting *Anne*; through her married to *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, sonne to *Edmund* of *Langley* was conueied (to their issue *Richard* D. of *Yorke* Father to *K. Edward* IV.) that right which *Lionel* (whose heire she was) had before the rest of that Royall stemm. So that *Lancaster* deriued it selfe from the IV. brother, *Yorke*, from the blood of the III. & V. vnited. And in time of the VI. *Henry* was this fatall and enduring miserie ouer England, about determination of these titles, first conceiued in XXX. of his reign by *Richard* D. of *Yorke*, whose sonne *Ed.* IV. deposed *Henry* some IX. yeeres after; and hauing reigned neer like space, was also, by re adoption of *Henry*, depriu'd for a time, but restored and died of it posselt, in whose family it continued vntill after death of *Rich.* III. *Henry* Earle of *Richmond*, and Heire of *Lancaster* marrying *Elizabeth* the Heire of *Yorke* made that happy vnion. Some haue referr'd the vniuersall root of the *Lancastrian* title to *Edmund*, indeed eldest sonne to *Hen.* III. but that by

rea

on of his vnfit deformitie, his younger brother *Edward* had the succelli-
which is absurd and false. For, one whom I beleue before most of our
ks, and the K^t. Chronologer of thole times, *Matthew Paris*, tells expressly
daies and yeeres of both their birthis, and makes *Edward* aboue III. yeers
r then *Crook-back*. All these had that most honor'd surname * *Plantage-*
which hath bin extinct among vs euer since *Margaret* Countesse of *Sa-*
ry (daughter to *George Plantagenet* D. of *Clarence*) was beheaded in the
scr. By reason of *Iohn* of *Gaunts* deuce being a Red Rose, & *Edmund* of
gleys a white Rose, these two factions afterward, as for Cognificanes of their
cent and inclinations, were by the same Flowers distinguit.

Name of *Plan-*
agenet.
* See to the
end of the IV.
Song.
* 27. Hen 8.
1. Stron-por. 7. 17.
White & Red
Roses, for
Yorke and
Lancaster.
Remains pag.
161.

Yet ieaious of his right descended to his grane.

So ieaious, that towards them of the *Lancastrian* faction, nought but death
(there, reason of State was inough) was his kindnelle. Towards strangers,
of slipping words were in wrested sense, seeming interpretable to his hurt,
he carried himselfe, the Relations of *Sir Iohn Markham*, his chief Iustice,
Thomas Burdet an Elquire of *Warwickshire*, and some Citizens, for idle spee-
es are testimonie, Hew to his owne blood in that miserable end of his bro-
ter *George*, D. of *Clarence*, is shewed: Whole death hath diuers reported cau-
s, as our late Chroniclers tell you. One is suppos'd vpon a prophcie
speaking that *Edwards* succellers name should begin with G, which made
m suspect this *George* (a kind of superstition not example J, as I now remem-
r, among our Princes; but in proportion very frequent in the Orientall Em-
re, as passages of the names in *Alexis*, *Manuel*, & others, discover in *Nectas*
monates) and many more serious, yet insufficient fautes (casting of *Richard* D.
Glosters practices) are laid to his charge. Let *Polydore*, *Hall*, and the rest
close them. Put, of his death, I cannot omit, what I haue newly scene. You
now, it is commonly affirm'd, that he was drown'd in a hogg-head of *Malm-*
y at the Tower. One, that very lately would needs dissuade men from drink-
g healths to their Princes, Friends, and Mistresses, as the fashion is, a Batche-
or of Diuinity and Profelior of *Story* and *Greeke* at *Cologne*, in his diuision of
runkn natures, makes one part of them, * *Quis in baciuis murtari cuperent,*
in m. o. mare in generoissimum vinum transformaretur. and for want of an
ther example, dares deliuer, that, such a one was *George* Earle of *Clarence*, who,
ben, for suspicion of *Treason*, he was iudged to die, by his brother *Edward* IV. and
adelection of his forme of death, given him made choise to be drowned in *Malm-*
y. First, why he calls him Earle of *Clarence*, I beleue not all his Profect Histo-
re can iustifie, neyther indeed was euer among vs any such Honor. Earles of
Clare long since were: but the title of *Clarence* began when that Earle dome
as conuerted into a Dukedome by creation of *Lionell* (who married with the
neire of the *Clares*) Duke of *Clarence*. III. sonne to *Ed. III.* since whom neuer
haue beene other then Dukes, of that Dignity. But, vnto what I should impure
his vnexcusable iniury to the dead Prince, vnles to *Icarus* shadow, dazling
the writers eyes, or *Bacchus* his reuenge full causing him to slip in matter of his
owne Profelision, I know not. Our Storics make the death, little better then a
tyrannous murder, priuily committed without any such election. If he haue o-
ther Authority for it, I would his margin had bin so kinde, as to haue impar-
ted it.

Of *George* D. of
Clarence.

* *Francisc. Me-*
teus. De Reu-
Rebend. 1. cap. 1.
et li. superiorem
Nundini.
* Which would
with hemelues
Whales, to the
Sea were strong
liquor.
* Comes *Claren-*
tia. Ceterum
At no Norma-
nico indistincti-
nat. in Comes
* *Dux v. sur-*
pantur. & Will.
Conquestor sa-
pim dist. Comes
Norm.
* From *Clare*
in *Suffolke*, *P.*
Polydore. list. 19
& Camd. in Stro-
ma.

Vpon a Daughter borne to *Iohn* of *Somerset*.

Iohn of *Gaunt*, D. of *Lancaster*, had issue by *Catharine Swinford*, *Iohn* of *Ben-*
B h fort

first Earle of *Somerset*, and Marques *Dorset*: To him succeeded his second son, *John* (*Henry* the eldest dead) and was created first D. of *Somerset* by *Hen. V.* Of this *John* loines was *Margaret*, Mother to *Henry VII.* His Father was *Edmund of Hatfield* (made Earle of *Richmond*, by *Hen. VI.*) sonne to *Owen Tyddour* (deriuing himself from the British *Cadwalader*) by his wife *Q. Catherine*, Dowager to *Hen. V.* and hence came that royally ennobled name of *Tyddour*, which in the late *Queene* of happy memory ended.

Defender of the Faith —————

When amongst those turbulent commotions of *Lutherans* and *Romanists*, vnder *Charles V.* such oppositions increased, that the Popes three Crownes euen tortered at such Arguments as were published against his Pardons, Masse, Monastique profession, and the rest of such doctrine; This *K. Henry* (that *Luther* might want no sorts of Antagonists) wrote particularly against him in Defence of Pardons, the Papacie, and of their VII. Sacraments: of which is yet remaining the Originall in the *Vatican* at *Rome*, and with the Kings own hand thus inscribed,

* *Anglorum Rex, HENRICVS, LEONI X.*
missi hoc Opus, & Fidei testem
& Amicitia.

Hereupon, this *Leo* sent him the title of * *Defender of the faith*: which was, as Ominous to what ensu'd. For towards the XXV. yeere of his raigne, he began so to examine their Traditions, Doctrine, Liues, and the numerous faults of the corrupted Time, that he was indeed founder of Reformation for Inducement of the true ancient faith: which by his Sonne *Edward VI. Q. ELIZABETH*, and our present Soueraigne hath been to this day piously established and Defended.

To ease your conceit of these Kings heresung, I adde this Chronologie of them.

13. Hen. 8.

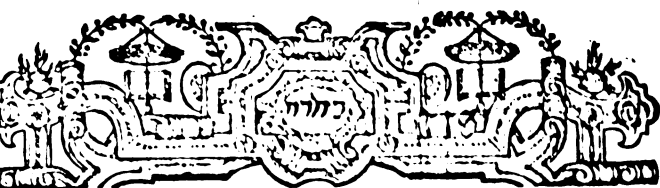
* *Fræzic. Suer. in Delic. Orbis Cnsp.*

Henry, K. of England, sends this to *Pope Leo X.* as a testimonie of his Faith, and loue to him.

* *Defensor Ecclesie* 1. *Stridano Comment.* 3.

clb.





15. LXVI.

William I. conquered England.

15. LXXXVII.

William the Red (Rufus) second Sonne to the Conqueror.

15. C.

Henry I. surnamed Beuclere, third Sonne to the first William.

15. C. XXXV.

Stephen Earle of Moreton, and Bologne, Sonne to Stephen Earle of Blois by Adela daughter to the Conqueror. In both the prints of Math. Paris, (An. cl. LXXXVI.) You must mend Beccensis Comitatus, and read Blefensis Comitatus, and howloeu it comes to passe, he is, in the same Author, made Son to Tedbald Earle of Blois, which indeed was his brother.

In Math. Paris d'espation.

15. C. LIV.

Henry II. Sonne to Gessery Plantagenest Earle of Anion, and Maude the Empress, daughter to Henry Beuclere.

15. C. LXXXIX.

Richard I. Cœur de Lion, Sonne to Henry II.

15. C. CXIX.

John, Brother to Cœur de Lion.

15. CC. XVI.

Hen. III. Sonne to K. John.

15. CC. LXXIII.

Edward I. Longshanks, Sonne to Hen. III.

15. CCC. VIII.

Edward II. of Caernarwan, Sonne to Ed. I. deposed by his Wife and Sonne.

15. CCC. XXVI.

Edward III. Sonne to Edward. II.

Bb 2

Richard

c13. CCC. LXXXVII.

Richard II. of Burdeaux (sonne to Ed. the Blacke Prince, sonne to Ed. III.) deposed by Henry D. of Lancaster.

c13. CCC. XCIX.

Henry IV. of Bolingbroke, sonne to John of Gaunt D. of Lancaster fourth sonne to Ed. III.

c13. CD. XIII.

Henry V. of Monmouth, sonne to Hen. IV.

c13. CD. XXII.

Henry VI. of Windsor, sonne to Hen. V. deposed by Edward Earle of March, sonne and heire to Richard D. of Yorke, deriuing title from Lionel D. of Clarence and Edmund of Langley III. & V. Sonnes of Ed. III.

c13. CD. LX.

Edward IV. of Roane, sonne and heire of Yorke. In the X. of his raigne Hen. VI. got againe the Crowne, but soonelost both it, and life.

c13. CD. XXXIII.

Edward V. sonne to the IV. of that name, murdered with his brother Richard D. of Yorke, by his Vncle Richard D. of Gloucester.

c13. CD. XXCHII.

Richard III. Brother to Edward I V. slaine at Bosworth field, by Henry Earle of Richmond. In him ended the name of Plantagenet in our Kings.

c13. CD. XXXCV.

Henry VII. Heire to the Lancastrian family, married vvith Elizabeth, Heire to the house of Yorke. In him the name of Tyddour, began in the Crowne.

c13. D. IX.

Henry VIII. of Greenwich, son to Hen. VII.

c13. D. XLVI.

Edward VI. of Hampton Court, sonne to Hen. VIII.

c13. D. LIII.

Mary, sister to Edward VI.

c13. D. LVIII.

Elizabeth, Daughter to Hen. VIII.

Great

Great Andredswalde sometime.

All that Maritime Tract comprehending *Suffex*, and part of *Kent* (so much as was not Mountains, now call'd the *Down's* which in *British*, old *Gaulish*, *Low Dutch*, and our English signifies but *Hills*) being all woody, was call'd *Andredswald*. i. *Andredswood*, often mentioned in our stories, and *Newenden* in *Kent* by it *Andredcester* (as most learned *Camden* upon good reason guesses) whence perhaps the Wood had his name. To this day we call those woody Lands, by North the *Downes*, the *Weald*: and the Channel of the River that comes out of those parts, & discōtinues the Downs about *Bramber*, is yet known in *Shoreham* Ferry, by the name of *Weald-ditch*; and, in another Saxon word equivalent to it, are many of the Parishes Terminations on this side the Downe, that is, *Heist*, or *Hurst*. i. a wood. It is call'd by *Eibelweald* 'expresly *Immanis sylva, que vulgò Andredswalda nuncupatur*, and was *CXX. miles long, & XXX. broad*. The Authors conceit of these Forrests being nymphs of this Great *Andredswalda*, & their complaint for lots of Woods, in *Suffex*, so decay'd, is plain enough to every Reader.

As Arun which doth name the beatus Arundel.

So it is coniectured, and is without controuersie iustificable if that be the name of the River. Some, take it from *Arundel*, the name of *Benis* horse: It were so astolerable as *Buc-phalon*, from *Alexander's* horse, *Tymenna* in *Lyca* from a Goate of that name, and such like, if time would endure it: But *Benis* was about the Conquest, and this Towne, is by name of *Erundele*, knowne in time of King *Alfred* who gaue it with other to his Nephew *Athelm*. Of all men, = *Coropius* had somewhat a violent coniecture; when he deriued *Harondell*, from a people call'd *Charudes* (in *Ptolemy*, towards the utmost of the now *Island*) part of whom hee imagines (about the *Saxon* and *Danish* irruptions) planted themselves here, and by difference of dialect, left this as a branch sprung of their Country title.

And Adur comming on to Shoreham.

This River that here falls into the Ocean might well bee vnderstood in that *Port* of *Adur*, about this coast, the reliques wherof, learned *Camden* takes to be *Edrington*, or *Adrington*, a little from *Shoreham*. And the Author here so calls it *Adur*.

Doth blush, & put in mind of those there sadly slaine.

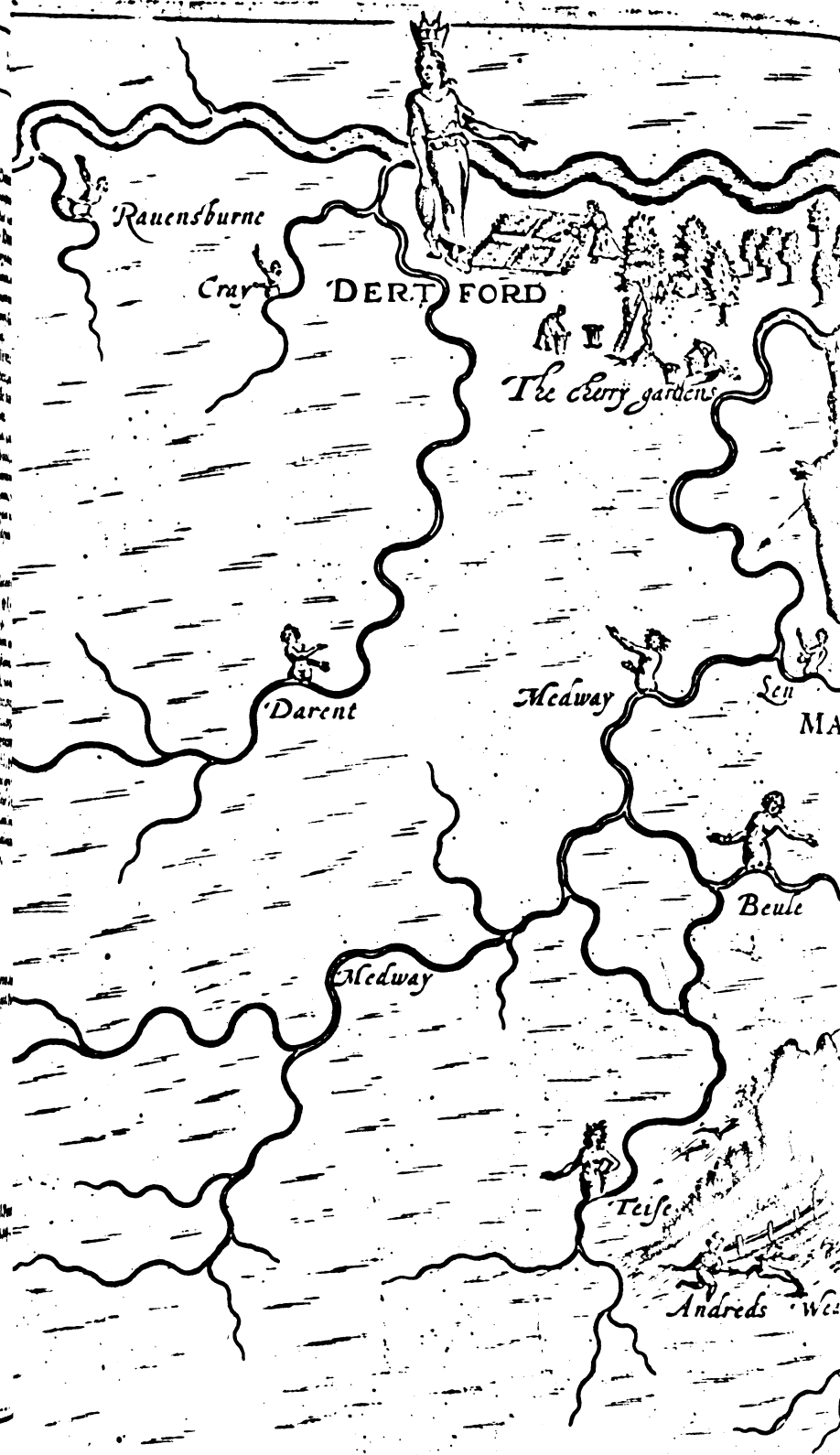
In the Plaine neere *Hastings*, where the *Norman William* after his victorie found King *Harold* slaine, he built *Battell Abbey*, which at last (as diuers other Monasteries) grew to a Towne enough populous. Thereabout is a place which after raine alwaies looks red, which some have (by that authoritie, the Muse also) attributed to a very bloody sweat of the earth, as crying to heauen for Reuenge of so great a slaughter.

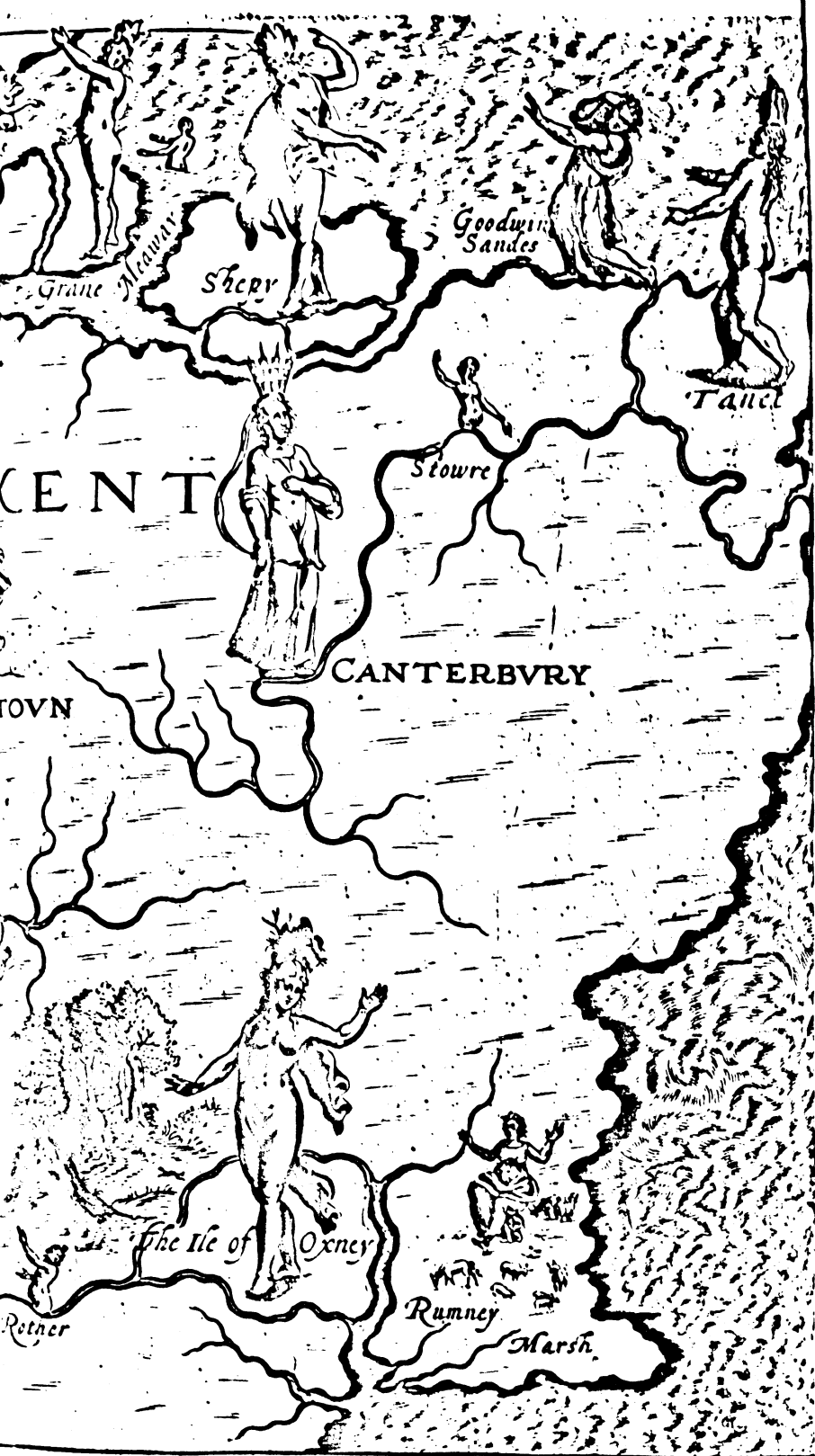
Durum vel on
Cinophorus apud
Plin. habet CXX.
o Duxen
helen dicuntur
Tumuli Aenarij
Oreano obsist.
Corop. Gallic. 1.
Alig.
o We yet call a
Desert, a wilder-
ness from this
route.
Lib. 4. cap. 3.
o Wood, call'd
Andredswood.
o Henric. Hun-
tingdon hist. 5.
in Alfredo.

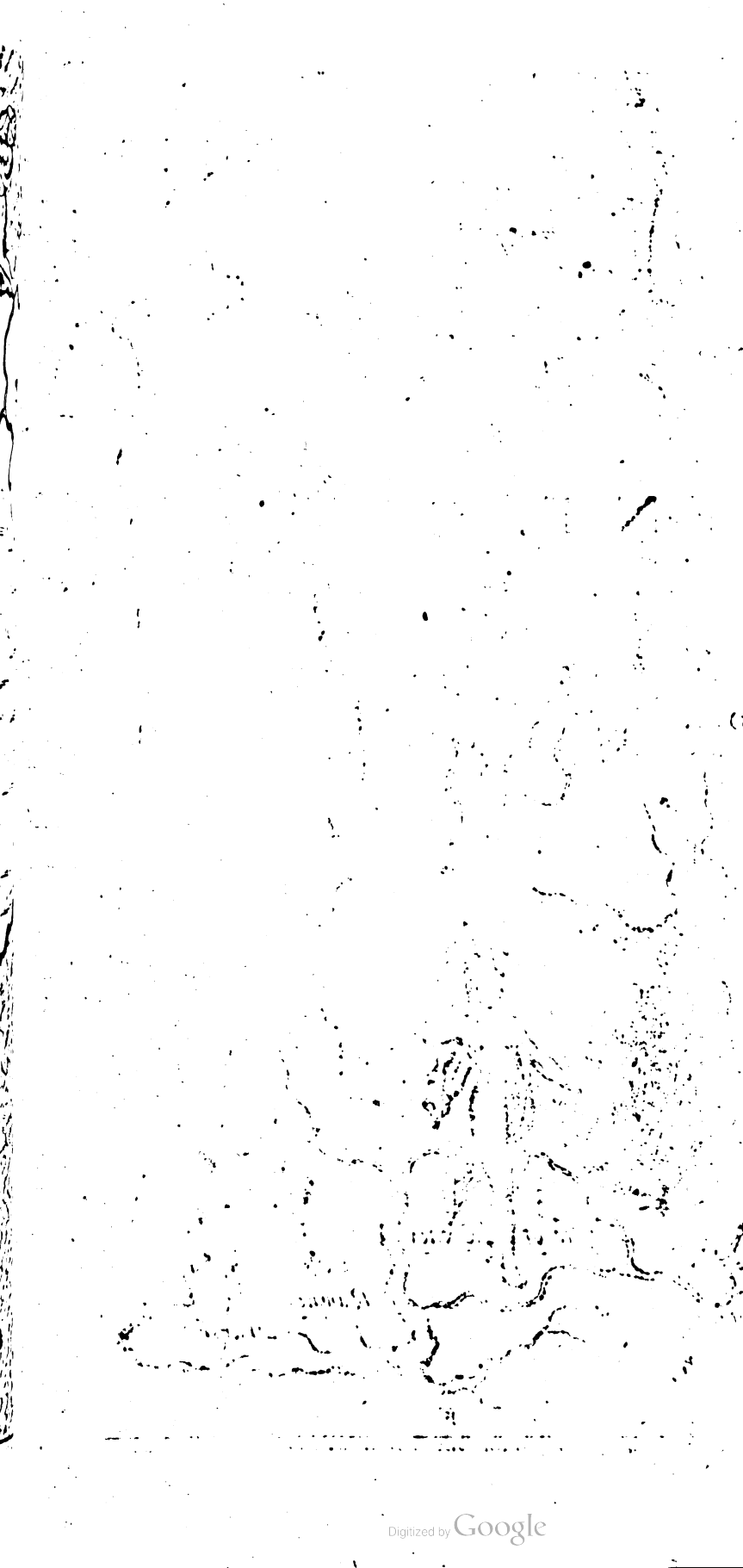
Platarch in A-
lex. o R. Cor.
lib. 9.
o Steph. antiq.
o Testaments, Al-
fred. vbi etiam,
Ritheramteild,
Diccalingum,
Augmesingum,
Felth, o alia
in hoc agro Villa
legatur Ojfertho
ciusdem Cognato-
o Gothodamus.
lib. 7.

o Portus Adur
in Notis. Pro-
vinci.

o Gall. Paris
hist. 1. cap. 1.









The eighteenth Song.

* THE ARGUMENT.

*The Rother through the Weald doth rone,
Till he with Oxney fall in loue:
Rumney, would with her wealth beguile,
And winne the Riuer from the Ilc.
Medway, with her attending Streames,
Goes forth to meet her Lord great Tames:
And where in bredth she her disperſes,
Our Famous Captaines ſhe rehearſes,
With many of their valiant deeds.
Then with Kents praife the Muſe proceeds,
And telles when Albion o're Sea road,
How he his daughter-lies beſtow'd;
And how grim Goodwin ſomes and frets:
Where to this Song, an end ſhe ſets.*

OVr Argas ſcarcely yet deliuered of her ſonne, (run:
VWhen as the Riuer downe, through *Andred ſweald* dooth
Nor can the aged Hill haue comfort of her childe.
For, liuing in the VVoods, her *Rother* waxed wilde;
His Banks with aged Okes, and Buſhes ouer-growne,
That from the *Syluans* kinde, he hardly could be knowne:
Yea, many a time the Nymphes, which hapt this flood to ſee,
Told from him, whom they iure a Satyre thought to be,
As Satyre-like he held all pleaſures in diſdaine,
And would not once vouchſafe, to look vpon a Plaine;
Till chancing in his courſe he to view a goodly plot,
Which *Albion* in his youth, vpon a Sea Nymph got,
For *Oxney's* loue he pines: who being wildly chaſte,
And neuer woo'd before, was coy to be imbract.
But, what obdurate heart, was cuer ſo peruerſe,
Whom yet a louers plaints, with patience, could not pearce?
For, in this conflict ſhe being laſtly ouerthrowne,
In-lled in his Armes, he clips her for his owne.
Who being groſſe and black, ſhe lik't the Riuer well.
Of *Rother's* happy match, when *Rumney* Maſh heard tell,
Why! ſt in his youthfull courſe himſelfe he doth apply,
And falleth in her ſight into the Sea at *Rye*,

She

A description
of Romney
Marsh.

She thinketh with her selfe, how she a way might finde
To put the homely *He* quite out of *Rother*s munde;
Appearing to the Flood, most branely like a *Queene*,
Clad (all) from head to foot, in gaudy Summers green;
Her mantle richly wrought, with sundry flowers and weeds;
Her moystfull temples bound, with wreaths of quiuering reeds:
Which loosely flowing downe, vpon her lusty thighes,
Most strongly seeme to tempt the Riuers amorous eyes.
And on her loynes a flock, with many a swelling pleate,
Emboist with well-spread Horse, large Sheepe, and full-fed Neate.
Some wallowing in the grasse, there lie a while to batten;
Some sent away to kill; some thir her brought to fatten;
With Villages amongst, oft pow thred heere and there;
And (that the same more like to * Landskip should appeare)
With Lakes and lesser Foards, to mitigate the heate
(In Summer when the Fly doth prick the gadding Neate,
Forc't from the Brakes, where late they brouz'd the velvet buds)
In which, they lick their Hides, and chew their sauoury Cuds.
Of these her amorous toyes, when *Oxney* came to knowe,
Suspecting least in time her triall she might growe,
Th'aillements of the Marsh, the icalous *He* do moue,
That to a constant course, she thus perswades her Loue:
With *Rumney*, though for dower I stand in no degree;
In this, to be belou'd yet liker farre then she:
Though I be browne, in me there doth no saueur lack.
The soule is said deform'd: and she, extreame black.
And though her rich attire, so curious be and rare,
From her there yet proceed's vnwholsome putrid aire:
VWhere my complexion more sutes with the higher ground,
Vpon the lusty *Weald*, where strength doth still abound.
The Wood-gods I refus'd, that su'd to me for grace,
Me in thy wary Armes, thee suffering to embrace;
VWhere, to great *Neptune* she may one day be a pray:
The Sea-gods in her lap lie wallowing every day.
And what, though of her strength she seem to make no doubt?
Yet put vnto the prooffe shee'll hardly hold him out.
With this perswasive speech which *Oxney* lately vs'd,
VWith strange and sundry doubts, whilst *Rother* stood confus'd,
Old * *Andred* *sweald* at length doth take her time to tell
The changes of the world, that since her youth befell,
VWhen yet vpon her soyle, scarce humane foote had trode;
A place where only then, the *Syluans* made abode.
Where, scareless of the Hunt, the Hart securely stood,
And every where walkt free, a Burgesse of the VWood;
Vntill thole Danish routs, whom hunger-staru'd at home,
(Like *Woolues* pursuing prey) about the world did roame.

* The natural
expressing of
the surface of a
Country in
Painting.

See to the
XVII. Song.

And

And stemming the rude streame diuiding vs from *France*,
 Into the spacious mouth of *Rosier* fell (by chance)
 That *Lymen* then was nam'd, when (with most irksome care)
 The heauy Danish yoke, the seruile English bare.
 And when at last she found, there was no way to leaue
 Thole, whom she had at first been forced to receiue;
 And by her great resort, she was through very need,
 Constrained to provide her peopled Townes to feed.
 She learn'd the churlish axe and twybill to prepare,
 To steale the coulter's edge, and sharpe the furrowing share;
 And more industrious still, and only hating sloth,
 A hulwife she became, most skild in making cloth.
 That now the *Draper* comes from *London* euery yeare,
 And of the Kentish sorts, make his prouision there.
 Whole skirts (tis said) at first that listie furlongs went,
 Haue lost their ancient bounds, now * limited in *Kent*.
 Which strongly to approue, the *Medway* forth did bring,
 From *Sussex* who (tis knowne) receiues her siluer Spring.
 Who tow'ards the lordly *Tames*, as she along doth straine,
 Where *Teise*, cleere *Beule*, and *Len*, beare vp her limber traine
 As she remoues in state: so for her more renowne,
 Her only name she leaues, t' her only * christned Towne;
 And *Rochester* doth reach, in entring to the Bowre
 Of that most matchles *Tames*, her princely Paramoure.
 Whole bosome doth so please her Soueraigne (with her pride)
 Whereas the royall Fleet continually doth ride,
 That where she told her *Tames*, she did intend to sing
 What to the English Name immortall praise should bring;
 To grace his goodly Queen, *Tames* presently proclaimes,
 That all the Kentish Floods, resigning him their names,
 Should presently repaire vnto his mighty Hall,
 And by the posting Tides, towards *London* send to call
 Cleere *Rauensburne* (though small, remembred them among)
 At *Detford* entring. Whence as down she comes along,
 She *Darent* thither warnes: who calles her sister *Cray*,
 Which hasten to the Court with all the speed they may.
 And but that *Medway* then of *Tames* obtain'd such grace,
 Except her country Nymphs, that none should be in place,
 More Riuers from each part, had instantly been there,
 Then at their marriage, first, by * *Spenser* numbred were.
 This *Medway* still had nurs't those nauies in her Road,
 Our Armies that had oft to conquest borne abroad;
 And not a man of ours, for Armes hath famous been,
 Whom she not going out, or comming in hath seen:
 Or by some passing Ship, hath newes to her been brought,
 What braue exploits they did; as where, and how, they fought.
 Wherefore,

Kentish Cloth.

* The Maide of
Kent.

* Maid from L.
Medway's
towne.

* In the Fairy
Queen.

VWherefore, for audience now, she to th' assembly calls,
The Captains to recite when seriously she fals.

Of noble warriors now, saith she, shall be my Song;
Of thole renowned spirits, that from the Conquest sprong,
Of th' English *Norman* blood: which, matchless for their might,
Haue with their flaming swords, in many a dreadfull fight,
Illustrated this *Ile*, and bore her fame so farre;
Our *Heroes*, which the first wanne, in that Holy warre,
Such feare from euery foe, and made the East more red,
With splendor of their Armes, then when from *Tithons* bed
The blushing Dawne doth break; towards which our fame begon,
By *Robert* (*Curt-hose* call'd) the *Conquerours* eldest sonne,
Who with great *Goafrey* and that holy Hermit went
The Sepulcher to free, with most deuout intent.

Peter, the Hermit.

And to that title which the *Norman William* got,
VWhen in our Conquest heere, he stroue to include the *Scot*,
The Generall of our power, that stout and warlike Earle,
Who English being borne, was stil'd of *Aubemerle*;
Thole *Leyes* then no lesse courageous, which had there
The leading of the day, all, braue Commanders were.

Sir *Walter Especk*, matcht with *Penerell*, which as farre
Aduentur'd for our fame: who in that Bishops warre,
Immortall honour got to *Stephens* troubled raigne:
That day ten thousand *Scots* vpon the field were slaine.

The Earle of *Strigule* then our *Strong-bowe*, first that wonne
Wilde *Ireland* with the sword (which, to the glorious sunne,
Lifts vp his nobler name) amongst the rest may stand.

In *Cure de Lyon's* charge vnto the Holy-land,
Our Earle of *Lesler*, next, to rank with them we bring:
And *Turnham*, he that took th' impostrous *Ciprian King*.
Strong *Tucket* chole to weeld the English standard there;
Poole, *Gourney*, *Aenill*, *Gray*, *Lyle*, *Ferres*, *Mortimer*;
And more, for want of pens whole deeds not brought to light,
It pricues my zealous soule, I can not do them right.

The noble *Penbrooke* then, who *Strong-bowe* did succeed,
Like his braue Grand-sire, made th' reuolting Irish bleed,
VWhen yeelding oft, they oft their due subiection broke;
And when the *Britans* scorn'd, to beare the English yoke,
Lewellin Prince of *Wales* in Battell ouerthrew,
Nine thousand valiant VVclsh and eicher took or slew.
Earle *Richard*, his braue sonne, of *Strong-bowes* matchless straine,
As he a *Marshall* was, did in himselfe retaine
The nature of that word, being Martiall, like his name:
VWho, as his valiant Sire, the Irish oft did tame.

VVith him we may compare *Marisco* (King of Men)
That Lord chiefe Iustice was of *Ireland*, whereas then

Those

Thole two braue *Burrowes, John*, and *Richard*, had their place,
Which through the bloodied Bogs, those Irish oft did chafe;
Whose deeds may with the best deservedly be read.

As those two *Lacyes* then, our English Powers that led:
Which twenty thousand, there, did in one Battell quell,
Amongst whome (troden down) the King of *Conaugh* fell.

Then *Richard*, that lov'd Earle of *Cornwall*, here we set:
Who, rightly of the race of great *Plantaginet*,
Our English Armies shipt, to gaine that hallowed ground,
With *Long-sword* the braue sonne of beautilous *Rosamond*:
The Pagans through the breasts, like thunderbolts that shot;
And in the vtmost East such admiration got,
That the shrill-sounding blast, and terrour of our fame
Hath often conquered, where, our swords yet neuer came:
As *Gifford*, not forgot, their stout associate there.

So in the warres with *Wales*, of ours as famous here,
Guy Beuchamp, that great Earle of *Warwick*, place shall haue:
From whom, the *Cambrian* Hills the Welch-men could not saue;
Whom he, their generall plague, impetuously pursu'd,
And in the Britith gore his slaughtering sword imbru'd.

In order as they rise (next *Beuchamp*) we preferre
The Lord *John Gifford*, matcht with *Edmond Mortimer*,
Men rightly moulded vp, for high aduentrous deeds.

In this renowned rank of warriors then succeeds
Walwin, who with such skill our Armies oft did guide;
In many a dangerous straight, that had his knowledge tride.
And in that fierce assault, which caus'd the fatall flight,
Where the distressed Welsh resign'd their Ancient right,
Stout *Fr. Impton*: by whose hand, their Prince *Lewelin* fell.

Then followeth (as the first who haue deserved as well)
Great *Saint-Iohn*; from the French, which twice recovered *Gwynes*:
And he, all him before that cleerly did out-shine,
Warren, the puilliant Earle of *Surrey*, which led forth
Our English Armyes oft into our vtmost North;
And oft of his approach made *Scotland* quake to heare,
VWhen *Tweed* hath sunk downe flat, within her Banks for feare.
On him there shall attend, that most aduenturous *Twining*,
That at *Scambekin* fight, the English oft did bring
Before the furious *Scot*, that else were like to fall.

As *Basset*, last of these, yet not the least of all
Thole most renowned spirits that *Fowkes* brauely fought;
Where *Long-shanks*, to our lore, *Albania* lastly brought.

As, when our *Edward* first his title did aduance,
And led his English hence, to winne his right in *France*,
That most deseruing Earle of *Darby* we preferre,
Henries third valiant sonne, the Earle of *Lancaster*,

That

That only Mars of Men; who (as a generall scourge,
Sent by iust-iudging Heauen, outrageous *France* to purge)
At *Cagant* plagu'd the Power of *Flemmings*; that she rais'd,
Against the English forces: which as a hand-fell seas'd,
It to her very heart he marcht in warlike wife;
Took *Bergera*, *Langobick*, *Mountainrant*, and *Mountguyse*;
Lean, *Poudra*, and *Punach*, *Mount-Segre*, *Forfa*, wonne;
Mountpesans, and *Beumount*, the *Ryall*, *Aiguillon*,
Rockmillon, *Manicom*, *Franch*, and *Angolsme* surpriz'd;
VVith Castles, Cities, Forts, nor Prouinces suffic'd.
Then took the Earle of *Leyle*: to conduct whom there came
Nine Vicounts, Lords, and Earls, astonisht at his name.
To *Gaseoyne* then he goes (to plague her, being prest)
And manfully himselfe of *Airabeil* posselt;
Surgeres, and *Alno*; *Bemoon*, and *Mertaine* strooke:
And with a fearefull siege, he *Taleburg* lastly took;
VVith prosperous successe, in lesser time did winne
Maximien, *Lusingham*, *Mount-Sorrell*, and *Bonins*;
Sackt *Peysiers*: which did, then, that Countries treasure hold;
That not a man of ours would touch what was not gold.

* St. Walter
Martyr.

VVith whom our *Mancy* here descreduely doth stand,
Which first Inuentor was of that courageous band,
Who clos'd their left eyes vp; as, neuer to be freed,
Till there they had achiev'd some high aduenturous deed.
He first into the preaille at *Cagant* confliet flue;
And from amidst a groue of gleaves, and haiberds drew
Great *Earby* beaten downest: amaze the men of warre,
VVhen he for *England* cri'd, *S. George*, and *Lancaster*:
And as mine author tells (in his high courage, proud)
Before his going forth, vnto his Mistressse vow'd,
He would begin the war: and, to make good the same,
Then setting foot in *France*, there first with hostile flame
Forc't *Mortain*, from her Towers, the neighbouring Townes to light;
That suddainly they caught a Feuer with the sight.
Thin Castle (neere the Towne of *Cambrai*) ours he made;
And when the *Spanish* powers came *Britanne* to inuade,
Both of their aydes and spoyles, them viterly bereft.
This English *Lyon*, there, the *Spaniards* neuer left,
Till from all aile of *France*, he made their *Lewes* fly.
And came her selfe, to him, so amply did apply,
That when the most vniust *Calicians* had forthought,
Into that Towne (then ours) the French-men to haue brought,
The King of *England's* selfe, and his renowned sonne
(By thoe perfidious *French* to see what would be done)
Vnder his Guydon marcht, as private souldiers there.
So had we still of ours, in *France* that famous were

Little Brit-
tany in France

Edward III.
and the Black-
Prince.

Warwick.

Warwick, of *England* then High-constable that was,
 no other of that race, heere well I cannot passe;
 That braue and god-like brood of *Beuchamps*, which so long
 them Earles of *Warwick* held; so hardy, great, and strong,
 That after of that name it to an Adage grew,
 Any man him selfe aduentrous hapt to shew,
 Old *Beuchampe* men him tearm'd, if none so bold as hee.
 With those our *Beuchamps*, may our *Bourchers* reckned bee.
 Of which, that valiant Lord, most famous in those dayes,
 That hazarded in *France* so many dangerous frayes:
 Whose blade in all the fights betwixt the *French* and vs,
 Like to a Blazing-starre was euer ominous;
 A man, as if by *Mars* vpon *Bellona* got.
 Next him, stout *Cobham* comes, that with as prosperous lot
 Th'English men hath led; by whose auspicious hand,
 We often haue been known the *Frenchmen* to command.
 And *Harcourt*, though by birth an Alien; yet, ours wonne,
 By *England* after held her deere adopted sonne:
 Which oft vpon our part was brauely prou'd to doe,
 Who with the hard'st attempts Fame earnestly did wooe:
 To *Paris*-ward, that when the *Amyens* fled by stealth
 Within her mightie walls to haue inclos'd their wealth
 Before her bulwarke gates the Burgeses hee tooke;
 Whilst the *Parisians*, thence that sadly stood to looke,
 And saw their faithfull friends so woefully bestead,
 Not once durst issue out to helpe them, for their head.
 And our *Iohn Copland*; heere courageously at home
 (Whilst euery where in *France*, those farre abroad doe roame)
 That at *New-castle* fight (the Battell of the Queene,
 Where most the *English* harts were to their Soueraigne scene)
 Tooke *David* King of *Scots*, his prisoner in the fight.
 Nor could these warres imploy our onely men of might;
 But as the Queene by these did mightie things atchieue;
 So those, to *Britaine* sent the Countesse to relieue,
 As any yet of ours, two knights as much that dar'd,
 Stout *Dangorn*, and with him strong *Hartwell* honor shar'd;
 The dreaded *Charles de Bloyes*, that at *Roch-darren* bet,
 And on the Royall seat, the Countesse *Mountfort* set.
 In each place where they came so fortunate were ours.
 Then, *Audley*, most renown'd amongst those valiant powers,
 That with the Prince of *Wales* at conquer'd *Poyters* fought;
 Such wonders that in Armes before both Armies wrought;
 The first that charg'd the *French*; and, all that dreadfull day,
 Through still renewing worlds of danger made his way;
 The man that scorn'd to take a prisoner (through his pride)
 But by plaine downe-right death the tide to decide.

Cc.

And

 Bold Beuchamps
 a Proverb.

* The honorable
bountie of
the Lord Ad-
loy.

And after the retreat, that famous Battell done,
Wherein, rich spacious *France* was by the *English* wonne,
Fieue hundred marks in Fee, that noblest Prince bestow'd
For his so braue attempts, through his high courage show'd.
VWhich to his foure Esquires* hee freely gaue, who there
Vy'd valour with their Lord; and in delpight of feare,
Oft fetcht that day from death, where wounds gap't wide as hell;
And cryes, and parting groanes, whereas the *Frenchmen* fell,
Euen made the Victors greeue, so horrible they were.

Our *Dabridcourt* the next shall be remembered heere,
At *Poyters* who brake in vpon the *Alman* Horie
Through his too forward speed: but, taken by their force,
And after, by the turne of that so doubtfull fight,
Beeing reskew'd by his friends in *Poyters* fearfull sight,
Then like a Lyon rang'd about th'Enemies host:
And where he might suppose the danger to be most,
Like Lightning entred there, to his *French*-foes dismay,
To gratifie his friends which reskew'd him that day.

Then *Chandos*: whose great deeds found Fame so much to doo,
That she was lastly forc'd, him for hereafter wooc;
That Minion of drad *Mars*, which almost ouer-shone
All those before him were, and for him none scarce known,
At *Cambray's* scaled wall his credit first that wonne;
And by the high exployts in *France* by him were done,
Had all so ouer-aw'd, that by his very name
He could remoue a siege: and Citties where he came
Would at his Summons yeeld. That man, the most belou'd,
In all the wayes of warre so skilfull and approu'd,
The* Prince at *Poyters* chose his person to asist.
Thisist out *Herculean* stem, this noble Martialist,
In battell twixt braue *Bloys* and noble *Mountfort*, try'd
At *Array*, then the right of *Britaine* to decyde,
Rag'd like a furious storme beyond the power of man,
Where valiant *Charles* was slaine, and the sterne *English* wan
The royall *British* rule to *Mountforts* nobler name.
Hee tooke strong *Tarryers* in, and *Anion* oft did tame.
Gavaches he regayn'd, and vs *Rochmader* got.
Where euer lay'd hee siege that he invested not?

* The Black
Prince.

As this braue Warrior was, so no lesse decre to vs,
The riual in his fame, his onely *annulus*,
Renown'd Sir *Robert Knowles*, that in his glories shar'd,
His chiuallry and oft in present perills dar'd;
As Nature should with Time, at once by these consent
To shoue, that all their store they idly had not spent.
Hee *Vermadoise* or'e-ranne with skill and courage hie:
Notoriously hee plagu'd revolting *Picardy*:

Tha

bat vp to *Paris* walls did all before him win,
 and dar'd her at her gates (the King that time within)
 man that all his deeds did dedicate to fame.
 Then those stout *Pertyes*, *John*, and *Thomas*, men of name.
 the valiant *Gourney*, next, deseruedly we grace,
 and *Howet*, that with him assumes as high a place.
 strong *Trivet*, all whose ends at great adventures shot:
 that conquer'd vs *Mount Pin*, and *Castle Carcilot*,
 is famous in the *French*, as in the *Belgique* warre;
 Who tooke the Lord *Brimewe*; and with the great *Navarre*,
 in *Papaloon*, attain'd an euerm-lasting praise.
 Courageous *Carill* next, then whom those glorious daies
 produc't not any spirit that through more dangers swam.
 That princely *Thomas*, next, the Earle of *Buckingham*,
 to *Britany* through *France* that our stout *Englisb* brought,
 Which vnder his Commaund with such high fortune fought
 As put the world in feare *Rome* from her cynders rose,
 And of this Earth againe meant onely to dispose.
 Thrice valiant *Hackwood* then, out-shining all the rest,
 From *London* at the first a poore meane souldier prest
 (That time but very young) to those great warres in *France*,
 By his braue service there himselfe did so advance,
 That afterward, the heat of those great Battels done
 In which he to his name immortall glory wonne)
 Leading sixe thousand Horse, let his braue Guydon flie.
 So, pasing through East *France*, and entring *Lombardie*,
 Byth' greates of his fame, attayn'd so high Commaund,
 That to his charge he got the *white Italian Band*.
 With **Mountferato* then in all his warres he went:
 Whose cleere report abroad by Fames shrill trumpet sent,
 Wrought, that with rich rewards him *Milan* after won,
 To ayde her, in her warres with *Mantua* then begon;
 By **Barnaby*, there made the *Milanezes* guide:
 His daughter, who, to him, faire *Domina*, affy'd.
 For *Gregory* then the twelfth, he dangerous Battels strooke,
 And with a noble siege revolted *Pavia* tooke.
 And there, as Fortune rose, or as she did decline,
 Now with the *Pisan* seru'd, then with the *Florentine*:
 The vse of th' English Bowes to *Italy* that brought;
 By which he, in those warres, seem'd wonders to haue wrought.
 Our *Henry Hotspur* next, for hie atchieuements meet,
 Who with the thundring noyse of his swift Coursers feet,
 Astund the earth, that day, that he in *Holmdon's* strife
 Tooke *Douglas*, with the Earles of *Anguish*, and of *Fyfe*.
 And whilst those hardy *Scots*, vpon the firme earth bled,
 With his reuengefull sword swicht after them that fled.

* The Mar-
quess of
Mountferato.

* Brother to
Galeazzo, Vi-
count of *Mil.*

Then *Caluerley*, which kept vs *Calice* with such skill,
His honor'd roome shall haue our Catalogue to fill;
Who, when th' rebellious *French*, their liberty to gaine,
From vs our ancient right vniustly did detaine
(T'let *Bullen* vnderstand our iust conceiued ire)
Her Suburbs, and her Ships, sent vp to heauen in fire;
Ellaples then tooke in that day shee held her Faire,
Whole Marchandise he let his souldiers freely share;
And got vs back *Saint Marks*, which loosely wee had lost.

Amongst these famous men, of vs deseruing most,
In thele of great'st report, we gloriously prefer,
For that his nauall fight, *John Duke of Excester*;
The puissant fleet of *leane* (which *France* to her did call)
Who mercilesly sunk, and slew her Admirall.

And one, for single fight, amongst our Martiall men,
Deserues remembrance heere as worthily agen;
Our *Clifford*, that braue, young and most courageous Squire;
Who thoroughly provoked, and in a great desire
Vnto the *English* name a high report to win,
Slew *Beckmell* hand to hand at *Castle locelin*,
Suppos'd the noblest spirit that *France* could then produce.

Now, forward to thy taske proceed industrious Muse,
To him, about them all, our Power that did advance;
John Duke of Bedford, stil'd the fire-brand to sad *France*;
Who to remoue the Foe from sieged *Harflew*, sent,
Affrighted them like death; and as at Sea he went,
The huge *French* Naue fier'd, when horrid *Neptune* ro'r'd,
The whilst thole mightie Ships out of their scuppers pour'd
Their trayterous clutted gore vpon his wrinkled face.
Hee tooke strong *Ivery* in: and like his kingly race,
There downe before *Vernoyle* the English Standard stuck:
And hauing on his Helme his conquering Brothers luck,
Alanzon on the field and doughty *Douglass* layd,
Which brought the *Scottish* power vnto the *Dauphins* ayde;
And with his fatall sword, gaue *France* her fill of death,
Till wearied with her wounds, shee gasping lay for breath.

Then, as if powerfull Heauen our part did there abet,
Still did one noble spirit, a nobler spirit beget.
So, *Salisbury* arose; from whom, as from a fource
All valour seem'd to flowe, and to maintaine her force.
From whom not all their Forts could hold our trecherous Foes.
Pontmelance hee regain'd, which ours before did lose.
Against the envious *French*, at *Cravant*, then came on;
As sometime at the siege of high-rear'd *Ilion*,
The Gods descending, mixt with mortalls in the fight;
And in his leading, shew'd such valour and such might,

As though his hand had held a more then earthly power,
Tooke *Stuart* in the field, and Generall *Fantadour*,
The *French* and *Scottish* force, that day which brauely led,
Where few at all escap't, and yet the wounded fled.
Mount Aguilon, and *Monns*, great *Salisbury* surpriz'd:
What time (I thinke in hell) that instrument deuiz'd,
The first appear'd in *France*, as a prodigious birth
To plague the wretched world, sent from the envious Earth,
Whole very roring seem'd the mighty Round to shake,
As though of all againe it would a Chaos make.
This famous Generall then got *Gwerland* to our vs,
And *Malicorne* made ours, with *Loupland*, and *La Suise*,
Saint Bernards Fort, *S. Kales*, *S. Susan*, *Mayon*, *Lyle*,
The *Hermistage*, *Mountsenre*, *Baugency*, and *Yanville*.

Great Ord.
nance.

Then he (in all her shapes that dreadfull Warre had scene,
And that with Danger oft to conuerfant had beene,
As for her threats at last he seem'd not once to care,
And Fortune to her face adventurously durst dare)
The Earle of *Suffolke*, *Poole*, the Marshall that great day
At *Agincourt*, where *France* before vs prostrate lay
(Our Battells euery where that *Hector*-like supply'd,
And marcht o're murdered pyles of *Frenchmen* as they dy'd)
Inuested *Aubemerle*, rich *Concy* making ours,
And at the *Bishop's Parke* or'ethrew the *Dolphins* powers.
Through whole long time in warre, his credit so increast,
That hee supply'd the roume of *Salisbury* decaast.

In this our warlike rank, the two stout *Altons* then,
Sir *Richard*, and Sir *John*, so truly valiant men,
That Ages yet to come shall hardly ouer-top am,
Imfreuill, *Peachy*, *Branch*, *Mountgomery*, *Felton*, *Popham*,
All men of great Commaund, and highly that deseru'd:
Courageous *Ramston* next, so faithfully that seru'd
At *Paris*, and *S. James de Beneon*, where we gaue
The *French* those deadly foyles, that Ages since depraue
The credit of those times, with these so wondrous things,

The memory of which, great *Warwick* forward brings.
Who (as though in his blood he conquest did inherit,
Or in the very name there were some secret spirit)
Being cholen for these warres in our great Regents place
(A deadly Foe to *France*, like his braue *Roman* race)

The *Catleils* of *Loyre*, of *Ataies*, and of *Land*,
Mountdublian, and the strong *Ponntorson* beat to ground.

Then hee, aboue them all, himselfe that fought to raise,
Vpon some Mountaine top, like a *Piramides*,
Our *Talbot*, to the *French* so terrible in warre,
That with his very name their Babes they vs'd to scarre,

Took in the strong *Lavall*, all *Main* and over-ran,
 As the betray'd *Mons* he from the Marshall wan,
 And from the treacherous Foe our valiant *Sussex* free'd.
 His sharpe and dreadfull sword made *France* so oft to bleed,
 Till fainting with her wounds, she on her wrack did fall;
 Tooke *Ising*, where he hung her Traytors on the wall;
 And with as faire successe wan *Beumont* vpon *Oyse*,
 The newe Towne in *Essex*, and *Crispin* in *Valoyes*:
Creile, with Saint *Maxines* bridge; and at *Auranches* ayde,
 Before whose batter'd walls the Foe was strongly lay'd,
 Marcht in, as of the siege at all he had not knowne;
 And happily relieu'd the hardly-gotten *Rouen*:
 Who at the very hint came with auspicious feet,
 Whereas the trayt'rous *French* he miserably bect.
 And hauing ouer-spred all *Picardy* with warre,
 Proud *Burgaine* to the Field hee lastly sent to darre,
 Which with his *English* friends so oft his fayth had broaker
 Whose Countries he made mourne in clowds of smouldring smock;
 Then *Gyffers* he againe, then did Saint *Denise*, raze.

His Parallel, with him, the valiant *Scales* we praise;
 Which oft put sword to sword, and foot to foot did set:
 And that the first alone the Garland might not get,
 With him hath hand in hand leapt into Dangers iawes;
 And oft would forward put, where *Talbot* stood to pause:
 Equalitie in fame, which with an equall lot,
 Both at Saint *Denise* siege, and batt'ed *Gyffers* got.
 Before *Pont-Orsons* walls, who, when great *Warwick* lay
 (And he with souldiers sent a forraging for pray)
 Six thousand *French* or'e-threw with halfe their numbred powers,
 And absolutely made both *Main* and *Anien* ours.

To *Willoughby* the next, the place by turne doth fall;
 Whole courage likely was to beare it from them all:
 With admiration oft on whom they stood to looke,
 Saint *Valeries* proud gates that off the hindges shooke:
 In *Burgondy* that forc't the recreant *French* to flie,
 And beat the Rebels downe disordering *Normandy*:
 That *Amiens* neere layd waste (whose strengths her could not saue)
 And the perfidious *French* out of the Country draue.

With these, another troupe of noble spirits there sprong,
 That with the formost preast into the warlike throng.
 The first of whom we place that stout Sir *Phillip Hall*,
 So famous in the fight against the Count *S. Paul*,
 That *Crotoy* vs regain'd: and in the conflict twixt
 The *English* and the *French*, that with the *Scot* were mixt,
 On proud *Charles Clerement* won that admirable day.

Strong *Falsolp* with this man compare we iustly may,

By

By *Salisbury* who oft being seriouſly imploy'd
In many a braue attempt, the generall Foe annoy'd;
VVith excellent ſucceſſe in *Main* and *Anion* fought;
And many a Bulwarke there into our keeping brought;
And, choſen to goe forth with *Vadamont* in warre,
Moſt reſolutely tooke proud *Renate*, Duke of *Barre*.
The valiant *Draytons* then, Sir *Richard*, and Sir *Iohn*,
By any *Engliſh* ſpirits yet hardly ouer-gone;
The ſame they got in *France*, with coſtly vvounds that bought;
In *Gascony* and *Gayne*, who oft and ſtoutly fought.

Then, valiant *Mathew Gough*: for whom the *Engliſh* were
Much bound to noble *Wales* in all our Battels there,
Or lieging or beſieg'd that neuer ſay'd our force,
Oft hazarding his blood in many a deſperate courſe.
Hee beat the *Paſſard Balme* with his ſeleſted band,
And at his Caſtle-gate ſurpriz'd him hand to hand,
And ſpight of all his power away him priſoner bare.

Our hardy *Burdet* then with him we will compare,
Beſieg'd within Saint *James de Bencon*, iſſuing out,
Crying *Salisbury*, S. *George*, with ſuch a horrid ſhout,
That cleſt the wandring cloudſ; and with his valiant crew
Vpon the enuid *French* like hungry Lyons flew,
And *Arthur* Earle of *Eure* and *Richmont* tooke in fight;
Then following them (in heat) the Armie put to flight:
The *Britan*, *French*, and *Scot*, receiu'd a generall ſack,
As, flying, one fell ſtill vpon anothers back;
Where our ſixe hundred ſlew ſo many thouſands more.
At our ſo good ſucceſſe that once a *French-man* ſwore
That God was wholly turn'd vnto the *Engliſh* ſide,
And to aſſiſt the *French*, the diuell had deny'd.

Then heere our *Terrill* claimes his roome amongſt the reſt,
Who iuſtly if compar'd might match our very beſt.
Hee in our warres in *France* with our great *Talbot* oft,
VVith *Willoughby* and *Scales*, now downe, and then aloſt,
Endur'd the ſundry turnes of often varying Fate;
At *Cleremont* ſeiz'd the Earle before his Citty gate,
Eight hundred faithleſſe *French* who tooke or put to ſword;
And, by his valour, twice to *Artoſe* vs reſtor'd.

In this our ſervice then great *Arondeſſell* doth enſue,
The Marſhall *Bonſack* who in *Benvoys* ouerthrew;
And, in deſpight of *France* and all her power, did win
The Caſtles *Darle*, *Nellay*, S. *Lawrence*, *Bomelin*;
Tooke *Silly*, and Count *Lore* at *Sellerin* ſubdu'd,
Where with her owners blood, her buildings hee imbruid;
Reuolted *Loceers* ſackt, and manfully ſuppreſt
Thoſe Rebels, that ſo oft did *Normandy* moleſt.

S^r James Jⁿ

A.

As *Poynings*, such high prayse in *Gelderland* that got,
On the *Savoyan* side, that with our *English* shor
Strooke warlike *Aiske*, and *Stranle*, when *Flanders* shooke with feare.

As *Howard*, by whose hand we so renowned were:
Whole great successe at Sea, much fam'd our *English Fleet*:
That in a navall fight the *Scottish Barton* beet;
And setting foote in *France*, her horribly did fright:
(As if great *Chandos* ghost, or feared *Talbots* spright
Had com'n to be their scourge, their fame againe to earne)
Who hauing stoutly sack't both *Narbin* and *Deverne*,
The Castles of *De Boyes*, of *Fringes*, tooke vs there,
Of *Columburge*, of *Rewe*, of *Dorlans*, and *Daveere*;
In *Scotland*, and againe the Marches East to West,
Did with inuasive warre most terribly infect.

A nobler of that name, the Earle of *Surry* then,
That famous Heroe fit both for the Speare and Pen
(From *Floddens* doubtfull fight, that forward *Scottish King*
In his victorious troupe who home with him did bring)
Rebellious *Ireland* scourg'd, in *Britany* and wan
Vs *Morles*. Happy time, that bredt so braue a man!

To *Cobham*, next, the place deseruedly doth fall:
In *France* who then imploy'd with our great Admirall,
In his succesfull Road blew *Sellois* vp in fire,
Tooke *Bottingham* and *Bruce*, with *Samkerke* and *Manfier*.

Our *Peachy*, nor our *Carre*, nor *Thomas*, shall be hid,
That at the Field of *Spurres* by *Tirwyn* stoutly did.
Sands, *Gnyldford*, *Palmer*, *Lyle*, *Fitzwilliams*, and with them,
Braue *Dacres*, *Musgrau*, *Bray*, *Coe*, *Wharton*, *Ierningham*,
Great Martialists, and men that were renowned farre
At Sea; some in the *French*, some in the *Scottish* warre.

Courageous *Randolph* then, that seru'd with great Command,
Before *Newhauen* first, and then in *Ireland*.

The long-renown'd Lord *Gray*, whose spirit we oft did try;
A man that with drad *Mars* stood in account most hie.
Sir *Thomas Morgan* then, much fame to vs that wan,
When in our Maiden raigne the *Belgique* warre began:
Who with our friends the *Dutch*, for *England* stoutly stood,
When *Netherland* first learn'd to lauish gold and blood.
Sir *Roger Williams* next (of both which, *Wales* might vaunt)
His marshall Compere then, and braue Commilicant:
Whole conflicts, with the *French* and *Spanish* manly fought,
Much honor to their names, and to the *Britaines* brought.

Th' Lord *Willoughby* may well be recond with the rest,
Inferiour not a whit to any of our best;
A man so made for warre, as though from *Pallas* sprong.
Sir *Richard Bingham* then our valiant men among,

Him

Himselfe in *Belgia* well, and *Ireland*, who did beare;
Our onely Schooles of Warre this later time that were.
As, *Stanly*, whose braue act at *Zutphens* seruice done,
Much glory to the day, and him his Knighthood wonne.

Sir Edm. Stanley.

Our noblest *Norrice* next, whose fame shall neuer die
Whilst *Belgia* shall be knowne; or there's a *Britany*:
In whose braue height of spirit, Time seem'd as to restore
Those, who to th' *English* name such honor gayn'd of yore.

Great *Essex*, of our Peeres the last that ere we knew;
Th' old worlds Heroes lyues who likly 'st did renew;
The souldiers onely hope, who stoutly seru'd in *France*,
And on the Towers of *Cales* as proudly did advance
Our *English* Ensignes then, and made *Iberia* quake,
When as our warlike Fleet rood on the surging Lake,
T'receiue that Citties spoyle, which set her batter'd gate
Wide ope, & affrighted *Spainye* to see her wretched state.

Next, *Charles*, Lord *Mountjoy*, sent to *Ireland* to suppress
The envious Rebelle there; by whose most faire successe,
The trowzed *Irish* led by their vniust *Tyrone*,
And the proud *Spanish* force, were iustly ouerthrowne.
That still *Kinsall* shall keepe and faithfull record beare,
What by the *English* prowesse was executed there.

Then liu'd those valiant *Veres*, both men of great Command
In our employments long: whose either Marshall hand
Reacht at the highest weath, it from the top to get,
Which on the proudest head, Fame yet had euer set.

Sir Francis, and
Sir Henry.

Our *Dokwray*, & *Morgan* next, Sir *Samuell Bagnall*, then
Stout *Lambert*, such as well deserue a liuing pen;
True Martialists and Knights, of noble spirit and wit.

* Sir Henry.
* Sir Edmond.
* Sir Oliver.

The valiant *Cicill*, last, for great employment fit,
Deseruedly in warre the last of ours that rose:
Whole honor euery howre, and fame still greater grows.

When now the *Kentish* Nymphs doe inter rupt her Song,
By letting *Medway* knowe shee carried had too long
Vpon this warlike troupe, and all vpon them layd,
Yet for their nobler *Kent* shee nought or little said.

When as the pliant Muse, straight turning her about,
And coming to the Land as *Medway* goeth out,
Saluting the deare soyle, ô famous *Kent*, quoth shee,
What Country hath this Ile that can compare with thee,
Which hast within thy selfe as much as thou canst wish:
Thy Conyes, Venison, Fruit; thy sorts of Fowle and Fish:
As what with strength comports, thy Hay, thy Corne, thy Wood:
Nor any thing doth want, that any where is good.
Where *Thames*-ward to the shore, which shoots vpon the rise,
Rich *Tenham* vndertakes thy Closets to luffize

With

With Cherries, which wee say, the Sommer in doth bring,
 Wherewith *Pomona* crownes the plump and lustfull Spring;
 From whose deepe ruddy cheekes, sweet *Zephyre* kisses steales,
 With their delicious touch his loue-sicke hart that heales.
 Whose golden Gardens seeme th' *Hesperides* to mock:
 Nor there the Damzon wants, nor daintie Abricock,
 Nor Pippin, which we hold of kernell-fruits the king,
 The Apple-Orendge; then the sauory Russetting:
 The Peare-maine, which to *France* long ere to vs was knowne,
 Which carefull Fru'ters now haue denizend our owne.
 The Renet: which though first it from the Pippin came,
 Crowne through his pureness nice, assumes that curious name,
 Vpon the Pippin stock, the Pippin beeing set;
 As on the Gentle, when the Gentle doth beget
 (Both by the Sire and Dame beeing anciently descended)
 The issue borne of them, his blood hath much amended.
 The Sweeting, for whose sake the Plow-boyes oft make warre;
 The Wilding, Costard, then the wel-known Pomwater,
 And sundry other fruits, of good, yet seuerall taste,
 That haue their sundry names in lundry Countries plac't:
 Vnto whose deare increase the Gardiner spends his life,
 With Percer, VVimble, Sawe, his Mallet, and his Knife;
 Oft couereth, oft doth bare the dry and moystned root,
 As faintly they mislike, or as they kindly sute:
 And their selected plants doth workman-like bestowe,
 That in true order they conueniently may growe.
 And kils the slimie Snayle, the VVorme, and labouring Ant,
 Which many times annoy the graft and tender Plant:
 Or else maintaines the plot much starued with the wet,
 VVherein his daintiest fruits in kernels he doth set:
 Or scrapeth off the mosse, the Trees that oft annoy.
 But, with these tryfling things why idly doe I toy,
 Who any way the time intend not to prolong?
 To thole *Thamissian* lles now nimble turnes my Song,
 Faire *Shepey* and the *Greane* sufficiently supply'd,
 To beautifie the place where *Medway* shewes her pride.
 But *Greane* seemes most of all the *Medway* to adore,
 And *Tenet*, standing forth to the *Rhinupian* shore,
 By mightie *Albion* plac't till his returne againe
 From *Gaul*; where, after, he by *Hercules* was slaine.
 For, Earth-borne *Albion* then great *Neptunes* eldest sonne,
 Ambitious of the fame by sterne *Aleides* wonne,
 VVould ouer (needs) to *Gaul*, with him to hazard fight,
 Twelue Labors which before accomplisht by his might;
 His Daughters then but young (on whom was all his care)
 VVhich *Doris*, *Thetis* Nymph, vnto the Gyant bare:

' Neere Sand-
work.

VVid

With whom those Iles he left; and will'd her for his sake,
That in their Grandfires Court thee much of them would make:
But *Tenet*, th'eldst of three, when *Albion* was to goe,
Which lou'd her Father best, and loth to leaue him so,
There at the Giant raught; which was perceiu'd by chance:
This louing Ile would else haue followed him to *France*,
To make the chanell wide that then he forced was,
§. Whereis (some say) before he vs'd on foot to passe.

Thus *Tenet* being stay'd, and surely settled there,
Who nothing lesse then want and idlenes could beare,
Doth onely giue her selfe to tillage of the ground.
With sundry sorts of Graine whilst thus shee doth abound,
She falls in loue with *Stour*, which comming downe by *Wye*,
And towards the goodly Ile, his feet doth nimbly ply.
To *Canterbury* then as kindly he resorts,

His famous Country thus he gloriously reports;
O noble *Kent*, quoth he, this praise doth thee belong,
The hard'st to be controld, impatientest of wrong.
VWho, when the *Norman* first with pride and horror sway'd,
Threw'st off the seruile yoke vpon the *English* lay'd;
And with a high resolute, most brauely didst restore
That libertie so long enioy'd by thee before.
§. Not suffering forraine Lawes should thy free Customes bind,
Then onely shoud'st thy selfe of th'ancient *Saxon* kind.
Of all the *English* Shires be thou surnam'd the Free,
§. And forme't euer plac't, when they shall reckned bee.
And let this Towne, which Chiefe of thy rich Country is,
Of all the *British* Sees be still *Metropolis*.

Which hauing said, the *Stour* to *Tenet* him doth hie,
Her in his louing armes imbracing by and by,
Into the mouth of *Tames* one arme that forth doth lay,
The other thrusting out into the *Celtique* Sea.
§. Grym *Goodwin* all this while seems grieuously to lowre,
Nor cares he of a strawe for *Tenet*, nor her *Stour*;
Still bearing in his mind a mortall hate to *France*
Since mighty *Albion* fall by warres incertaine chance.
Who, since his wisht reuenge not all this while is had,
Twixt very griefe and rage is fall'n extreemly mad;
That when the rousing Tyde doth stirre him with her waues,
Straight foming at the mouth, impatiently he raues,
And striues to swallow vp the Sea-marks in his Deepe,
That warne the wandring ships out of his iawes to keepe.

The *Surgions* of the Sea doe all their skill apply,
If possibly, to cure his greuous maladie:
As *Amphitrites* Nymphs their very vtmost proue,
By all the meanes they could, his madnes to remoue.

From

Simples frequent in these places.

From *Greenwich* to these Sands, some Scurvigrasse doe bring,
That inwardly apply'd's a wondrous soueraine thing.
From *Shepey*, Sea-mosse some, to coole his boyling blood;
Some, his ill-seasond mouth that wisely vnder stood,
Rob *Douers* neighboring Cleeces of Sampyre, to excite
His dull and sickly taste, and stirre vp appetite.

Now, *Shepey*, when shee found shee could no further wade
After her mightie Sire, betakes her to his trade,
With Sheephooke in her hand, her goodly flocks to heed,
And cherisheth the kind of those choice *Kentish* breed.
Of Villages shee holds as husbandly a port,
As any *British* Ile that neighboreth *Neptunes* Court.
But *Greene*, as much as shee her Father that did loue
(And, then the Inner Land, no further could remoue)
In such continuall grieve for *Albion* doth abide,
That almost vnder-flood shee weepeth euery Tide.

Illustrations.

Of *Sussex*, into its Eastern neighbor, *Kent*, this Canto leads you. It begins with *Rother*, whose running through the woods, insliding *Oxney*, and such like, poetically here describ'd is plaine enough to any apprehending conceit; and vpon *Alcibay's* Song of our Martiall and Heroique spirits, because a large volume might be written to explaine their glorie in particular action, and in leise comprehension without wrong to many worthies its not performable, I haue omitted all Illustration of that kind, and left you to the Muse herselfe.

That Limen then was nam'd

So the Author coniectures; that *Rother's* mouth was the place call'd *Limen*, at which the *Danes* in time of *K. Alfred* made irruption; which he must (I thinke) maintaine by adding likelyhood that *Rother* then fell into the Ocean about *Hith*; where (as the reliques of the name in *Lime*, and the distance from *Canterbury* in *Antoninus*, making * *Portus Lemani*, which is misprinted in *Sueta's* Edition, *Pontem Lemani*. XVI. Miles off) it seemes *Limen* was; and if *Rother* were *Limen*, then also, there was it discharged out of the Land. But for the Authors words read this; * *Equestris Paganorum exercitus cum suis equis CC L. nauium Cantiam transuectus in Ostio Annis Limen qui de sylua magna Andred nominata decurrit, applicuit, a cuius ostio IIII. miliarijs in eandem syluam naves suas sursum traxit, ubi quandam arcem semistructam, quam pauci inhabitabant villani, diruerunt, adunq; sibi firmiorem in loco qui dicitur Apulrea construxerunt*, which are the syllables of *Florence of Worcester*; and with him in substance fully agrees *Asatibow of Westminster*; nor can I thinke but that they imagin'd *Rye* (where now *Rother* hath its mouth) to be this Port of *Limen*, as the Muse here; if you respect her direct terms. *Henry of Huntingdon* names no River at all, but lands them * *ad Portum Limene*, cum 250. nauium qui portus est in Orientali parte Cnec in xta magnū nemus Andredsaige. How *Rother's* mouth can be properly laid in the East (but rather in the South part) of *Kent*, I conceiue not, and am of the aduerse part, thinking cleerely that *Hith* must be *Port*.

* *Lemanni* in *Noit. Ver. Prouinc.*

* The *Danes* with 250. sile, came into the mouth of the River *Limen*, which runs out of *Andred's* wood whence 15. miles into the wood they got in their ships, and built them a Fort at *Apulrea*.

1000. XCIII
* At Port *Lemni* by *Andred's* wood in the East of *Kent*.

the eighteenth Song.

301

in Lemann, which is that coast, as also learned *Camden* teaches, whose authori-
 cited out of *Huntingdon*, being neere the same time with *Florence* might be
 perhaps thought but as of equall credit; therefore I call another witness (that
 might not much past L. yeares after the arrivall) in these wordes, * *In Limneo*
inconstitunt puppet, *Spolde* (to I read, for the *V*rine is corrupted) *loco condi-*
Orientali Cant: a parte, des' nunt *ig, ibi pri: co opre co: strum propter quod rustica*
canua exigua quippe intrinsecus erat, Illig, bibeina castra confirmant. Out of
 which you note both that no River, but a Port onely, is spoken of, and that the
 ships were left in the shore at the Haven, and thence the *Dares* conveyed their
 companies to *Apledowre*. The words of this *Eishelved* I respect much more
 then these later Stories, and I would advise my Reader to incline so with me.

What time I thinke in hell that instrument denis'd.

He meanes a Gunne; wherewith that most Noble and right Martiall *Tho-*
mas Montague Earle of *Salisbury* at the siege of *Orleans* in time of *Hen. VI.* was
 slain. The first inventor of them (I guess you dislike not the addition) was
 one * *Berthold Swartz* (others say *Constantine Ankltizen* a Dutch Monke and
 Chymist, who having in a Morter, sulphurous powder for Medicine, cover'd
 with a stone, a sparke of fire by chance falling into it, fired it, and the flame re-
 nou'd the stone; which he observing, made use afterward of the like in little
 pipes of Iron, and shewed the use to the *Venetians* in their warre with the *Geo-*
pages at *Chioggia* about clc. CCC. LXXX. Thus is the common allusion; but I
 as good * authority, that it was used about XX. yeares before in the *Danish*
 wars. I will not dispute the conveniency of it in the world, compare it with
Calomeneus imitation of Thunder, *Archimedes* his Engines, and such like; nor
 tell you that the *Chinois* had it, and Printing, so many ages before us, as *Alfen-*
bus, *Alf*, and others deliver; but not with perswading credit to all their
 Readers.

Whereas some say before he was on foote to passe.

The allusion is to *Britaines* being heretofore ioyn'd to *Gaul* in this straight
 twist *Dover* and *Calais* (some XXX. miles over) as some Modernes have con-
 jectur'd. That learned Antiquary *I. Tike* is very confident in it, and derives
 the Name from *Brith* signifying (as he sayes) as much as *Smith*. i. a separation
Welsh, whence the Isle of *Wight* was so call'd: *Guith* and *Wright* being soone
 made of each other. Of this opinion is the late *Verstegan*, as you may read in
 him; and for examination of it, our Great light of Antiquity *Camden* hath pro-
 posed diuers considerations, in which experience of particulars must direct.
 Howsoever this was in truth, it is as likely, for ought I see, as that *Cyprus* was
 Once ioyn'd to *Syria*, *Eubœa* (now *Negroponte*) to *Bœotia*, *Atalante* to *Eubœa*,
Bithunum to *Bithynia*, *Leucosia* to *Thrace*, as is * affirmed: and *Sicily* (whose like
 our Island is) was certainly broken off from the continent of *Italy*, as both *Vir-*
il expressly, *Strabo* and *Pliny* deliver; and also the names of *Rhegium*, * *regi* *oi*
regnum, and of the selfe *Sicily*; which, rather then from * *Secare*, I deriue from
Sicilire, which is of the same signification and neerer in Analogie: *Claudian*
 call's the Isle

————— * *Diducta Britannia Munda*

and *Virgil* hath

————— * *Totidmis Orbe Britannos;*

Where *Servius* is of opinion, that, for this purpose, the learned Poet used that
 phrase. And it deserves inquisition, how beasts of Rapine, as Foxes and such

D d

like

* *Eishelved* *bb*
4. cap. 4.
 * They leave
 their Ships in
 Port. *Limn*,
 making their
 Rendezvous at
Apledowre in
 the East of Kent
 (for this may
 better endure
 that name) and
 there destroyed
 one Castle and
 built another.

* *Tolyd de*
Inventor. 2. cap
 2. * *Samuel*
 ad *G. Pancroll*.
1. lib. 18.

* *Achilles* *Caf-*
far. ap. Munf
Cosmog. 1.

* *Sam. Boalen*
 ad *Xenophon*.

* *Plin. Hist.*
Nat. 2. cap. 38.
 * From trea-
 king off. *Tray*.
*hist. 4. * Strab.*

* To cut off.
 * *Var. de Re*
Rustic. 1. cap. 49.

* *Britaine* putt'd
 off the world.
 * *Britains* dis-
 ted from the
 whole world.

like came first into this Island (for *England and Wales*, as now *Scotland and Ireland*, had store of Wolves, vntill some CCC. yeares since) if it were not ioynd to a firm land, that either by like coniunction, or narrow passage of swimming might receiue them from that Continent where the Arke rested, which is *Armenia*. That, men desired to transport them, is not likely: and a learned *Lucius* hath coniectured, that the *West Indies* are therefore, or haue beene, ioynd with firme land, because they haue Lions, Wolves, Panthers and such like, which in the *Barrennes*, *Cuba*, *Hispaniola*, *S. Domingo*, and other remote Isles, are not found. But no place here to dispute the question.

Not suffering forin lawes should thy free customes binde.

To explaine it, I thus *English* you a fragment of an old Monke: When the Norman Conqueror had the day, became to Douer Castle, that he might with the same subdue Kent also; wherefore, Stigand Archbishop, and Egelsin Abbot, as the chiefe of that Shire, observing that now heres before no Villeins (the Latine is *Nullus fuerat seruus*, & applying it to Our Law phrase, I translate it) haue beene in England, they should be now all in bondage to the Normans, they assembled all the County, and shewed the imminent dangers, the insolence of the Normans, and the hard condition of Villenage: They, resolving all rather to die then lose their freedom, purpose to encounter with the Duke for their Countries liberties. Their Captaines are the Archbishop and the Abbot. Upon an appointed day they meete all at Swanescomb, and harbouring themselves in the woods, with Boughes in euery mans hand, they incompasse his way. The next day, the Duke coming by Swanescomb, seemed to see with amazement, as it were a wood, approaching towards him, the Kentish men at the sound of a Trumpet take themselves to armes, when presently the Archbishop and Abbot were sent to the Duke and saluted him with these words: Behold, Sir Duke, the Kentish men come to meet you, willing to receive you as their Liege Lord, upon that condition, that they may forever enioy their ancient Liberties and Lawes used among their ancestors; otherwise, presently offering warre, being readie rather to die, then vndergoe a yoke of Bondage, and lose their ancient Lawes. The Norman in this narrow Pinch, not so willingly, as wisely, granted the desire: and hostages given on both sides, the Kentish men deliuer the Normans to Rochelle, and deliuer them the County and the Castle of Douer. Hither is commonly referred the retayning of ancient liberties in Kent. Indeed it is certaine that speciall customes they haue in their Gauekind (although now many of their Gentlemens Possessions are altered in that part) suffering for Felony, without forfeiture of estate, and such like, as in particular, with many other deligent traditions you haue in *Lambards Perambulation*: yet the report of *Thomas Spot*, is not, me thinkes, of cleere credit, as well by reason that no warrant of the Historians about the Conquest affirms it (and this Monke liued vnder Ed. I.) as also for his commixture of a fauourite about Villenage, saying it was not in England before that time, which is apparently false by diuers testimonies. "Gif Iocop (sayes King Iues lawes) pýpce on Sunnan dæg. be hij Hlafordes hæte pý he pýeo, & vnder Edward the Confessor, Thogold of Beurchenale grants to the Abbley of Crowland his Mannor of Spalding, with all the Appurtenances, *Scilicet Colgrinum propositum meum, & totam sequelam suam, cum omnibus bonis & catallis, que habet in dicta Villa, &c. Item Hardingum Fabrum & totam sequelam suam*; and the yong wench of *Andemur*, that Edgar was in loue with, was a Nief. But for Kent, perhaps it might be true, that no villeins were in it, seeing since that time it hath been adiudg'd in our Law, that One Borne there could not without Conifans of Record be a Villein.

And

*Joseph. Acrost.
De natur. Nod
Orbis 1. cap. 20.
¶ 21.*

*7th Spot. ap.
Lamb. in En-
pind. orb.*

*1 Stat. 3. Hen.
8. cap. 9.
" If a Villain
worke on Sun-
day by his
Lords com-
mand, he shall
be free.
" Colgrin my
Bayliffe and his
illue, with all
goods and
chattels, &c.
" Item, Corumb.
20. Ed. 1. Till-
tenage 46. &
Mich. 5. Ed. 2.
M. in Roblin-
thor. Int. Templ
cast. John de
Gatton.*

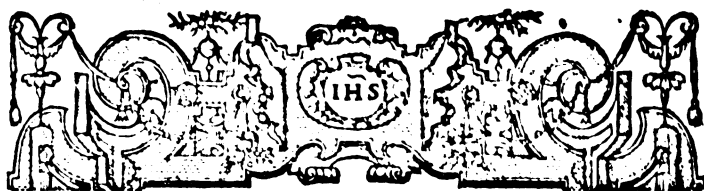
And foremost ever plac't when they shall reckon'd bee.

For this honor of the *Kentish*, heare one^t that wrote it about *Hen. II.* * *Enu-*
chium (as some Copies are, but others, *Cnidium*, and perhaps it should so be, or ra-
 ther *Cen* 'tis, for *K. Cant* ; or els I cannot conic lture what) *quantà virtute An-*
glorum, Dacos Danosq. superavit motusq. compescens *Noricorum, vel eo presst-*
um est, quod ob eorum virtutis meritum quam ibidem poterit & poterit exer-
cuit, Cantia Nostra, primæ Cohortis honorem & primus Congressus Hostium
et, in Hostium, diem, in omnibus praelis ulmet, Provincia quæque Severla-
na, qua mox in no t'n & nomine ab incolis Wiltelira vocatur, eodem iure sibi vendi-
ca Cohortis subsidariam, abethlâ, bi Duomâ & Cornubiâ. Briefly, it had
the first English King, in it was the first Christianity among the English, and Can-
terbury then honor'd with the Metropolitique See: all which giue note of Ho-
norable Prerogative.

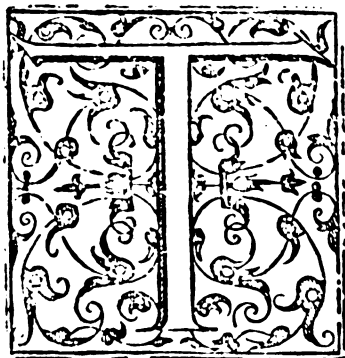
Grim Godwin but the while seems grienously to lowre.

That is *Godwin-sand*, which is reported to haue beene the Patrimony^t of
 that *Godwin* Earle of *Kent*, vnder *Edward the Confessor*, swallow'd into the Oce-
 an by strange Tempest somewhat after the Conquest, and is now as a floating
 Isle or Quicksand, very dangerous to Sailers, sometime as fixe, sometime mo-
 ving, as the Mufe describes.

* *Joann. Saris-*
burie Regis
Caric. 6. ap. 18.
 * What victor-
 nance *K. Cant*
 did among the
Danes, and
Norwegians by
 English valour,
 is apparent in
 that until this
 day, the *Kentish*
 men for their
 singular vertue
 then shewne,
 haue prerog-
 tive alwayes to
 be in the *Van-*
gard, as *Wilt-*
shire, *Devon-*
shire, and *Corn-*
wall in the
 Rete.
 * *Hell. North,*
Hist. Scot. 12.
 & 10. *Town. Ab-*
bonie. 1.



TO THE HIGH AND
MIGHTIE, CHARLES
Prince of WALES.



THE first Part of this Poeme (most Illustrious Prince) I dedicated to your deceased Brother of most famous Memorie, whose princely Bountie, and vsage of mee, gaue me much encouragement to goe on with this second Part, or Continuance thereof; which now as his Successor, I owe to your Highnesse. If meanes and time faile me not, being now arriued at Scotland, I trust you shall see mee crowne her with no worse Flowers, then I haue done her two Sisters, England, and Wales: and without any partialitie, as I dare bee bold, to make the Poets of that Kingdom my Iudges therein. If I arine at the Orcades, without sinking in my flight, your Highnesse cannot but say, that I had no ill Perspectiue that gaue mee things so cleerely, when I stood so farre off.

To your Highnesse
most humbly deuoted.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

A

TO THE HONORABLE SENATE

OF THE TERRITORY OF ARIZONA
IN SENATE
JANUARY 1888
REPORT
OF THE
COMMISSIONER OF THE
LAND OFFICE
IN RESPONSE TO A
RESOLUTION PASSED
BY THE SENATE
MAY 1887
AND
PUBLISHED BY
THE TERRITORIAL
PRINTING OFFICE
TUCSON, ARIZONA
1888

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

MICHAEL DAYTON.

on a great part, and on the whole (much more so)



To any that will read it.

WHen I first vndertooke this Poeme; or as
some very skillfull in this kind, haue pleased
to tearme it, this Herculean labour. I was
by some vertuous friends perswaded, that
I should receiue much comfort and incou-
ragement therein; and for these Reasons: First, that it
was a new, cleere way, neuer before gone by any; then,
that it contained all the Delicacies, Delights, and Rarities
of this renowned Isle, interwouen with the Histories of
the Britanes, Saxons, Normans, and the later English:
And further that there is scarcely any of the Nobilitie, or
Gentry of this land, but that he is some way or other, by
his Blood interrelled therein. But it hath fallen out other-
wise, for instead of that comfort, which my noble friends
(from the freedome of their Spirits) proposed as my due,
I haue met with barbarous Ignorance, and base De-
traction; such a cloud hath the Deuill drawne ouer the
Worlds Iudgement, whose opinion is in few yeares
fallen so farre below all Ballatry, that the Lethargy is
incurable; nay some of the Stationers, that had the Sel-
ling of the first part of this Poeme, because it went not
so fast away in the Sale, as some of their beastly and abo-
minable Trash, (a shame both to our Language and Na-
tion) haue either despightfully left out, or at least care-
lessly neglected the Epistles to the Readers, and so haue
confused the Buyers with vnperfected Bookes; which
these that haue vndertaken the second Part, haue bene
forced to amend in the first, for the small number that
are yet remaining in their hands. And some of our out-
landish, vnnaturall English, (I know not how other-

To the Reader.

wise to expresse them) sticke not to say, that there is nothing in this Island worthy studying for, and take a great pride to bee ignorant in any thing thereof; for these, since they delight in their folly, I wish it may be hereditary from them to their posteritie, that their children may bee beg'd for Fooles to the fift Generation, vntill it may be beyond the memory of man to know that there was euer any other of their Families: neither can this deterre mee from going on with Scotland, if Meanes and Time doe not hinder me, to performe as much as I haue promised in my first Song:

*Till to the sleepy Maine, to Thuly I haue gone,
And scene the Frozen Isles, the cold Deucalidon,
Amongst whose Iron Rocks, grim Saturne yet remaines,
Bound in those gloomy Caves with Adamantine Chaines.*

And as for those Cattell whereof I spake before, *Odi profanum vulgus & arceo*, of which I account them, bee they neuer so great, and so I leaue them. To my friends, and the louers of my Labors, I wish all happinesse.

Michael Drayton.

To

To my Honor'd Friend M^r.
DRAYTON.

E*Nglands* brave *Genius*, raise thy head; and see,
 We haue a *Muse* in this mortalitie
 Of Vertue yet suruiues, All met not Death,
 When wee intoomb'd our deare *Elizabeth*.
Immortall Sydney, honoured *Colin Clout*,
 Presaging what wee feele, went timely out.
 Then why liues *Drayton*, when the *Times* refuse,
 Both *Meane* to liue, and *Master* for a *Muse*?
 Onely without *Excuse* to leaue vs quite,
 And tell vs, Durst we act, he durst to write.

Now, as the people of a famish'd *Towne*,
 Recciuing no *Supply*, seeke vp and downe
 For mouldy Corne, and Bones long cast aside,
 Wherewith their hunger may bee satisfide:
 (Small store now left) we are inforc'd to prie
 And search the darke Leaues of Antiquitie
 For some good *Name*, to raise our *Muse* againe,
 In this her *Crisis*, whose harmonious straine
 Was of such compasse, that no other Nation
 Durst euer venture on a sole Translation;
 Whilst our full language, Muscally, and hie,
 Speakes as themselues their best of *Poesie*.

Drayton, amongst the worthi'st of all those,
 The glorious *Laurell*, or the *Cyprian Rose*
 Haue euer crown'd, doth claime in euery Lyne,
 An equall honor from the sacred *Nyne*:
 For if old *Time* could like the restlessse *Maine*,
 Roule himselfe backe into his Spring againe,
 And on his wings beare this admired *Mus*,
 For *Ouid*, *Virgil*, *Homer*, to peruse.
 They would confesse, that neuer happier *Pen*,
 Sung of his *Lones*, his *Countrie*, and the *Men*.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

To his Noble Friend, MICHAEL DRAYTON,
 Esquire, vpon his Topo-chrono-graphicall
 POEME.

From CORNWALL'S Foreland to the Cliffs of DOVER,
 O're hilly CAMBRIA, and all ENGLAND o'er;
 Thy Muse hath borne me; and (in foure dayes) shovne
 More goodly Prospects, then I could haue knowne
 In foure yeares Trauailes; If I had not thus
 Beene mounted, on thy winged PEGASVS.

The famous Riuers, the delightfome Fountaines;
 The fruitfull Vallies, the steepe-rising Mountaines;
 The new-built Towres; the ancient-ruin'd Walls;
 The wholsome Baths, the beads of Mineralls;
 The high-worne Monuments of former Ages;
 The Workes of Peace, the Marks of Ciuill-rages;
 The Woods, the Forrests, and the open Plaines,
 With whatse're this spacious Land containes,
 For Profit, or for Pleasure: I'o're-looke,
 (As from one Station) when I read thy Booke.

Nor doe mine eyes from thence behold alone,
 Such Things; as for the present there are done;
 (Or Places, as this day, they doe appeare)
 But Actions past, and Places as they were
 A hundred Ages sinte, as well as now:
 Which, he that wearies out his feet to know,
 Shall neuer finde, nor yet so cheape attaine
 (With so much ease and profit) ha'se that gaine.
 Good-speed befall Thee; who hast wag'd a Taske,
 That better Censures, and Rewards doth aske,
 Then these Times haue to giue. For, those that should
 The honor of true POESY uphold,
 Are (for the most part) such as doe preferre
 The sawning Lynes of euery Pamphleter,
 Before the best-writ POEMS. And their sight
 Or cannot, or else dares not, eye the Flight
 Of free-borne NUMBERS; least bright VIRTVE'S fame,
 Which flies in those, reflect on Them, their shame.

'Tis well; thy happy Iudgement, could deuise,
 Which way, a man this Age might Poetize,

And

And not write SATYRS : Or else, so to write
That scape thou mayst, the clutches of Despight.
For, through such Woods, and Riuer, trips thy MUSE,
As, will or loose, or drowne him, that pursues.

Had my Inuention (which I know too weake)
Enabled been, so braue a Flight to make,
(Should my unlucky Penn haue ouerzone
So many a Prouince, and so many a Towne)
Though I to no mans wrong had gone astray,
I had been poulded on the Kings hye way.

But thou hast better Fortune, and hast chose
So braue a PATRON, that thou canst not lose
By this Aduenture. For, in Him, furnines
His Brother HENRIE'S Virtues : and hee lines
To be that Comfort to thy MUSE, which HEE
Had nobly (e're his death) begun to be.

Yet, ouermuch presume not, that these Times,
Will therefore value thy Heroick Rymes,
According to their Merit. For, although,
HCE, and some few, the worth of them shall know :
This is their FATE. (And some vnborne, will say,
I speake the Tru'h; what e're men thinke to Day)
Ages to come, shall hugg thy POESY,
As we our deare Friends Pictures, when they dye.
Those that succeed vs, DRAYTONS Name shall loue,
And, so much this laborious PARCA approues,
That such as write hereafter, shall to trim
Their new Inuentions, pluck it limbe from limbe.
And our great-Grandsonnes Childrens-children may,
(Yea shall) as in a Glasse, this ISLE suruay,
As wee now see it : And as those did to,
Who liued many hundred yeares agoe.

For, when the Seas shall eat away the Shore,
Great Woods spring up, where Plaines were heretofore,
High Mountaines leueld with low Vallyes lye,
And Riuer runne where now the ground is drie :
This POEME shall grow famous, And declare
What old-Things stood, where new-Things shall appeare.

And hereunto his NAME subscribeth He,
Who shall by this PRÆDICTION, liue with Thee.

George Wither.



To my Worthy Friend MICHAEL
DRAYTON, Esquire.

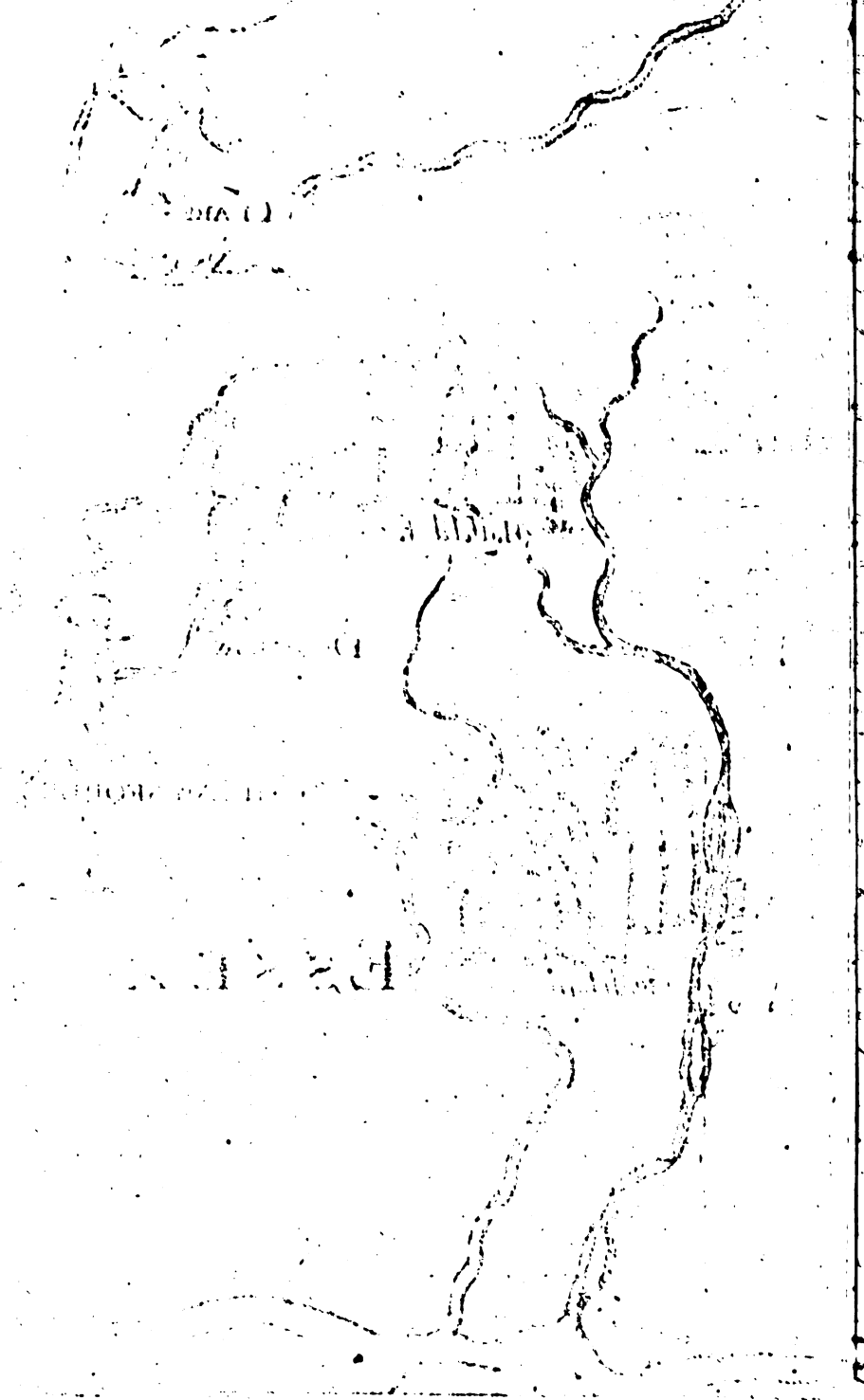
An Acrosticke Sonnet vpon his Name.

M *V*st Albion thus bee Stollified by thee,
I *n* her full pompe, that her the world may praise,
C *h*eerfull, Braue Isle, yea shall I liue to see
H *i*m thus to decke, and crowne thy Front with Bayes,
A *n*d shall I not in Zeale, and Merit too
E *x*presse to thee my Ioy, my Thankes to him;
L *e*ffe (sure) then this I may not, will not doe.
D *r*ayton, sith stiz Parnassus thou dost clime,
R *i*ght like thy selfe, whose Heauen-inspired Muse,
A *s* doth the Phenix still her selfe renewing,
Y *e*e into other the like life infuse;
T *h*ou his rich Subiect, he thy Fame pursuing.
O *h*adst thou lou'd him, as bee thee hath done,
N *o* Land such Honor, (to all times) had wonne.

JOHN REYNOLDS.

POLY.

PART OF THE



PARTE OF SUF

CLARE

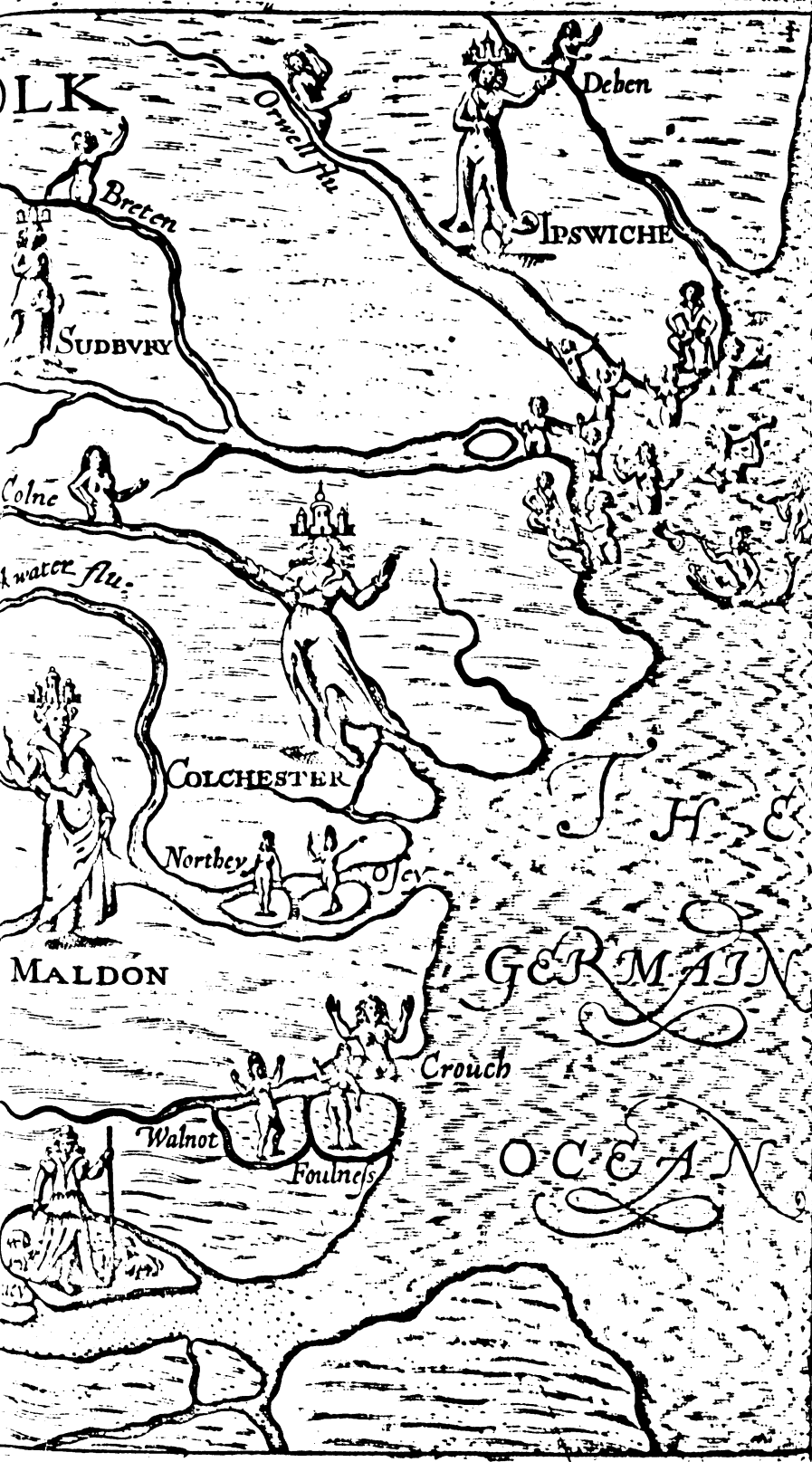
Hatfeld fo:

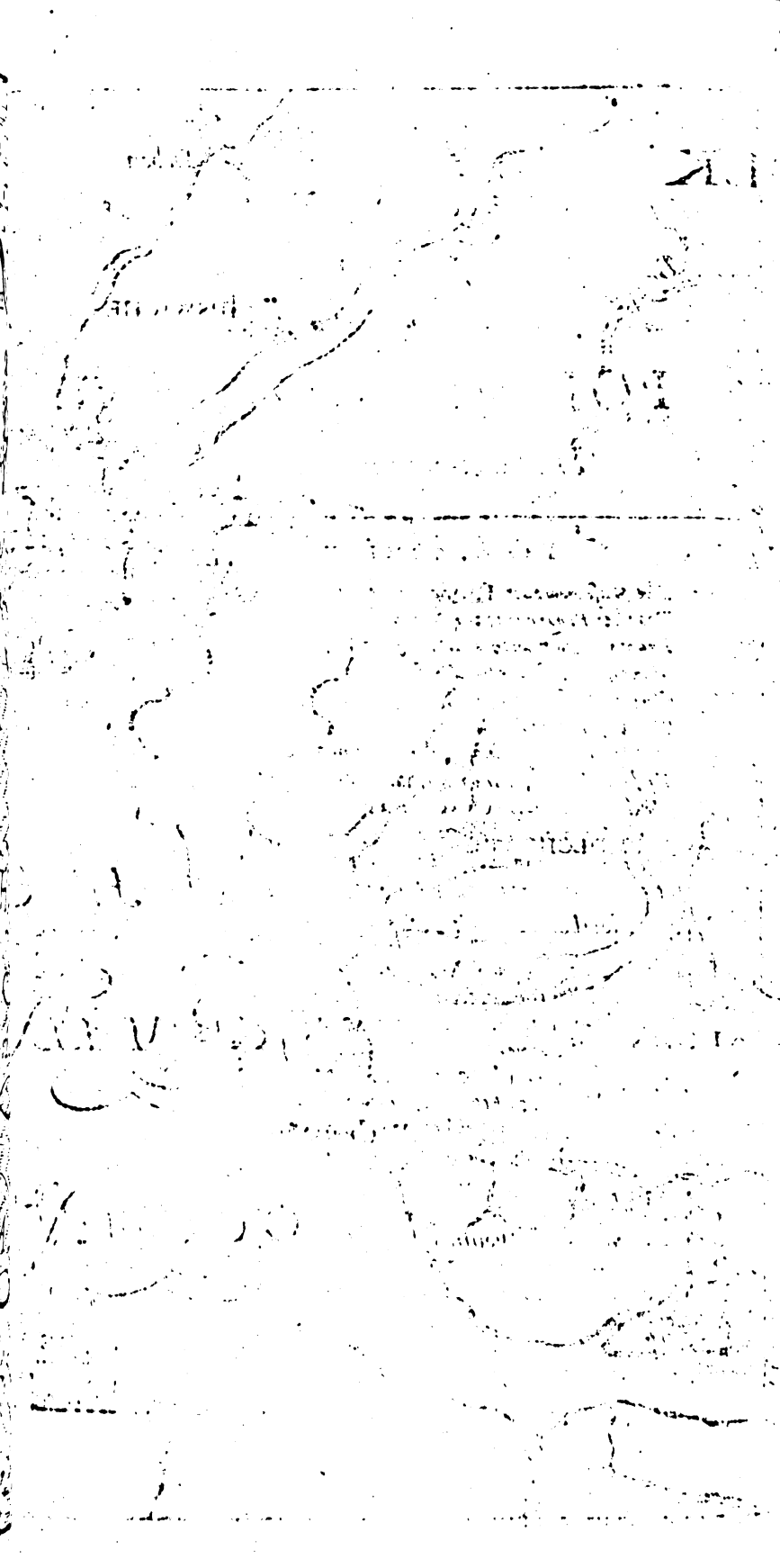
DUNMOW

CHELMESFORDE

Waltham fo:

ESSEX







POLY-OLBION.

The nineteenth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Muse, now over Thames makes forth,
Vpon her Progresse to the North,
From Cauncy with a full carrere,
Shee vp against the streame doth beare;
Where Waltham Forrests pride exprest,
Shee poynts directly to the East,
And shewes how all those Riuers straine
Through Essex, to the German mayne,
When Stoure, with Orwels ayd preferre,
Our Brittish brane Sea-voyagers;
Halse Suffolke in with them shee takes,
Where of this Song an end shee makes.*

BEARE brauely vp my Muse, the way thou wentst before,
And crosse the kingly *Thames* to the *Essexian* shore,
Stem vp his tyde-full streame, vpon that side to rise,
Where * *Canney*, *Albions* child in-lled richly lyes,
Which, though her lower scite doth make her seeme but meane,
Of him as dearly lou'd as *Shepey* is or *Greane*,
And him as dearly lou'd; for when he would depart,
With *Hercules* to fight, she tooke it so to heart,
That falling low and flat, her blubberd face to hide,
By *Thames* shee welneere is surrounded euery tyde:
And since of worldly State, she neuer taketh keepe,
But onely giues her selfe, to tend, and milke her sheepe.
But Muse, from her so low, diuert thy high-set song
To *London*-wards, and bring from *Lea* with thee along
The Forrests, and the Floods, and most exactly show,
How these in order stand, how those directly flow:

B

For

An Island lying
in the *Thames*,
on *Essex* side.

Albion fained
to be the son of
Neptune, going
ouer into *Fris*
to fight with
Hercules, by
whom he was
vanquished, he
supposed to
leave his chil-
dren, the Iles of
Thames, *Sheppey*,
Greane, and the
Canney, lying in
the mouth of
Thames, on the
tution of *Ne-
ptune* their grand
father. See to
the latter end of
the 18. Song.

For in that happy soyle, doth pleasure euer wonne,
Through Forrests, where cleere Rills in wild Meanders runne;
Where daintie Summer Bowers, and Arborets are made,
Cut out of Busshy thicks, for coolenesse of the shade.
Foolles gaze at painted Courts, to th' countrey let me goe,
To climbe the easie hill, then walke, the valley lowe;
No gold-embossed Roofes, to me are like the woods;
No Bed like to the grasse, nor liquor like the floods:
A Citie's but a sinke, gay houses gawdy graues,
The Muses haue free leaue, to starue or liue in caues:

But *Waltham* Forrest still in prosperous estate,
As standing to this day (so strangely fortunate)
Aboue her neighbour Nymphs, and holds her head aloft;
A turfe beyond them all, so sleeke and wondrous soft,
Vpon her setting side, by goodly *London* grac'd,
Vpon the North by *Lea*, her South by *Thames* embrac'd.
Vpon her rising point, shee chaunced to espie,
A daintie Forrest-Nymph of her societie.

Faire *Hatfield*, which in height all other did surmount,
And of the *Dryades* held in very high account;
Yet in respect of her stood farre out of the way,
Who doubting of her selfe, by others late decay,
Her sisters glory view'd with an astonish'd eye,
Whom *Waltham* wisely thus reprooueth by and by.

Deare Sister rest content, nor our declining rue,
What thing is in this world (that we can say) is new;
The Ridge and Furrow shewes, that once the crooked Plow,
Turn'd vp the grassy turfe, where Okes are rooted now:
And at this houre we see, the Share and Coulter teare
The full corne-bearing gleabe, where sometimes Forrests were;
And those but Caitifes are, which most doe seeke our spoyle,
Who hauing sold our woods, doe lastly sell our soyle;
Tis vertue to giue place to these vngodly times,
When as the fostred ill proceeds from others crimes;
Gainst Lunatiks, and foolles, what wise folke spend their force;
For folly headlong falls, when it hath had the course:
And when God giues men vp, to wayes abhor'd and vile,
Of vnderstanding hee depriues them quite, the while
They into errour runne, confounded in their sinne,
As simple Fowles in lyme, or in the Fowlers gynne.
And for those prettie Birds, that wont in vs to sing,
They shall at last forbear to welcome in the Spring,
When wanting where to pearch, they sit vpon the ground,
And curse them in their Notes, who first did woods confound.
Deare Sister *Hatfield*, then hold vp thy drooping head,
We feele no such decay, nor is all succour fled:

For

e braue
uation of
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rest.

field Forest
ng lower
wards the
betweene
nised and
inmetu.

the nineteenth Song.

3

For *Essex* is our dower, which greatly doth abound,
With euery simple good, that in the Ile is found
And though we goe to wracke in this so generall waste,
This hope to vs remaines, we yet may be the last.

When *Hatfield* taking heart, where late she sadly stood,
Sends little *Roding* foorth, her best-beloued Flood;
Which from her Christall Fount, as to enlarge her fame,
To many a Village lends, her cleere and noble name,
Which as she wandreth on, through *Walsham* holds her way,
With goodly Oken wreaths, which makes her wondrous gay,
But making at the last into the watry Marsh,
Where though the blady grasse vnwholesome be and harsh,
Those wreaths away she casts, which bounteous *Walsham* gaue,
With Bulrush, Flags, and Reed, to make her wondrous braue,
And her selues strength diuides, to sundry lesser streames,
So wantoning shee falls into her Soueraigne *Thames*.

From whose vast Beechy banks a rumor straight resounds,
Which quickly ran it selfe through the *Essexian* grounds,
That *Crouch* amongst the rest, a Rivers name should seeke,
As scorning any more the nickname of a Creeke,
Well furnisht with a Streame, that from the fill to fall,
Wants nothing that a Flood should be adorn'd withall.
On * *Benge's* Batfull side, and at her going out,
With *Walton*, *Foulness* faire, neere watred round about.
Two Iles for greater state to stay her vp that stand,
Thrust farre into the Sea, yet fixed to the land;
As Nature in that sort them purposely had plac'd,
That shee by Sea and Land, should euery way be grac'd.
Some Sea-Nymphs and besides, her part (there were) that tooke,
As angry that their *Crouch* should not be cald a Brooke,
And bad her to complaine to *Neptune* of her wrong.

But whilst these grieuous stirres thus hapned them among,
Choice *Chelmer* comes along, a Nymph most neatly cleere,
Which welneere through the midst doth cut the wealthy Sheere,
By *Dunmow* gliding downe to *Chelmsford* hold her chafe,
To which she giues the name, which as she doth imbrace
Cleere *Can* comes tripping in, and doth with *Chelmer* close:
With whose supply (though small as yet) she greater grows.
She for old * *Maldon* makes, where in her passing by,
Shee to remembrance calls that *Roman* Colony,
And all those ominous signes her fall that did foregoe,
As that which most expres'd their fatall ouerthrow;
Crown'd Victory reuerst, fell downe whereas shee stood,
And the vast greenish Sea, discoloured like to blood.
Shrecks heard like peoples cries, that see their deaths at hand,
The pourtratures of men imprinted in the sand.

B 2

VWhen

Many Townes
that stand on
this River, haue
her name as an
addition: as
Kytherp Roding,
Lenden Roding,
with many
other.

The fruitful
Hundred of
Essex.

Chelmsford (ab-
ruptly *Chelms-*
ford) as much to
say, as the Ford
upon the River
Chelmer.

* Anciently cal-
led *Canoedon*
where these o-
minous signes
foretold that
great ouer-
throw giuent to
the Roman Co-
lony by the
Briani. See the
3. Song.

When *Chelmer* scarce arriues in her most wished Bay,
 But *Blakwater* comes in, through many a crooked way,
 Which *Pant* was call'd of yore; but that, by Time exild,
 Shee *Froshwell* after hight, then *Blakwater* instil'd,
 But few, such titles haue the British Floods among.
 When *Northey* neere at hand, and th' Ile of *Ousey* rung
 With shouts the Sea-Nymphs gaue, for ioy of their arriue,
 As either of those Iles in curtesie doe strue,
 To *Tethis* Darlings, which should greatest honor doe;
 And what the former did, the latter adds thereto.

But *Colne*, which frankly lends faire *Colechester* her name,
 (On all the *Essexian* shore, the Towne of greatest fame)
 Perceiuing how they still in Courtship did contend,
 Quoth she, wherefore the time thus idly doe you spend?
 What is there nothing here, that you esteeme of worth,
 That our big-bellied Sea, or our rich land brings forth?
 Thinke you our Oysters here, vnworthy of your praise?
 Pure *Walfleet*, which doe still the daintiest pallats please:
 As excellent as those, which are esteemed most.
 The *Cricke* shels, or those on the *Lucrinian* coast;
 Or Cheese, which our fat soyle to euery quarter sends;
 Whole racke the hungry Clowne, and Plow-man so commends.
 If you esteeme not these, as things aboue the ground,
 Looke vnder, where the Vines of ancient times are found:
 The Roman Emp'rours Coynes, oft dig'd out of the dust,
 And warlike Weapons, now consum'd with cankring rust:
 The huge and massy Bones, of mighty fearefull men,
 To tell the worlds full strength, what creatures liued then;
 When in her height of youth, the lustie fruitfull earth
 Brought forth her big-limb'd brood, euen Gyants in their birth.

Thus spoke shee, when from Sea they suddenly doe heare
 A strong and horrid noyse, which struck the land with feare:
 For with their crooked Trumps, his *Tritons*, *Neptune* sent,
 To wame the wanton Nymphs, that they incontinent
 Should straight repaire to *Stour*, in *Orwells* pleasant Road;
 For it had been divulg'd the Ocean all abroad,
 That *Orwell* and this *Stour*, by meeting in one Bay,
 Two, that each others good, intended euery way,
 Prepar'd to sing a Song, that should precisely show,
 That *Medway* for her life, their skill could not out-goe:
 For *Stour*, a daintie flood, that duly doth diuide
 Faire *Suffolke* from this Shire, vpon her other side;
 By *Clare* first comming in, to *Sudbury* doth show,
 The euen course she keepes, when farre she doth not flow,
 But *Breton* a bright Nymph, fresh succour to her brings:
 Yet is she not so proud of her superfluous Springs,

But

Walfleet
Oysters.

Criccum is a city of *Bythinia*.
Lucrinia is a citie of *Apulia*
 vpon the *Adriatick* Sea; the
 Oysters of
 which places,
 were reckoned
 for great delicacies
 with the
 Romans.
 The bones of
 Gyantlike
 people found
 in those parts.

Medway in the
 12. Song, reciteth the
 Catastrophe of the
 English Wars.

But *Orwell* comming in from *Ipswich* thinks that *hee*,
Should stand for it with *Stour*, and lastly they agree,
That since the *Britans* hence their first Discoveries made,
And that into the East they first were taught to trade.
Besides, of all the Roads, and Hauens of the East,
This Harbor where they meet, is reckoned for the best.
Our Voyages by Sea, and braue discoveries knowne,
Their argument they make, and thus they sing their owne,

In *Seuerns* late tun'd lay, that Empresse of the West,
In which great *Arthurs* actes are to the life exprest:
His Conquests to the North, who *Norway* did invade,
Who *Groneland*, *Iseland* next, then *Lapland* lastly made
His awfull Empires bounds, the *Britans* acts among,
This God-like Heroes deeds exactly haue beene sung:
His valiant people then, who to those Countries brought,
Which many an age since that, our great'st discoveries thought.
This worthiest then of ours, our * *Argonauts* shall lead.

See the 4. Song.

See voyagen.

Next *Malgo*, who againe that Conquerors steps to tread,
Succeeding him in Raigne, in conquests so no lesse,
Plow'd vp the frozen Sea, and with as faire successe,
By that great Conquerors claime, first *Orkney* ouerran;
Proud *Denmarke* then subdu'd, and spacious *Norway* wan,
Ceas'd *Iseland* for his owne, and *Goteland* to each shore,
Where *Arthurs* full-sail'd Fleet had euer toucht before.

And when the *Britans* Raigne came after to decline,
And to the *Cambrian* hills their fate did them confine,
The *Saxon* swaying all, in *Alfreds* powerfull raigne,
Our English *Otter* put a Fleet to Sea againe,
Of thrue *Norwegian* Hilles, and newes did hither bring,
Whose tops are hardly wrought in twelue dayes traauiling.
But leauing *Norway* then a Sterboard, forward kept,
And with our English Sayles that mightie Ocean swept,
Where those steine people wonne, whom hope of gaine doth call,
In Hulkes with grappling hooks, to hunt the dreadfull Whall;
And great *Duina* downe from her first springing place,
Doth roule her swelling waues in churlish *Neptunes* face.

The greatest
of Russia

Then *Woolstan* after him discovering *Danfig* found,
Where *Wixels* mighty mouth is powrd into the Sound,
And towing vp his streame, first taught the English Oares,
The vsefull way of Trade to those most gainefull shores.

The greatest
river of Danke.

And when the *Norman Stem* here strong and potent grew,
And their successfull sonnes, did glorious acts pursue,
One *Nicholas* nam'd of *Lyn*, where first he breath'd the ayre,
Though *Oxford* taught him Art, and well may hold him deare:
Ith' *Mathematicks* learn'd, (although a Fryer profest)
To see those Northerne Climes, with great desire possest,

Himselfe

Himselfe he thither ship'd, and skilfull in the Globe,
Tooke every seuerall height with his true Astrolobe;
The Whirlpooles of the seas, and came to vnderstand,
From the foure Card'nall winds, foure indraughts that command;
Int' any of whose falls, if th' wandring Barque doth light,
It hurried is away with such tempestuous flight,
Into that swallowing gulfe, which seemes as it would draw
The very earth it selfe into th' infemall maw.

Foure such Immeasur'd Pooles, Phylosophers agree,
Ith foure parts of the world vndoubtedly to bee;
From which they haue supposed, Nature the winds doth raise,
And from them to proceed the flowing of the Seas.

And when our Ciuill warres began at last to cease,
And these late calmer times of Oliue-bearing Peace,
Gauē leasure to great Minds, faire Regions to descry;
That braue aduenturous Knight, our Sir *Hugh Willoughby*,
Ship'd for the Northren Seas, mongst those congealed Piles,
Fashioned by lasting Frosts, like Mountaines, and like Iles,
(In all her searcfulst shapes saw Horror, whose great mind,
In lesser bounds then these, that could not be confin'd,
Aduentured on those parts, where Winter still doth keepe;
When most the Icy cold had chaind vp all the Deepe)
In Bleake *Arzina's* Road his death neere *Lapland* tooke,
Where *Kegor* from her scite, on those grim Seas doth looke.

Two others follow then, eternall fame that wonne,
Our *Chancellor*, and with him, compare we *Jenkinson*;
For *Russia* both imbarqu'd, the first ariuing there,
Entring *Duina's* mouth, vp her proud streame did steere
To *Volgad*, to behold her pompe, the *Russian* State,
Moscovia measuring then: the other with like Fate,
Both those vast Realmes suruay'd, then into *Bactria* past,
To *Boghors* bulwark walls, then to the liquid wast,
Where *Oxus* roletth downe twixt his faire distant shores,
And o're the *Caspian* Maine, with strong vntyred Oares,
Aduentured to view rich *Persias* wealth and pride,
Whose true report thereof, the *English* since haue tride.

With *Fitch*, our *Eldred* next, deseru'dly placed is;
Both traauiling to see, the *Syrian Tripolis*.
The first of which (in this whose noble spirit was showne)
To view those parts, to vs that were the most vnknowne,
On thence to *Ormuz* set, *Goa*, *Cambaya*, then,
To vast *Zelabdim*, thence to *Echubar*, agen
Croft *Ganges* mighty streame, and his large banks did view,
To *Baccola* went on, to *Bengola*, *Pegu*;
And for *Mallaccan* then, *Zeiten*, and *Cochin* cast,
Measuring with many a step, the great *East-Indian* wast.

The

The other from that place, the first before had gone,
 Determining to see the broad-wald *Babylon*,
 Crost *Euphrates*, and row'd against his mightie streame;
Cia, and *Gaza* saw, with great *Hierusalem*,
 And our deare *Sanious* seat, blest *Bethlem* did behold,
 And *Iordan*, of whose waues, much is in Scriptures told.
 Then *Atacham*, who (through loue to long aduentures led)
 Sederas wealthy Iles, the first discouered,
 Who hauing stolne a mayd, to whom he was aff'd,
 Let her rich parents still her marriage rites deni'd,
 But with her foorth to Sea, where many a danger past,
 Upon an *Ile* of those, at length by tempest cast;
 And putting in, to giue his tender Loue some ease,
 Which very ill had brook'd, the rough and boystrous Seas;
 And lingring for her health, within the quiet Bay,
 The Mariners most false, fled with the Ship away,
 When as it was not long, but shee gaue vp her breath;
 When he whose teares in vaine bewayld her timelesse death:
 That their deserued Rites her Funerall could not haue,
 A homely Altar built vpon her honoured graue.
 When with his folke but few, not passing two or three,
 There making them a Boat, but rudely of one Tree,
 But foorth againe to Sea, where after many a flaw,
 Such as before themselues, scarce Mortall euer saw;
 Nor miserable men could possibly sustaine,
 Now swallowed with the waues, and then spu'd vp againe;
 At length were on the coast of Sun-burnt *Affrick* throwne:
 To amaze that further world, and to amuse our owne.
 Then *Windham* who new wayes, for vs and ours to trie,
 For great *Morrocco* made, discouering *Barbarie*.
Lock, *Tower*son, *Fenner* next, vast *Guiney* forth that sought,
 And of her *Iuory*, home in great abundance brought.
 The East-Indian Voy'ger then, the valiant *Lancaster*,
 To *Buona Esperance*, *Comara*, *Zanziber*,
 To *Nicuba*, as hee to *Gomerpole* went,
 Till his strong Bottoome stricke *Molluccos* Continent;
 And sayling to *Brazel*, another time he tooke
Olynda's chiefest Towne, and Harbour *Farnambuke*,
 And with their precious Wood, Sugar, and Cotton fraught;
 It by his safe returne, into his Countrie brought.
 Then *Forbosher*, whose fame flew all the Ocean o'r,
 Who to the Northwest sought, huge *China's* wealthy shore,
 When nearer to the North, that wandring Sea-man set,
 Where hee in our hottest Mon'ths of Iune and Iuly met
 With Snow, Frost, Haile, & Sleet, and found sterne Winter strong,
 With mighty Iles of Ice, and Mountaines huge and long.

The wonderful
 Aduenture of
Atacham.

Where

VWhere as it comes and goes, the great eternall Light,
Makes halfe the yeare still day, and halfe continuall night.
Then for those Bounds vnknown, he brauely set againe,
As he a Sea-god were, familiar with the Maine.

The Noble *Fenion* next, and *Jackman* we preferre,
Both Voyagers, that were with famous *Forbisher*.

And *Danics*, threethimes forth that for the Northwest made;
Still struiuing by that course, t'inrich the English Trade:
And as he well deseru'd to his eternall fame.

There by a mightie Sea, Imortaliz'd his Name.

With noble *Gilbert* next, comes *Hoard* who tooke in hand
To cleere the course scarce knowne into the *New-found* Land,
And view'd the plenteous Seas, and fishfull Hauens, where
Our neighbouring Nations since haue stor'd them euery yeare.

Then Globe-engirdling *Drake*, the Nauall Palme that wonne,
Who stroue in his long Course to emulate the Sunne:

Of whom the *Spaniard* vs'd a Prophecie to tell,
That from the British Isles should rise a Dragon fell,
That with his armed wings, should strike th'*Iberian* Maine,
And bring in after time much horror vpon *Spaine*.

This more then man (or what) this Demie-god at Sea,
Leauing behind his backe, the great *America*,
Vpon the surging Maine his wel-stretch't Tacklings fiewd,

To fortie three Degrees of North'ly Latitude,
Vnto that Land before to th' Christian world vnknowne,
VWhich in his Countries right he nam'd *New Albion*;
And in the VVesterne *Inde*, spight of the power of *Spaine*,
Hec Saint *Iago* tooke, *Domingo*, *Cartagene*:

And leauing of his prowesse, a marke in euery Bay,
Saint *Augustins* surpriz'd, in *Terra Florida*.

Then those that foorth for Sea, Industrious *Rawleigh* wrought,
And them with euery thing, fit for discouery fraught;

That *Amadas*, (whose Name doth scarcely English sound)
With *Barlow*, who the first *Virginia* throughly found.

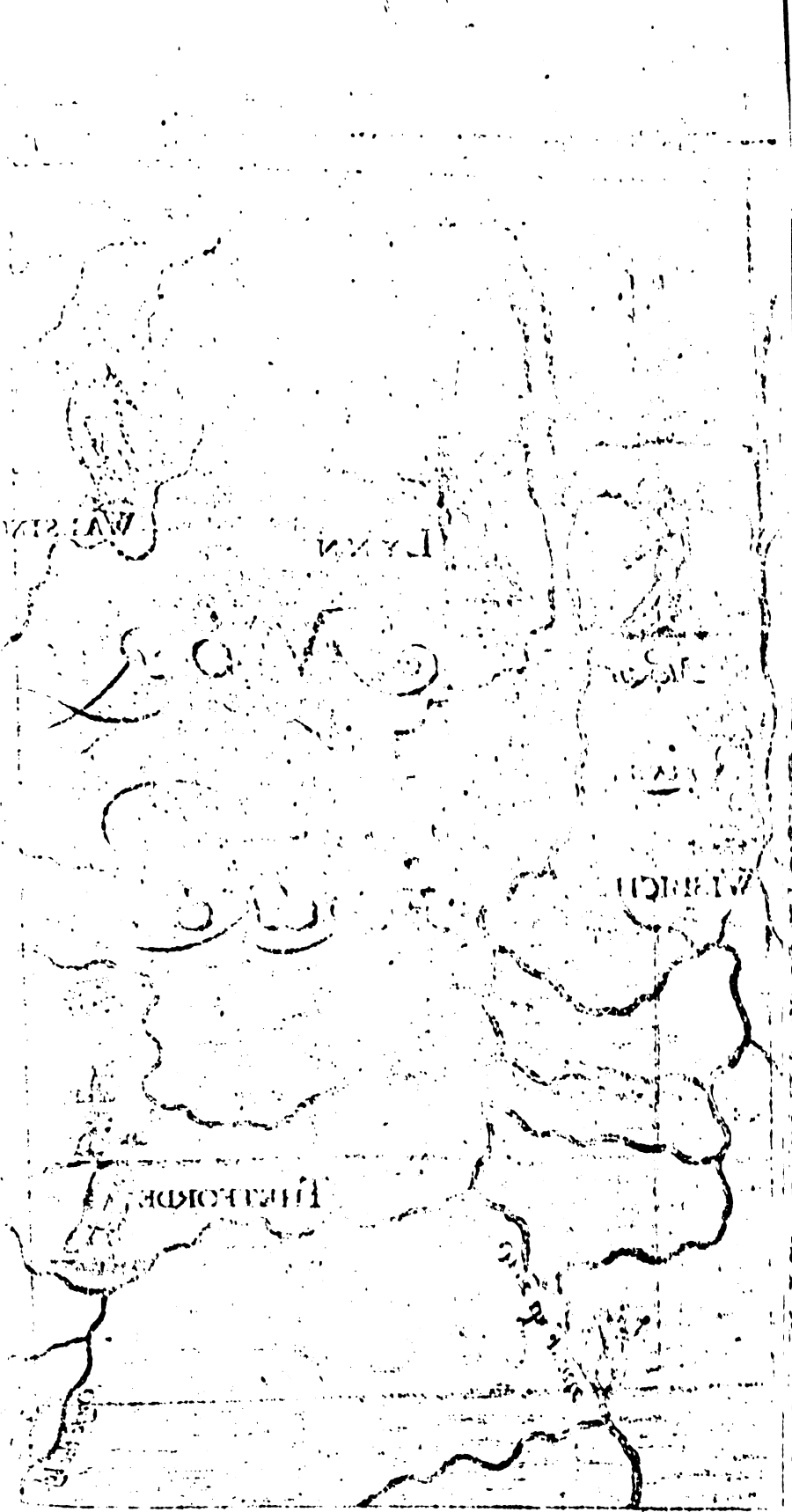
As *Greenvile*, whom he got to vndertake that Sea,
Three sundry times from hence, who touch'd *Virginia*.

(In his so rare a choyce, it well approou'd his wit;
That with so braue a Spirit, his turne so well could fit.

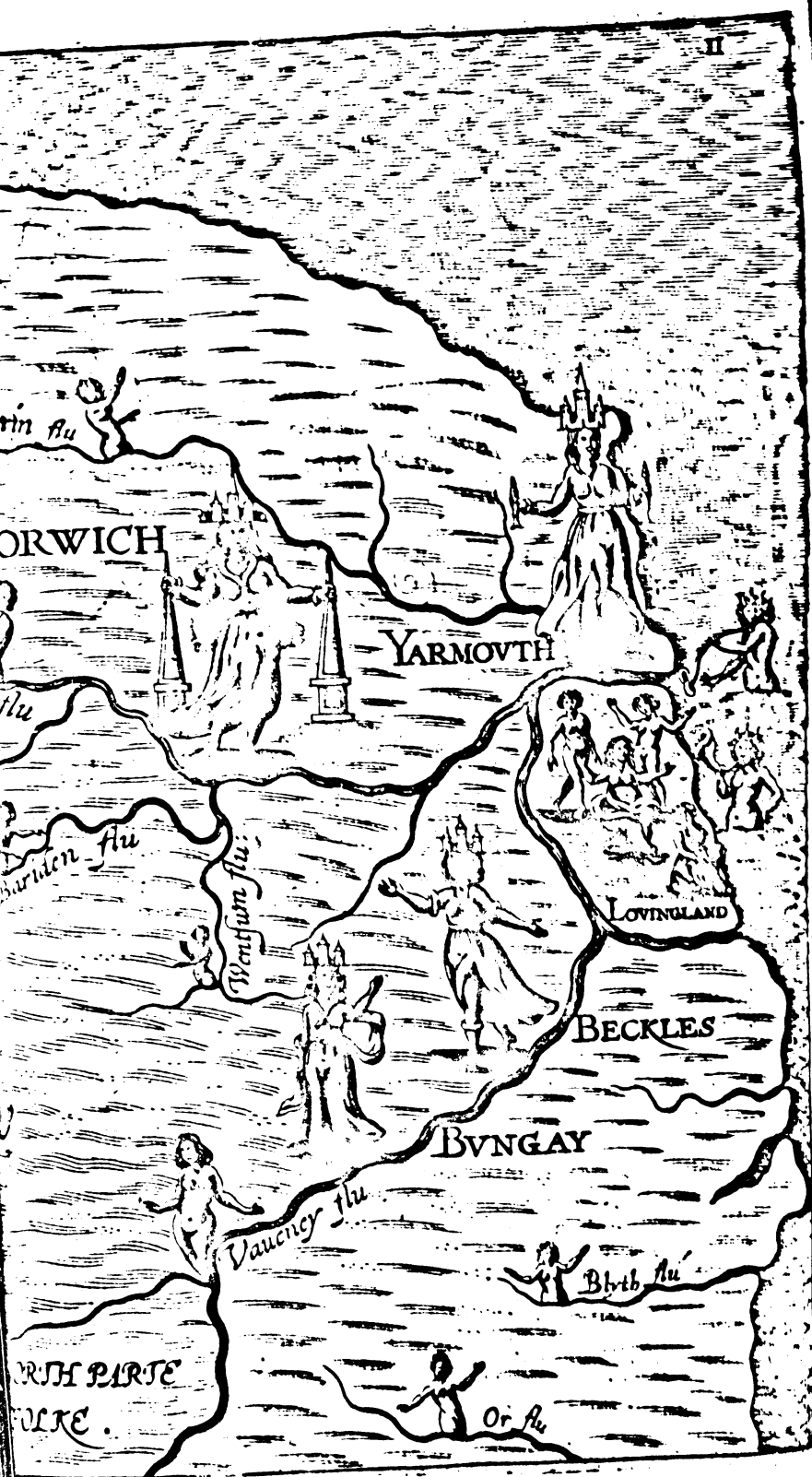
O *Greenvile*, thy great Name, for euer be renown'd,
And borne by *Neptune* still, about this mightie Round;
Whose Nauall Conflict wanne thy Nation so much fame,
And in th' *Iberians* bred feare of the English name.

Nor should Fame speake her low'dst, Of *Lane*, shee could not lie,
Who in *Virginia* left, with th' English Colony,
Himselfe so brauely bare, amongst our people there,
That him they onely lou'd, when others they did feare.

And







Of *Loning-land*, 'bout which her limber Armes she throwes,
VVith *Nepitune* taking hands, betwixt them who inclose,
And her an Iland make, fam'd for her scite so farre.

But leaue her Muse awhile, and let vs on with *Tar*,
VVhich *Gariena* some, some *Hier*, some *Tar* doe name;
VVho rising from her spring not farre from *Walsingham*,
Through the *Norfolcean* fields seemes wantonly to play,
To *Norwich* comes at length, towards *Tarmouth* on her way,
VVhere *Wentsum* from the South, and *Bariden* doe beare
Vp with her, by whose wealth she much is honored there,
To intertaine her *Tar*, that in her state doth stand,

With Townes of high'st account, the fourth of all the land:
That hospitable place to the Industrious *Dutch*,
Whose skill in making Stuffs, and workmanship is such,
(For refuge hither come) as they our ayd deserue,
By labour sore that liue, whilst oft the *English* starue;
On Roots, and Pulse that feed, on Beefe and Mutton spare,
So frugally they liue, not gluttons as we are.

But from my former Theame, since thus I haue digrest,
Ile borrow more of Time, vntill my Nymphs be drest:
And since these Foods fall out so fitly in my way,
A little while to them I will conuert my Lay.

The Colewort, Colifloure, and Cabidge in their season,
The Rouncefall, great Beanes, and early ripening Peason;
The Onion, Scallion, Lecke, which Housewifes highly rate;
Their kinsman Garlick then, the poore mans *Mithridate*,
The sauory Parsnip next, and Carret pleasing food;
The Skirret (which some say) in Sallat stirs the blood;
The Turnip, tasting well to Clownes in VVinter weather.
Thus in our verse we put, Roots, Hearbs, and Fruits together.
The great moyst Pumpkin then, that on the ground doth lie,
A purer of his kind, the sweet Muske-million by;
VVhich dainty pallats now, because they would not want,
Haue kindly learnt to set, as yearly to transplant:
The Radish somewhat hote, yet vrine doth prouoke;
The Cucumber as cold, the heating Artichoke;
The Citrons, which our soyle not easly doth affourd;
The Rampion rare as that, the hardly gotten Gourd.

But in these triuiall things, Muse, wander not too long,
But now to nimble *Tar*, turne we our actiue Song,
Which in her winding course, from *Norwich* to the Mayne,
By many a stately seat lasciuiously doth straine,
To *Tarmouth* till she come, her onely christned Towne,
Whose fishing through the Realme, doth her so much renowne,
VVhere those that with their nets still haunt the boundles lake,
Her such a sumptuous feast of salted Herrings make,

As

At *Gasend*
not far thence.

Norwich, in
place the city
of England.

The *Dutch* a
most industri-
ous people.

Roots and
Garden-fruits
of this Iland.

So called by
the falling of
Tar into the
Sea.

the twentieth Song.

13

As they had rob'd the Sea of all his former store,
And past that very howre, it could produce no more.

Her owne selues Harbour here, when *Tar* doth hardly win,
But kindly she againe, saluted is by *Thrin*,
A faire *Norfolkean* Nymph, which gratifies her fall.

Now are the * *Tritons* heard, to *Louing-land* to call,
Which *Neptunes* great commaunds, before them brauely beare,
Commanding all the Nymphs of high account that were,
Which in fat *Holland* lurke amongst the queachy plashes,
Or play them on the sands, vpon the fomy washes,
As all the watry brood, which haunt the *German* deepes,
Vpon whose briny Curles, the dewy moining weepes,
To *Louing-land* to come, and in their best attires,
That meeting to obserue, as now the time requires.

When *Erix*, *Neptunes* sonne by *Venus*, to the shore
To see them safely brought, their Herault came before,
And for a Mace he held in his huge hand, the home
Of that so much-esteem'd, sea-honoring Vnicorne.

Next *Proo* wondrous swift, led all the rest the way,
Then she which makes the calmes, the mild *Cymodice*,
With god-like *Dorids*, and *Galatæa* faire,
With daintie Nets of pearle, cast o'r their braided haire:
Analijs which the Sea doth salt, and seasoned keepe;
And *Basbeas*, most supream and soueraigne in the deepe,
Brings *Cyane*, to the waues which that greene colour giues;
Then *Atmis*, which in Fogs and mistie vapours liues:
Phrinax, the Billowes rough, and furies that bestrides,
And *Rothion*, that by her on the wilde waters rides;
With *Icthias*, that of Frye the keeping doth retaine,
As *Phloeë*, most that rules the Monsters of the Maine:
Which brought to beare them out, if any need should fall,
The *Dolphin*, *Sea-horse*, *Gramp*, the *Whelspoole*, and the *Whall*.
An hundred more besides, I readily could name,
With these as *Neptune* wil'd, to *Louing-land* that came.

These Nymphs trick'd vp in tyers, the Sea gods to delight:
Of Currall of each kind, the blacke, the red, the white;
With many sundry shels, the Scallop large, and faire;
The Cockle small and round, the Periwinkle spare,
The Oyster, wherein oft the pearle is found to breed,
The Mussell, which retaines that daintie Orient seed:
In Chaines and Bracelets made, with linkes of sundry twists,
Some worne about their waists, their necks, some on the wrists.
Great store of Amber there, and Ieat they did not misse;
Their lips they sweetned had with costly Ambergris.

Scarcely the * *Neriad's* thus arriued from the Seas,
But from the fresher streames the brighter * *Niades*,

Supposed to be
Trumpeters to
Neptune.

The vertuall
properties inci-
dent to water,
as well Seas, as
Rivers, expres-
sed by their
name in the
persons of
Nymphs, as
hath bin used
by the Anti-
cients.

The delicacy
of the Sea.

Sea-Nymphs
Nymphs of
Rivers.

To

To *Loning-land* make haste with all the speed they may,
 For feare their fellow-Nymphes should for their comming stay.
Glice the running Streames in sweetnesse still that keepes,
 And *Clymene* which rules, when they surround their deepes.
Spio, in hollow bankes, the waters that doth hide:
 With *Opis* that doth beare them backward with the Tyde.
Semaia that for sights doth keepe the water cleare:
Zanthe their yellow sands, that maketh to appeare,
 Then *Drymo* for the Okes that shaddow euery banke,
Phylodice, the boughs for Garlands fresh and ranke.
 Which the cleare *Naiades* make them * Anaderns withall,
 When they are cald to daunce in *Neptunes* mightie hall.
 Then *Ligea*, which maintaines the Birds harmonious layes,
 Which sing on Riuers banks amongst the slender sprayes,
 VVith *Rhodia*, which for them doth nurse the Roscat sets,
Ioida, which preserues the azure Violets.
Anthea, of the flowers, that hath the generall charge,
 And *Syrinx* of the Reeds, that grow vpon the Marge.
 Some of these louely Nymphes wore on their flaxen haire
 Fine Chaplets made of Flaggs, that fully flowred were:
 VVith Water-cans againe, some wantonly them dight,
 VVhose larger leafe and flower, gaue wonderfull delight
 To those that wistly view'd their Beauties: some againe,
 That soueraigne places held amongst the watry traine,
 Of Cat-rayles made them Crownes, which from the Sedge doth
 Which neatly wouen were, and some to grace the show, (grow,
 Of Lady-smocks most white, doe rob each neighbouring Mead,
 VVherewith their looser locks most curiously they breyd.
 Now thus together com'n, they friendly doe deuise,
 Some of light toyes, and some of matters graue and wise.
 But to breake off their speech, her reed when *Syrinx* sounds,
 Some cast themselves in Rings, and fell to Hornepipe rounds:
 They ceasing, as againe to others turnes it falls,
 They lustie Galiards tread, some others liggs, and Braules.
 This done, vpon the banke together being set,
 Proceeding in the cause, for which they thus were met,
 In mightie *Neptunes* praise, these Sea-boorne Virgins sing:
 Let earth, and ayre, say they with the high praises ring,
 Of *Saturne* by his *Ops*, the most renowned * Sonne,
 From all the gods but *Ioue*, the Diadem that wonne,
 Whose offspring wise and strong, deare Nymphes let vs relate,
 On mountaines of vast waues, know he that sits in state,
 And with his Trident rules, the vniuersall streame,
 To be the onely syre of mightie *Polypheme*.
 On fayre *Thetys* got old *Phorcus* loued child,
 Who in a fained shap that god of Sea beguild.

Coronets of
flowers.

The Song of
the Sea-
Nymphs in
praise of *Ne-
ptune*.

Three thousand princely sonnes, and lovely Nymphs as we,
 Vere to great *Neptune* borne, of which we sparing be:
 Some by his goodly Queene, some in his Lemmans bed,
Phryas for grim begot, on *Stene Medusas* head.
Swart Brontes, for his owne so mightie *Neptune* takes,
 One of the *Cyclops* strong, *Ioues* Thunder-bolts that makes.
 Great *Neptune*, *Nelins* got, (if you for wisdome seeke)
 Who was old *Nestors* syre, the grau'st and wisest *Greeke*.
 Or from this King of waues, of such thou lou'st to heare,
 Of famous Nations first, that mightie Founders were;
 Then *Cadmus*, who the plot of ancient *Thebes* contriu'd,
 From *Neptune* God of Sea, his Pedigree deriu'd,
 By *Agenor* his old Syer, who rul'd *Phenicia* long:
 So *Inachus*, the chiefe of *Argines* great and strong
 Claim'd kinred of this King, and by some beaution *Neece*,
 So did *Pelasgus* too, who peopled ancient *Greece*.
 A world of mightie Kings and Princes I could name,
 From our god *Neptune* sprung; let this suffice, his fame
 Incompasseth the world; those Starres which neuer rise,
 About the lower South, are neuer from his eyes:
 As those againe to him doe euery day appeare,
 Continually that keepe the Northerne Hemisphere,
 Who like a mightie King, doth cast his Watched robe,
 Farre wider then the land, quite round about the Globe.
 Where is there one to him that may compar'd be,
 That both the Poles at once continually doth see;
 And Gyant-like with heauen as often maketh warres;
 The Ilands (in his power) as numberlesse as Starres,
 He washeth at his will, and with his mightie hands,
 He makes the euen shores, oft mountainous with Sands;
 Whose creatures, which obserue his wide Emperiall seat,
 Like his immeasured selfe, are infinite and great.
 Thus ended they their Song, and off th'assembly brake,
 When quickly towards the west, the Muse her way doth take;
 Whereas the swelling foyle, as from one banke doth bring
 This * *Wanency* sing before, and * *Onse the lesse*, whose spring
 Towards *Onse the greater* poynts, and downe by *Thersford* glides,
 Where shee cleere *Thet* receiues, her glory that diuides,
 With her new-named Towne, as wondrous glad that shee,
 For frequency of late, so much esteemd should be:
 Where since these consluent Floods, so fit for Hauking lye,
 And store of Fowle intice skil'd Falconers there to flye.
 Now of a flight at *Brooke* shall my description be:
 What subiect can be found, that lies not faire to me.
 Of simple Shepheards now, my Muse exactly sings,
 And then of courtly Loues, and the affaires of Kings.

Then

The fountain
 of this riuer,
 not farre a-
 lunder, yet
 one running
 Northward, the
 other to the
 East,

A description
 of a flight at
 Riuer.

Then in a Buskind straine, the warlike speare and shield,
And instantly againe of the disports of Field;
What can this Ile produce, that lyes from my report,
Industrious Muse, proceed then to thy Hawking sport.

When making for the Brooke, the Falkoner doth espie
On Riuer, Plash, or Mere, where store of Fowle doth lye:
Whence forced ouer land, by skillfull Falconers trade:
A saie conuenient flight, may easily be made.

He whistleth off his Hawkes, whose nimble pincons streight,
Doe worke themselues by turnes, into a stately height:

And if that after * check, the one or both doe goe,
Sometimes he them the Lure, sometimes doth water show;
The trembling Fowle that heare the Jigging Hawk-bells ring,
And find it is too late, to trust then to their wing,
Lye flat vpon the flood, whilst the high-mounted Hawks,
Then being lords alone, in their etheriall walkes,
Aloft so brauely stirre, their bells so thicke that shake;
Which when the Falkoner sees, that scarce one * plane they make:
The gallant'st Birds saith he, that euer flew on wing,
And sweares there is a Flight, were worthy of a King.

Then making to the Flood, to force the Fowles to rise,
The fierce and eager Hawkes, downe thrilling from the Skies,
Make fundiy * Canceleers e'r they the Fowle can reach,
Which then to saue their lines, their wings doe liuely stretch.
But when the whizzing Bells the silent ayre doe cleaue,
And that their greatest speed, them vainly doe deceiue;
And the sharpe cruell Hawkes, they at their backs doe view,
Themselues for very feare they instantly * incawe.

The Hawkes get vp againe into their former place;
And ranging here and there, in that their ayery race:
Still as the fearefull Fowle attempt to scape away,
With many a stouping braue, them in againe they lay.
But when the Falkoners take their Hawking-poles in hand,
And crossing of the Brooke, doe put it ouer land:
The Hawke giues it a fouse, that makes it to rebound,
Well neere the height of man, sometime about the ground,
Oft takes a leg, or wing, oft takes away the head,
And oft from necke to tayle, the backe in two doth shread.
With many a Wo ho ho, and iocond Lure againe,
When he his quarry makes vpon the grassy plaine.

But to my Floods againe: when as this *Ouze the lesse*
Hath taken in cleere *Thet*, with farre more free access
To *Ouze the great* shee goes, her *Queene* that commeth crown'd,
As such a Riuer fits, so many miles renown'd;
And poynting to the North, her Christall front she dashes
Against the swelling sands of the surrounded Washes;

And

After Pigeons,
Crows, or
such like.

When they
sue as Kites
doe.

Crossing the
ayre in their
downe-come.

Lay the Fowles
again into the
water.

And *Neptune* in her Armes, so amply doth imbrace,
As she would rob his Queene, faire *Thetis* of her place.
Which when rich *Marsh-land* sees, least she should loose her state,
With that faire Riuer thus, shee gently doth debate.

Disdaine me not, deare Flood, in thy excessiue pride,
There's scarcely any soyle that sitteth by thy side,
Who'e Turfe so barfull is, or beares so deepe a swath,
Nor is there any *Marsh* in all *Great Britaine*, hath
So many goodly seats, or that can truly shew
Such Rarities as I: so that all *Marshes* owe
Much honor to my name, for that exceeding grace,
Which they receiue by me, so soueraigne in my place.
Though *Rumney*, as some say, for fineness of her grasse,
And for her daintie scite, all other doth surpass: :
Yet are those Seas but poore, and Riuers that confine
Her greatnesse but meane Rills, be they compar'd with mine.
Nor hardly doth shee tyth th'abundant Fowle and Fish,
Which Nature giues to me, as I my selfe can wish.

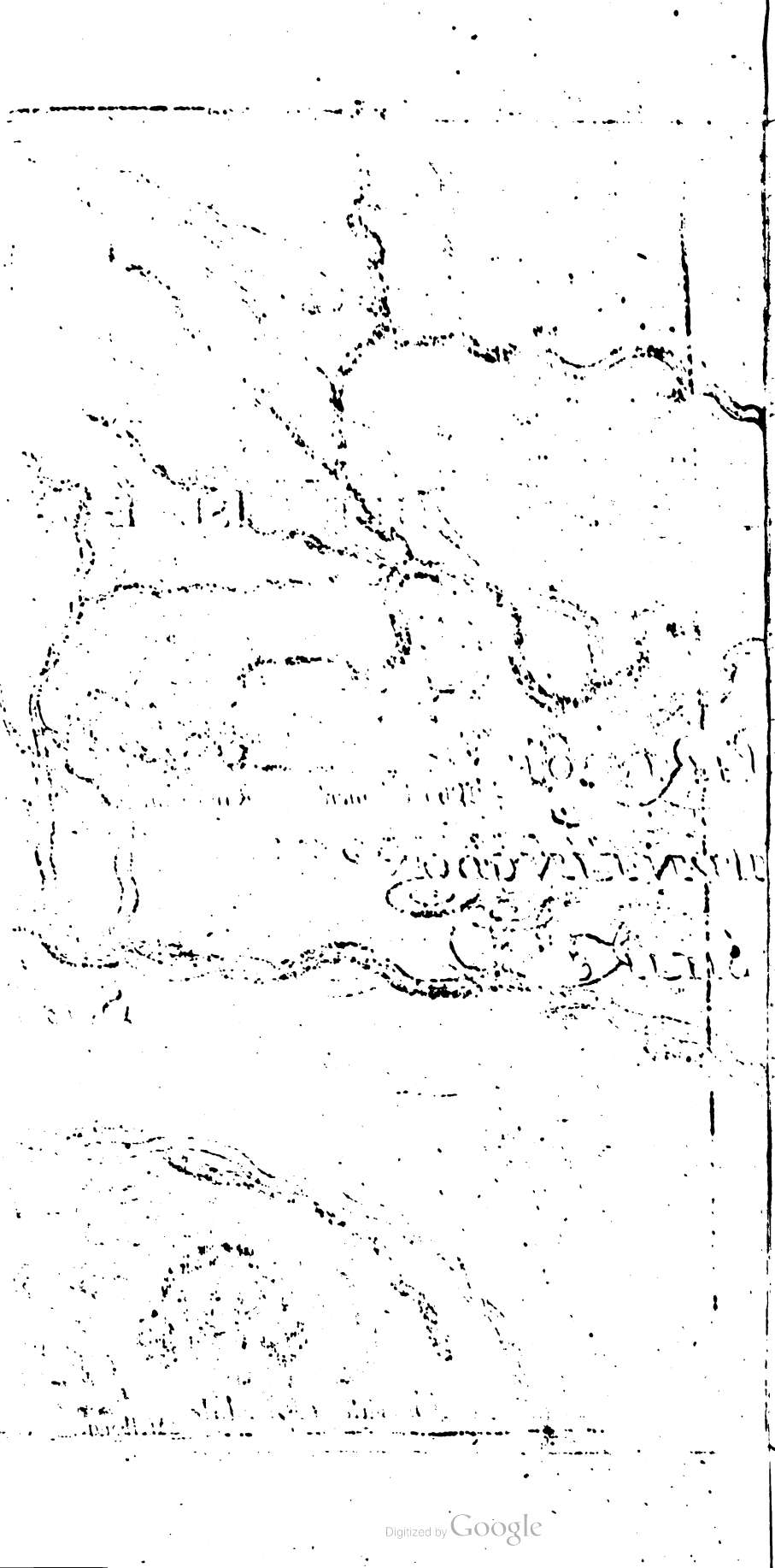
As *Amphitrite* oft, calls me her sweet and faire,
And sends the Northrene winds to cule my braided haire,
And makes the * *Washes* stand, to watch and ward me still,
Lest that rough god of Sea, on me should worke his will.
Old *Wisbitch* to my grace, my circuit sits within,
And neere my banks I haue the neighbourhood of *Lyn*.
Both Townes of strength and state, my profits still that vent: :
No *Marsh* hath more of Sea, none more of continent.
Thus *Marsh-land* ends her speech, as one that throughly knew,
What was her proper praise, and what was *Ouzes* due.

With that the zealous Muse, in her Poetique rage,
To *Walsingham* would needs haue gone a Pilgrimage,
To view those farthest shores, whence little *Niger* flowes
Into the Northrene Maine, and see the gleabe where growes
That Saffron, (which men say) this land hath not the like,
All *Europe* that excels: but here she sayle doth strike.
For that *Apollo* pluckt her easly by the eare;
And told her in that part of *Norfolke*, if there were
Ought worthy of respect, it was not in her way,
When for the greater *Ouze*, her wing she doth display.

The Washes,
lying between
Marsh-land,
and the Sea.

D

The









The one and twentieth Song.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Now from New market comes the Muse,
Whose spacious Heath, shee wisely views,
Those Ancient Ditches and surueyes,
Which our first Saxons here did raise:
To Gogmagog then turnes her tale,
And shewes you Ring-tailes pleasant vale.
And so doe Cambridge all her Rites,
The Muses to her Towne innites.
And lastly, Elies praise shee sings,
An end which to this Cantobring.*

BY this our little rest, thus hauing gotten breath,
And fairely in our way, vpon *Newmarket-Heath*:
That great and ancient * Ditch, which vs expected long,
Inspired by the Muse, at her arriuall song:
O Time, what earthly thing with thee it selfe can trust,
When thou in thine owne course, art to thy selfe vnjust!
Dost thou contract with death, and to obliuion giue
Thy glories, after them, yet shamefully dar'st liue?
O Time, hadst thou preferu'd, what labouring man hath done,
Thou long before this day, mightst to thy selfe haue wonne
A Deitie with the gods, and in thy Temple plac'd,
But sacriligious thou, hast all great workes defac'd;
For though the things themselues haue suffered by thy theft,
Yet with their Ruines, thou, to ages mightst haue left,
Those Monuments who rear'd, and not haue suffred thus
Posteritie so much, t'abuse both thee and vs.
I, by th' *East Angles* first, who from this Heath arose,
The long'st and largest Ditch, to check their *Mercian* foes,
Because my depth, and breadth, so strangely doth exceed,
Mens low and wretched thoughts, they constantly decreed,

D

That

The Ditch
Ditch.

The great ditch
cutting *New-*
market Heath,
beginneth at
Roch, & endeth
at *Cowling*.

That by the Devils helpe, I needs must raised be,
 Wherefore the *Devils-Ditch* they basely named me:
 When ages long before, I bare Saint *Edmonds* name,
 Because vp to my side, (some haue supposed) came
 The Liberties bequeath'd to his more sacred Shrine.
 Therefore my fellow *Dykes*, ye ancient friends of mine,
 That out of earth were raised, by men whose minds were great,
 It is no marvaile, though Oblivion doe you threat.
 First, * *Flemditch* next my selfe, that art of greatest strength,
 That doest extend thy course full seauen large mile in length:
 And thou the * *Fiue mile* cald, yet not lesse deare to me;
 With * *Brenditch*, that againe is shortest of the three,
 Can you suppose your selues at all to be respected,
 When you may see my truth's bely'd, and so neglected:
 Therefore deare *Heath*, liue still in prosperous estate,
 And let thy wel-sceec'd Flocks, from morne to euening late,
 (By carefull Shepheards kept) reioyce thee with their praise;
 And let the merry Larke, with her delicious layes,
 Giue comfort to thy plaines, and let me onely lye,
 (Though of the world contemn'd) yet gracious in thine eye.

Thus said, these ancient *Dykes* neglected in their ground,
 Through the sad aged earth, sent out a hollow sound,
 To gratulate her speech; when as we met againe,
 With one whose constant heart, with cruell loue was flaine:
 Old *Gogmagog*, a Hill of long and great renowe,
 Which neere to *Cambridge* set, o'rlookes that learned Towne.
 Of *Balsams* pleasant hilles, that by the name was knowne,
 But with the monstrous times, he rude and barbarous growne,
 A Gyant was become; for man hee cared not,
 And so the fearefull name of *Gogmagog* had got:
 Who long had borne good will to most delicious *Grant*:
 But doubting lest some god his greatnesse might supplant.
 For as that daintie Flood by *Cambridge* keepes her course,
 He found the Muses left their old *Beottian* source,
 Resorting to her banks, and euerie little space,
 He saw bright *Phabus* gaze vpon her Christall face,
 And through th'exhaled Fogs, with anger looked red,
 To leaue his loued Nymph, when he went downe to bed.
 Wherefore this Hill with loue, being fouly ouergone:
 And one day as he found the lovely Nymph alone,
 Thus wooes her; Sweetening mine, if thou mine owne wilt be,
 C'haue many a pretty gaud, I keepe in store for thee.
 A nest of broad-fac'd Owles, and goodly Vrchins too;
 Nay Nymph take heed of me, when I begin to wooe:
 And better yet then this, a Bulchin twa yeares old,
 A curld-pate Calfc it is, and oft could haue beene sold:

And

Thus, Seuen
 mile ditch, be-
 ing so much in
 length from
 the East side of
 the river Grant
 to Balsam.
 From Hinxton
 to Horbeath
 five miles.
 From Adalburne
 to Fulmer, the
 shortest of the
 three.

And yet beside all this, c'haue goodly Beare-whelps twa;
 Full daintie for my Ioy, when thee's dispos'd to play,
 And twentie Sowes of Lead, to make our wedding Ring;
 Besides, at *Starbridge Fayre*, chill buy thee many a thing:
 Chill zmouch thee euery morne, before the Sunne can rise,
 And looke my manly face, in thy sweet glaring eyes.
 Thus said, he smug'd his Beard, and stroked vp his hayre,
 As one that for her loue he thought had offered fayre:
 Which to the Muses, *Grant* did presently report,
 Wherewith they many a yeare shall make them wondrous sport.
 When *Ringdale* in her selfe, a most delicious Dale,
 Who hauing heard too long the barbarous Mountaines tale;
 Thus thinketh in her selfe, Shall I be silenc'd, when
 Rude Hills, and Ditches, digg'd by discontented men,
 Are ayded by the Muse; their Mind's at large to speake:
 Besides my sister Vales supposing me but weake,
 Judge meanly of my state, when she no longer stayd,
 But in her owne behalfe, thus to the other said.
 What though betwixt two Sheeres, I be by Fortune throwne,
 That neither of them both can challenge me her owne;
 Yet am I not the lesse, nor lesse my Fame shall be:
 Your Figures are but base, when they are set by me;
 For Nature in your shapes, notoriously did erre,
 But skillfull was in me, cast pure Orbicular.
 Nor can I be compar'd so like to any thing,
 By him that would expresse my shape, as to a Ring:
 For Nature bent to sport, and various in her trade,
 Of all the *British* Vales, of me a circle made:
 For in my very midst, there is a swelling ground;
 About which *Ceres* Nymphs dance many a wanton Round.
 The frisking Fairy there, as on the light ayre borne,
 Oft runne at Barley-breake vpon the eares of Come;
 And catching drops of dew in their lasciuious chases,
 Doe cast the liquid pearle in one anothers faces.
 What they in largenesse haue, that beare themselues so hie,
 In my most perfect forme, and delicacie, I,
 For greatnesse of my graine, and finenesse of my grasse;
 This Ile scarce hath a Vale, that *Ringdale* doth surpasse.
 When more she would haue said, but suddenly there sprung;
 A confident report, that through the Countrey rung,
 That *Cam* her daintiest Flood, long since entituled *Grant*,
 Whose fountaine *Ashwell* crown'd, with many a vpright plant.
 In sallying on for *Ouze*, determin'd by the way,
 To intertaine her friends the Muses with a Lay.
 Wherefore to shew her selfe er'e she to *Cambridge* came;
 Most worthy of that Towne to which she giues the name,

The Vale of
Ringdale, of the
 vulgar talley
 called *King's*.

This Vale standeth
 doth part in
Harfordshire,
 part in *Cam-*
bridgeshire.

A famous Vil-
 lage in the
 countie of
Harfordshire.

Take

Takes in her second head, from *Linton* coming in,
 By *Shelford* hauing slid, which straightway she doth win:
 Then which, a purer Streame, a delicatesr Brooke,
 Bright *Phabus* in his course, doth scarcely ouerlooke.
 Thus furnishing her bankes; as sweetly she doth glide
 Towards *Cambridge*, with rich Meads layd forth on either side;
 And with the Muses oft, did by the way conuerse:
 Wherefore it her behooues, that something she reherse,
 The Sisters that concern'd, who whispered in her care,
 Such things as onely shee, and they themselues should heare,
 A wondrous learned Flood; and she that had been long,
 (Though silent, in her selfe, yet) vexed at the wrong
 Done to *Apollo's* Priests, with heavenly fire infused,
 Oft by the worthlesse world, vnworthily abused:
 With whom, in their behalfe, hap ill, or happen well,
 Shee meant to haue a bout, euen in despite of Hell,
 When humbly lowting low, her due obedience done,
 Thus like a *Satyre* shee, deliberately begun.

My Inuectiue, thus quoth she, I onely ayme at you,
 (Of what degree soe'r) ye wretched worldly crue,
 In all your brainlesse talke, that still direct your drifts
 Against the Muses sonnes, and their most sacred gifts,
 That hate a Poets name, your vilencesse to aduance,
 For euer be you damn'd in your dull ignorance.
 Slaue, he whom thou dost thinke, so meane and poore to be,
 Is more then halfe diuine, when he is set by thee.
 Nay more, I will avow, and iustifie him then,
 He is a god, compar'd with ordinary men.
 His braue and noble heart, here in a heauen doth dwell,
 About those worldly cares, that sinks such sots to hell:
 A caitife if there be more viler then thy selfe,
 If he through basenesse light vpon this worldly pelfe,
 The Chimney-sweepe, or he that in the dead of night,
 Doth emptie lothsome vaults, nay purchase all your right;
 When not the greatest King, should he his treasure raine,
 The Muses sacred gifts, can possibly obtaine;
 No, were he Monarch of the vniuersall earth,
 Except that gift from heauen, be breath'd into his birth.
 How transitory be those heaps of rotting mud,
 Which onely to obtaine, yee make your chiefest good:
 Perhaps to your fond sounes, your ill-got goods yee leaue,
 You scarcely buried are, but they your hopes deceiue.
 Haue I not knowne a wretch, the purchase of whose ground,
 Was valued to be sould, at threescore thousand pound;
 That in a little time, in a poore threed-bare coat,
 Hath walk'd from place to place, to beg a silly groat?

When

When nothing hath of yours, or your base broods been left,
 Except poore widdowes cries, to memorize your theft.
 That curse the Serpent got in Paradise for hire,
 Descend vpon you all, from him your deuillish Sire,
 Groueling vpon the earth, to creepe vpon your breast,
 And lick the lothsome dust, like that abhorred beast.
 But leaue these hatefull heards, and let me now declare,
 In th' *Helliconian* Fount, who rightly christned are:
 Not such as basely sooth the Humour of the Time,
 And slubberingly patch vp some slight and shallow Rime,
 Vpon *Pernaſſus* top, that strue to be instal'd,
 Yet neuer to that place were by the Muses call'd.
 Nor yet our Mimick Apes, out of their bragging pride,
 That faine would seeme to be, what nature them denide;
 Whose Verses hobling runne, as with disioynted bones,
 And make a viler noyle, then carts vpon the stones;
 And these forsooth must be, the Muses onely heires,
 When they but Bastards are, and foundlings none of theirs,
 Inforcing things in Verse for Poetrie vnfit,
 Mere filthy stuffe, that breakes out of the sores of wit:
 What Poet reckes the praise vpon such Anticks heap'd,
 Or enuies that their lines, in Cabinets are kept
 Though some fantasticke foole promoue their ragged Rymes,
 And doe transcribe them o'r a hundred severall times,
 And some fond women winnes, to thinke them wondrous rare,
 When they lewd beggery trash, nay very gibbrish are.
 Giue me those Lines (whose touch the skillfull eare to please)
 That gliding slow in state, like swelling *Euphrates*,
 In which things naturall be, and not in fallibly wrong:
 The Sounds are fine and smooth, the Sense is full and strong,
 Not bumbasted with words, vaine ticklish eares to feed;
 But such as may content the perfect man to read.
 What is of Paynters said, is of true Poets rise,
 That he which doth expresse things neereſt to the life,
 Doth touch the very poynt, nor needs he adde thereto:
 For that the vtmost is, that Art doth strue to doe.

Had *Orpheus*, whose sweet Harpe (so musically strung)
 Intised Trees, and Rocks, to follow him along:
 Th' moralitie of which, is that his knowledge drew
 The stony, blockish rout, that nought but rudenesse knew,
 T'imbrace a ciuill life, by his inticing Lays.
 Had he compos'd his lines, like many of these dayes,
 Which to be vnderstood, doe take in it disdain:
 Nay, *Oedipus* may sayle, to know what they would meane.
 If *Orpheus* had so play'd, not to be vnderstood,
 Well might those men haue thought the Harper had been wood;

Who

The Embleme
of Cambridge.

Who might haue sit him downe, the trees and rockes among,
And been a verier blocke, then those to whom he sung.

O noble *Cambridge* then, my most beloued Towne,
In glory flourish still, to heighten thy renowne:
In womans perfect shape, still be thy Embleme right,
Whose one hand holds a Cup, the other beares a Light.
Phoebe bedew'd with drops, that from *Pernassus* fall,
Let *Cirrhæ* seeke to her, nor be you least of all,
Yee faire *Boetian Thebes*, and *Thespia* still to pay
My *Cambridge* all her Rites: *Cirrhæa* send this way.

O let the thicke-three Maids, their dewes vpon thee raine,
From *Aganippa's* fount, and hoofe-plow'd *Hypocrene*.
Mount *Pimilus*, thou that art the Muses sacred place
In *Thessaly*; and thou, O *Pimpla*, that in *Thrace*
They chose for their owne hill, then thou *Pernassus* hye,
Vpon whose by-clift top, the sacred company
About *Apollo* sit; and thou O Flood, with these
Pure *Hellæcon*, belou'd of the *Pierides*.

With *Tempe*, let thy walks, and shades, be brought to her,
And all your glorious gifts vpon my Towne conferre.

This said, the louely *Grant* glides eas'ly on along,
To meet the mighty *Ouze*, which with her watry throng,
The *Cantabrigian* fields had entred, taking in
Th'in-Iled *Eliæ* earth, which strongly she doth win
From *Grants* soft-neighbouring grounds, when as the fruitfull Ile,
Much wondring at her selfe, thought surely all this while,
That by her silence shee had suffred too much wrong.

Wherefore in her selfe praise, loe thus the Iland sung.

Of all the *Marishland* Iles, I *Ely* am the Queene:
For Winter each where sad, in me looks fresh and greene.
The Horse, or other beast, o'rway'd with his owne masse,
Lies wallowing in my Fennes, hid ouer head in grasse:
And in the place where growes ranke Fodder for my Neat,
The Turffe which beares the Hay, is wondrous needfull Peat:
My full and batning earth, needs not the Plowmans paines;
The Rills which runne in me, are like the branched vaines
In humane Bodies scene; those Ditches cut by hand,
From the surrounding *Meres*, to winne the measured land,
To those choyce waters, I most fitly may compare,
Wherewith nice women vse to blanch their Beauties rare.
Hath there a man bene borne in me, that neuer knew
Of *Watersey* the *Leame*, or th'other cal'd the *New*.
The *Friethlike* neer'st my midst, and of another sort,
Who euer fish'd, or fowl'd, that cannot make report
Of sundry *Meres* at hand, vpon my Western way,
As *Ramsey mere*, and *Vg*, with the great *Whistelsey*:

Fuell cut out of
the earth in
squares, like
Bricks.

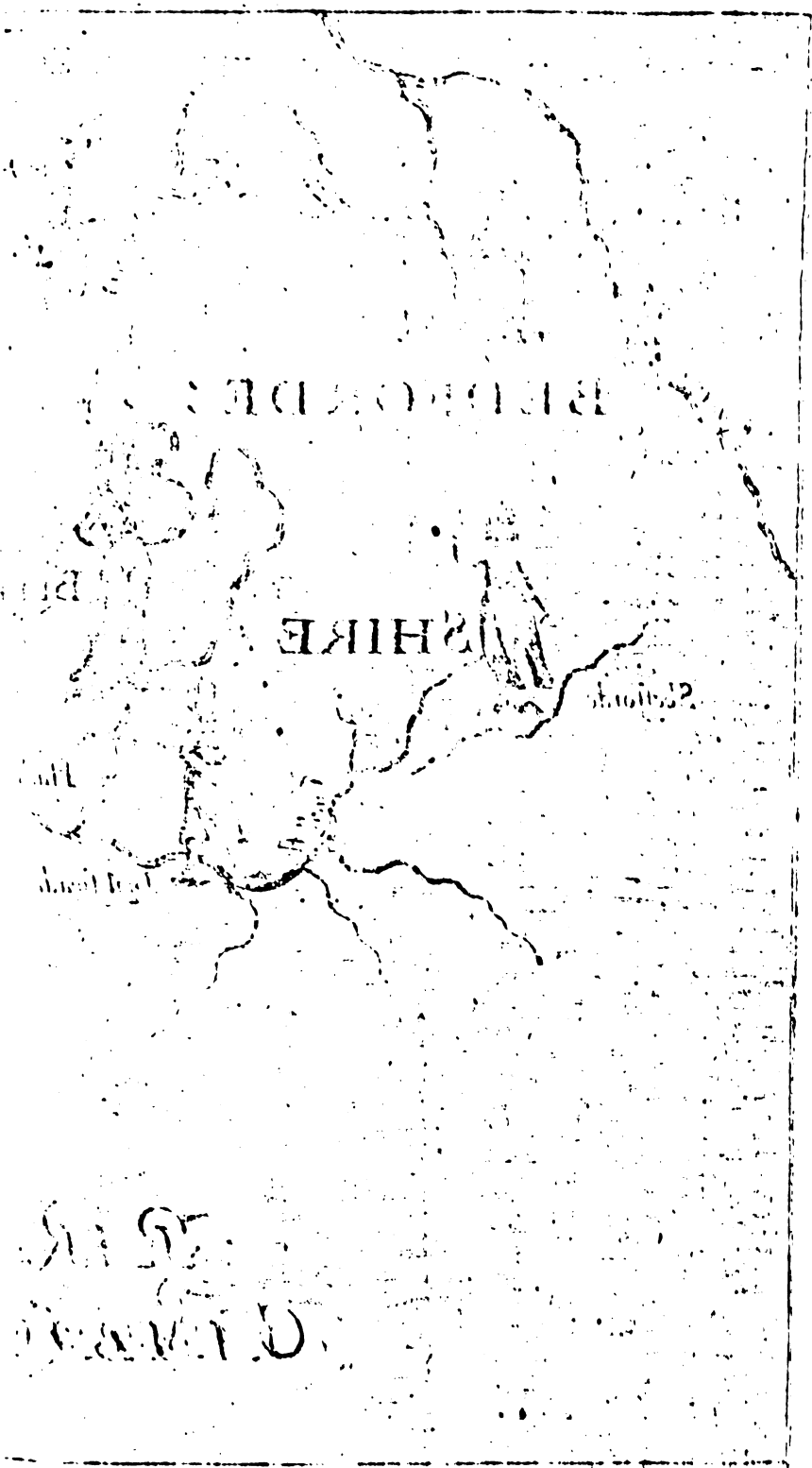
Famous Ditches, or Water-
draughtes in
the Ile.

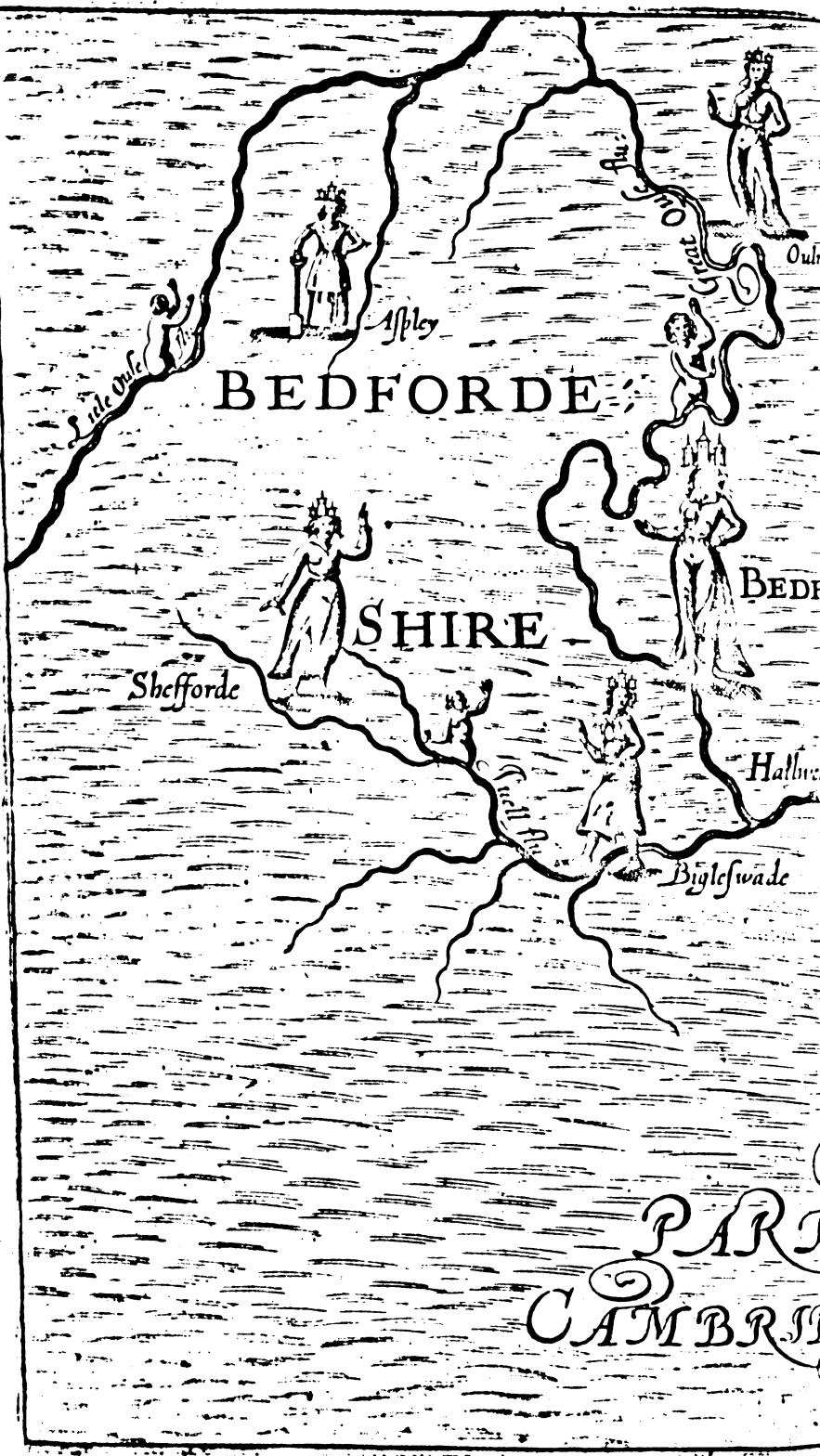
Of the abundant store of Fish and Fowle there bred,
Which whilst of *Europes* Iles *Great Britaine* is the Head.
No *Meres* shall truely tell, in them, then at one draught,
More store of either kinds hath with the Net been caught;
Which though some pettie Iles doe challenge them to be
Their owne, yet must those Iles likewise acknowledge me
Their soueraigne. Nor yet let that Ilett *Ramsfey* shame,
Although to *Ramsfey-Mere* shee onely giues the name;
Nor *Huntingdon*, to me though she extend her grounds,
Twit me that I at all vsurpe vpon her Bounds.
Those *Meres* may well be proud, that I will take them in,
Which otherwise perhaps forgotten might haue bin.
Besides my towred *Phane*, and iny rich Citied seat,
With Villages, and Dorpes, to make me most compleat.
Thus broke she off her speech, when as the Muse awhile,
Desirous to repose, and rest her with the Ile,
Here consumates her Song, and doth fresh courage take,
With warre in the next Booke, the Muses to awake.

Though *Ely* be
in part of Cam-
bridge Shire, yet
as this *Mere*
is the most
part in *Hun-
tingdon* Shire.
The Towne
and Church of
Ely.

E

The





HUNTINGDON

SHIRE

Wabridge forest

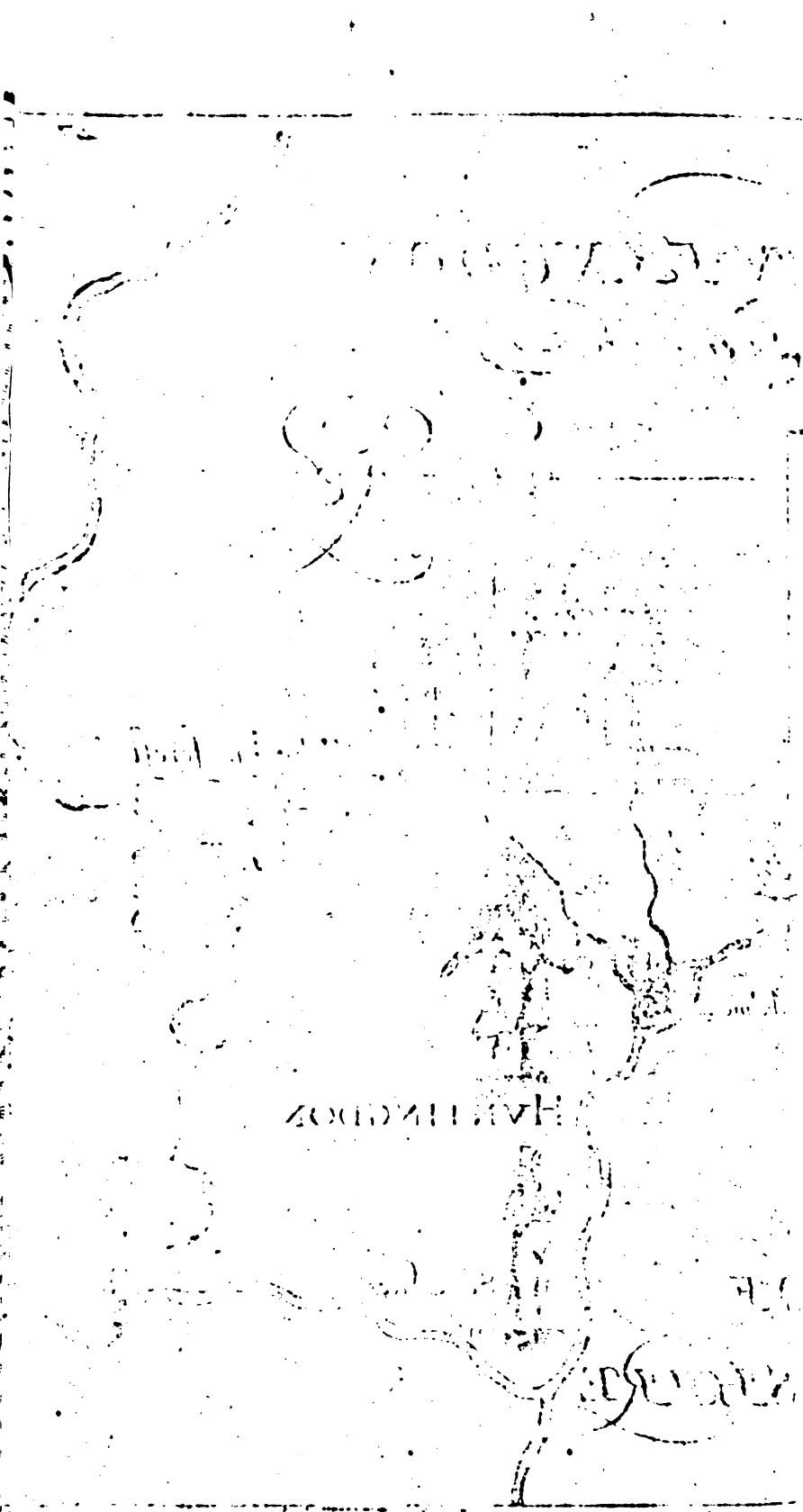
Artholme

HUNTINGDON

OF

St. Ives

SHIRE





The two and twentieth Song.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Muse, Ouze from her Fountaine brings
Along by Buckingham, and sings:
The Earth that turneth wood to stone,
And i' holy Wells of Harlweston:
Then shewes wherefore the Fates doe grant,
That shee the Cinill warres should chaunt:
By Huntingdon shee Waybridge meetes,
And thence the German Ocean greetes.*

H Nuention as before, thy high-pitcht pinions rouze,
Exactly to set downe how the far-wandering *Ouze*,
Through the *Bedfordian* fields deliciously doth strain,
As holding on her course, by *Huntingdon* againe,
How brauely shee her selfe betwixt her Bankes doth beare,
E'r *Ely* shee in-*Ile*, a Goddesse honored there;
From *Brackley* breaking forth, through soiles most heavenly sweet,
By *Buckingham* makes on, and crossing *Watling-Street*,
Shee with her lesser *Ouze*, at *Newport* next doth twin,
Which from proud *Chiltern* neere, comes eas'ly ambling in.
The Brooke which on her banke doth boast that earth alone;
(Which noted) of this *Ile*, conuerteth wood to stone.
That little *Aspley* earth we anciently instile,
Mongst sundry other things, A wonder of the *Ile*:
Of which the lesser *Ouze* oft boasteth in her way,
As shee her selfe with Flowers doth gorgeously aray.
Ouze hauing *Oulency* past, as shee were waxed mad,
From her first stayder course immediatly doth gad;
And in Meándred Gyres doth whirle herselfe about,
That, this way, here, and there, backe, forward, in, and out,
And like a wanton Gisle, oft doubling in her gate,
In Labyrinth-like turnes, and twinings intricate,

E 2

Through

sted fast
to ground
the p...ion

The Progreffe
of the Ruer of
Ouze to the
German Sea;

One of the
wonders of
this land.

After this river
hath entred
Bedford Shire,
there is scarce
any Ruer in
this land, that
runneth with
so many mer-
cate Gyres and
turnings as
this *Ouze*.

Through those rich fields doth runne, till lastly in her pride,
 The Shires Hospitious towne, shee in her course diuide,
 Where shee her spacious breast in glorious bredth displays;
 And varying her cleere forme a thousand sundry wayes,
 Streakes through the verdant Meads; but farre she hath not gone,
 When *Ivell* a cleare Nymph from *Shefford* sallying on,
 Comes desfly dauncing in through many a daintie Slade,
 Crown'd with a goodly Bridge, arriu'd at *Bicklefwade*,
 Encourage I the more her Mistris to pursue,
 In whose cleere face the Sunne delights himselfe to view:
 To mixe her selfe with *Ouze*, as on she thus doth make,
 And louingly at last hath hapt to ouertake;
 Shee in her Chrystall Armes her soueraigne *Ouze* doth cling,
 Which Flood in her Allie, as highly glorying,
 Shoots forward to *Saint Neots*, into those nether grounds,
 Towards *Huntingdon*, and leaues the lou'd *Bedfordian* bounds.
 Scarce is she entred yet vpon this second Sheere,
 Of which she soueraigne is, but that two Fountaines cleere,
 At *Harlowesdon* neere hand, th'one salt, the other sweet,
 At her first entrance, thus her greatnesse gently greet.

Once were we two faire Nymphs, who fortunately prou'd,
 The pleasures of the Woods, and faithfully belou'd
 Of two such *Sylvan* gods, by hap that found vs here,
 For then their *Sylvan* kind most highly honoured were,
 When this whole Countries face was Forresty, and we
 Liu'd loose ly in the Weilds, which now thus peopled be.
 Oft interchang'd we sighs, oft amorous lookes we sent,
 Oft whispering our deare loues, our thoughts oft did we vent
 Amongst the secret shades, oft in the groues did play,
 And in our sports our ioyes, and sorrowes did bewray.
 Oft cunningly we met, yet coyly then imbrac't,
 Still languish'd in desire, yet liu'd we euer chaste.
 And quoth the saltish Spring, as one day mine and I,
 Set to recount our loues, from his more tender eye
 The brinish teares drop'd downe, on mine impeared breast,
 And instantly therein so deeply were imprest,
 That brackish I became: he finding me depriu'd
 Of former freshnesse quite, the cause from him deriu'd,
 On me bestow'd this gift, my sweetnesse to requite,
 That I should euer cure the dimnesse of the sight.
 And, quoth the fresher Spring, the Wood-god me that woo'd,
 As one day by my brim, surpriz'd with loue he stood,
 On me bestow'd this gift, that euer after I
 Should cure the painfull Itch, and lothsome Leprosie.

Held on with this discourse, shee on not farre hath runne,
 But that shee is arriu'd at goodly *Huntingdon*;

Where

The holy
 Springs of
 Harlowesdon.

the two and twentieth Song.

29

Where shee no sooner viewes her darling and delight,
Proud *Pertholme*, but became so rauish'd with the sight,
That shee her limber armes lasciuously doth throw
About the Islets waste, who b'ing imbraced so,
Her Flowry bosome shewes to the inamored Brooke;
On which when as the *Ouzle* amazedly doth looke
On her braue Damask'd breast, bedeck'd with many a flowre
(That grace this goodly Mead) as though the Spring did powre
Her full abundance downe, whose various dyes so thicke,
Are intermixt as they by one another sticke,
That to the gazing eye that standeth farre, they show
Like those made by the Sunne in the Celestiall Bow.

But now t'aduance this Flood, the Fates had brought to passe,
As shee of all the rest the onely Riuer was:
That but a little while before that fatall warre,
Twixt that diuided Blood of *Yorke* and *Lancaster*,
Neere *Harlewood*, aboue in her *Bedfordian* trace,
By keeping backe her streame, for neere three furlongs space,
Laying her Bosome bare vnto the publique view,
Apparantly was prou'd by that which did ensue,
In her Prophetique selfe, those troubles to foresee:
Wherefore euen as her due) the Destinies agree,
Shee should the glory haue our ciuill fights to sing,
When swelling in her bankes, from her abundant Spring,
Her sober silence shee now resolutely breakes,
In language fitting warre, and thus to purpose speakes.

With that most fatall field, I will not here begin,
Where Norman *William* first the Conqueror, did win
The day at * *Hastings*, where the valiant *Harold* slaine,
Relign'd his Crowne, whose soyle the colour doth retaine,
Of th'English blood there shed, as th'earth still kept the skarre:
Which since not ours begot, but an inuasue warre,
Amongst our home-fought fields, hath no discription here:

In *Normandy* nor that, that same day fortie yeare,
That Bastard *William* brought a Conquest on this Ile,
Twixt *Robert* his eld'st sonne, and *Henry*, who the while,
His Brothers warlike tents in *Palesline* were pight,
In *England* here vsurp'd his eld'st borne brothers right,
Which since it forraine was, not stricke within this land,
Amongst our ciuill fights here numbred shall not stand.

But *Lincolne* Battell now we as our first will lay,
Where *Maud* the Empreffe stood to trie the doubtfull day,
With *Stephen*, when he here had welneere three yeares raig'n'd,
Where both of them their right couragiously maintain'd,
And marshalling their Troups, the King his person put,
Into his well-arm'd Maine, of strong and valiant Foot:

A little Island
made by this
Riuer, lying
neere *Han-*
tingdon.

Prodigious
signes were
running the
warre betwixt
the houses of
Lancaster and
Yorke in this
Riuer of *Ouse*.

In *Essex*, neere
the Sea.

The Battell at
Lincolne.

The

The Wings that were his Horse, in th'one of them he plac'd
 Young *Alan* that braue Duke of *Britaine*, whom he grac'd
 VVith th'Earles of *Norfolke*, and *Northampton*, and with those,
 He *Mellent* in that wing, and *Warren* did dispose.
 The other no whit lesse, that this great day might sted,
 The Earle of *Aubemerle*, and valiant *Spres* led.
 The Empresse powers again, but in two Squadrons were:
 The Vaward *Chester* had, and *Gloucester* the Reare;
 Then were there valiant *Welsh*, and desperate men of ours,
 That when supplies should want, might reinforce their powers.
 The Battels ioyne, as when two aduerse Seas are dash't
 Against each others waues, that all the plaines were washt
 With showers of swelting blood, that downe the furrowes ran,
 Ere it could be discern'd which either lost or wan.
 Earle *Baldwin*, and *Fitzurse* those valiant Knights, were seene
 To charge the Empresse Horse, as though dread *Mars* had beene
 There in two sundry shapes; the day that beautious was,
 Twinckled as when you see the Sunne-beames in a glasse,
 That nimble being stirr'd, flings vp the trembling flame
 At once, and on the earth reflects the very same.
 With their resplendent swords, that glistred gainst the Sunne;
 The honour of the day, at length the Empresse wonne.
 King *Stephen* prisoner was, and with him many a Lord,
 The common Souldiers put together to the sword.
 The next, the Battell neere *Saint Edmundsbury* fought,
 By our *Fitz-Empresse* force, and *Flemings* hither brought
 By th'Earle of *Leister*, bent to moue intestine strife,
 For yong King *Henries* cause, crown'd in his fathers life;
 Which to his kingly Syre much care and sorrow bred,
 In whose defiance then that Earle his Ensignes spred,
 Back'd by *Hugh Bigots* power, the Earle of *Norfolke* then,
 By bringing to his ayd the valiant *Norfolke* men.
 Gainst *Bohun*, *Englands* great high Constable that swayd
 The Royall forces, ioynd with *Lucy* for his ayd
 Chiefe Iustice, and with them the *German* powers, to expell
 The Earles of *Cornwall* came, *Gloster*, and *Arundell*,
 From *Bury*, that with them *Saint Edmunds* Banner bring,
 Their Battels in aray, both wisely ordering
 The Armies chanc'd to meet vpon the Marshy ground,
 Betwixt *Saint Edmunds* towne, and *Fornham* (fitly found)
 The bellowing Drummes beat vp a thunder for the charge,
 The Trumpets rend the ayre, the Ensignes let at large,
 Like wauing flames farre off, to either hoste appeare:
 The bristling Pykes doe shake, to threat their comming neere;
 All clouded in a mist, they hardiy could them view,
 So shaddowed with the Shafts from either side that flew.

The

The Battell at
 Saint Edmunds
 Bury.
 Henry the
 second.

The Wings came wheeling in, at ioyning of whose forces,
The either part were scene to tumble from their horses,
Which emptie put to rout, are paunch'd with Gleaues and Pyles;
Left else by running loose, they might disfranke their Fyles.
The Bilmen come to blowes, that with the cruell thwacks,
The ground lay strew'd with Male, and shreds of tattered Iacks:
The playnes like to a shop, lookt each where to behold,
VVhere limbes of mangled men on heaps lay to be sold;
Sterne discontented Waire did neuer yet appear
With a more threatning brow, then it that time did there.

O *Leicester* (alas) in ill time wast thou wonne
To ayd this gracelesse youth, the most ingratefull sonne
Against his naturall Syre, who crown'd him in his dayes,
VVhose ill-requited loue did him much sorrow raise,
As *Le'ster* by this warre against King *Henry* show'd,
Vpon so bad a cause, O courage ill bestow'd,
VVho had thy quarrell beene, as thou thy selfe was skild
In braue and martiall feats, thou euermore hadst fild
This Ile with thy high deeds, done in that bloody field:
But *Bigot* and this Lord, inforc'd at length to yceild
Them to the other part, when on that fatall plaine,
Of th'*English* and the *Dutch*, ten thousand men lay slaine.

As for the second Fight at *Lincolne*, betwixt those
VVho sided with the *French*, by seeking to depose
Henry the sonne of *John*, then young, and to aduance
The *Daulphin Lewes*, sonne to *Philip* King of *France*,
VVhich *Lincolne* Castle, then most straightly did besiege;
And *William Marshall* Earle of *Pembroke* for his Liege,
(Who led the faithfull Lords) although so many there,
Or in the conflict slaine, or taken prisoners were;
Yet for but a surprize, no field appointed fight,
Mongst our set Battels here, may no way claime a right,

The Field at *Lewes* then, by our third *Henry* fought,
VVho *Edward* his braue sonne vnto that Conflict brought;
VVith *Richard* then the King of *Almaine*, and his sonne
Young *Henry*, with such Lords as to his part he wonne,
VVith him their Soueraigne Liege, their liues that durst engage—
And the rebellious league of the proud Barronage,
By *Symon Mountford* Earle of *Le'ster* their chiefe Head,
And th'Earle of *Gloster*, *Clare*, against King *Henry* led;
For th'ancient Freedomes here that bound their liues to stand,
The Aliens to expulse, who troubled all the land,
Whilst for this dreadfull day, their great designs were meant;
From *Edward* the young *Prince*, dehances were sent
To *Mountfords* valiant sonnes, Lord *Henry*, *Sim*, and *Guy*,
And calling vnto him a Herauld, quoth he, Flie

The Battle of
Lewes.

To

To th' Earle of *Leisters* Tents, and publicly proclame
Defiance to his face, and to the *Montfords* name,
And say to his proud sonnes, say boldly thus from me;
That if they be the same, that they would seeme to be,
Now let them in the field be by their Band-roules knowne,
Where as I make no doubt, their valour shall be showne.
Which if they dare to doe, and still vphold their pride,
There will we vent our spleenes, where swords shall it decide.

To whom they thus replide, Tell that braue man of Hope,
He shall the *Mountfords* find in t'head of all their Troupe,
To answere his proud braues; our Bilowes be as good
As his, our Armes as strong; and he shall find our blood
Sold at as deare a rate as his; and if we fall,
Tell him wee'll hold so fast, his Crowne shall goe withall.

The King into three fights his forces doth diuide,
Of which his princely sonne the Vaward had to guide
The second to the King of *Almaine*, and his sonne,
Young *Henry* he betooke, in the third Legion
Of Knights, and Men of Armes, in person he appears.

Into foure seuerall Fights, the desperate Barons theirs.
I'th first those valiant youths, the sonnes of *Leister* came,
Of leading of the which, Lord *Henry* had the name:
The Earle of *Gloster* brought the second Battell on,
And with him were the Lords *Mountchency*, and *Fitz-lohn*;
The third wherein alone the *Londoners* were plac'd,
The stout Lord *Segraue* led, the greatest, and the last,
Braue *Leicester* himselfe, with courage vndertooke.

The day vpon the host affrightedly doth looke,
To see the dreadfull shooke, their first encounter gaue,
As though it with the rore, the Thunder would out-braue.
Prince *Edward* all in gold, as he great *Ioue* had beene:
The *Mountfords* all in Plumes, like Estriges were scene,
To beard him to his teeth, toth' worke of death they goe;
The crouds like to a Sea seemd waing to and fro.

Friend falling by his friend, together they expire:
He breath'd, doth charge afresh; he wounded, doth retyre.
The *Mountfords* with the Prince vye valour all the day,
Which should for Knightly deeds excell, or he, or they,
To them about his head, his glistering blade he throwes,
They wast him with their swords, as long with equall shoves:
Now *Henry*, *Simon* then, and then the youngest *Guy*,
Kept by his brothers backe, thus stoutly doth reply,
What though I be but young, let death me ouerwhelme,
But I will breake my sword vpon his plumed helme.
The younger *Bohun* there, to high atchiuements bent,
With whom two other Lords, *Lucy*, and *Hastings* went,

Which

Which charging but too home, all sorely wounded were,
Whom living from the field, the Barons stroue to beare,
Being on their partie fixd, whilst still Prince *Edward* spures,
To bring his Forces vpto charge the Londoners,
T'whom cruell hate he bare, and ioyning with their Force,
Of heauy-armed Foot, with his light Northerne Horse,
He putting them to flight, foure miles in chase them slew:
But ere he could returre, the conquest wholly drew
To the stout Barons side: his father fled the field,
Into the Abbay there, constrained thence to yeeld.
The Lords *Fitz-warren* slaine, and *Wilson* that was then
Chiefe Iustice (as some say) with them siue thousand men,
And *Robyn* that great Earle of *Her'ford* ouerthrowne,
With *Bardolfe*, *Somery*, *Patshull*, and *Percie* knowne.
By their Coat-armours then, for Barons, prisoners ta'n,
Though *Henry* were the Crowne, great *Le'ster* yet did raigne.

Now for the Conflict next, at *Chesterfield* that chanc'd
Gainst *Robert* that proud Earle of *Darby*, who aduanc'd
His Ensignes gainst the King, (contrary to his oath)
Vpon the Barons part, with the Lord *Deuell*, both
Surpriz'd by *Henry* Prince of *Almain* with his power,
By coming at so strange an vnexpected hower:
And taking them vnarm'd; since meere a defeat,
With our well-ordered fights, we will not here repeat.

The fatall Battell then at fertile *Fusham* struck,
Though with the selfe same hands, not with the selfe same luck:
For both the King and Prince at *Lewes* prisoners taken,
By fortune were not yet so vtterly forsaken;
But that the Prince was got from *Le'ster*, and doth gather
His friends, by force of Armes yet to redeeme his father,
And th' Earle of *Glo'ster* wonne, who through the *Mountfords* pride
Disgrac'd, came with his power to the Emperiall side.
When now those Lords, which late at *Lewes* wonne the day,
The Sacrament receiu'd, their Armes not downe to lay,
Vntill the King should yeeld th'old Charter to maintaine.
King *Henry* and his sonne Prince *Edward* swore againe,
They would repeale those Lawes that were at *Oxford* made,
Or through this bloody warre to their destruction wade.
But since the King remain'd in puissant *Le'sters* power,
The remnant of his friends, whom death did not deuoure
At *Lewes* Battell late, and durst his part partake.
The Prince excites againe, an Armie vp to make,
Whom *Roger Bigot*, Earle of *Norfolke* doth assist,
Englands high Marshall then, and that great Martialist,
Old *Henry Bohun*, Earle of *Her'ford*, in this warre,
Gray, *Basset*, and *Saint-Iohn*, *Lisle*, *Percie*, *Latimer*,

The Battell at
Fusham

All Barons, which to him their vtmost strengths doe lay,
 VVith many a Knight for power their equall euery way;
 And *William Valence*, Earle of *Pembroke*, who had fled
 From *Leues* field, to *France*, thence with fresh succour sped.
 Young *Humphrey Bohun* still, doth with great *Le'ster* goe,
 VVho for his Countries cause becomes his fathers foe.
Fitz-Iohn, Gray, Spencer, Strange, Rosse, Segrane, Vessey, Gifford,
Wake, Lucy, Vipount, Vaux, Clare, Marmion, Hastings, Clifford.

In that blacke night before his sad and dismall day,
 VVere apparitions strange, as drad Heauen would bewray
 The horrors to ensue, O most amazing sight!

Two Armies in the Ayre, discerned were to fight,
 VVhich came so neere to earth, that in the morne they found
 The prints of horses feet remaining on the ground,
 Which came but as a show, the time to entertaine,
 Till th'angry Armies ioyn'd, to act the bloody Scene.

Shrill shouts, and deadly cries, each way the ayre do fill,
 And not a word was heard from either side, but kill:
 The father gainst the sonne, the brother gainst the brother,
 With Glaues, Swords, Bills, and Pykes, were murdering one ano-
 The full luxurious earth, seemes surfitted with blood, (ther,

VVhilst in his Vnckles gore th' vnnaturall Nephew stood;
 VVhilst with their charged Staues, the desperate horsmen meet,
 They heare their kinsmen groane vnder their Horses feet.
 Dead men, and weapons broke, doe on the earth abound;
 The Drummes bedash'd with braines, doe giue a dismall sound.
 Great *Le'ster* there expir'd, with *Henry* his braue sonne,
 VVhen many a high exployt they in that day had done.

Scarce was there noble House, of which those times could tell,
 But that some one thereof, on this, or that side fell;
 Amongst the slaughtered men, that there lay heap'd on pyles:
Bohuns, and *Beauchamps* were, *Basets*, and *Mandeuiles*:
Segranes, and *Saint-Iohns* seeke, vpon the end of all,
 To giue those of their names their Christian buriall.
 Ten thousand on both sides were ta'n and slaine that day:
 Prince *Edward* gets the gole, and beares the Palme away.

All *Edward Long-shankes* time, her ciuill warres did cease,
 Who stroue his Countries bounds by Conquest to increase,
 But in th'insuing raigne of his most riotous sonne,
 As in his fathers dayes, a second warre begun;
 When as the stubborne heires of the stout Barons dead,
 Who for their Countries cause, their blood at *Eusham* shed,
 Not able to endure the *Spencers* hatefull pride,
 The father and the sonne, whose counsels then did guide
 Th'inconsiderate King, conferring all his graces,
 On them who got all gifts, and bought and sold all places,

Them

The Conflicts
 at Eusham and
 Burrough Bridge
 in the second
 Barons warres

Them raising, to debase the Barbnage the more
For *Ganaston*, whom they had put to death before.
Which vrg'd too farre, at length to open Armes they brake,
And for a speedy warre, they vp their powers doe make.

Vpon King *Edwards* part, for this great Action bent,
His brother *Edmund* came, the valiant Earle of *Kent*,
With *Richmount*, *Arundell*, and *Pembroke*, who engage,
Their powers, (three powerfull Earles) against the Baronage.

And on the Barons side, great master of the warre,
Was *Thomas* (of the Blood) the Earle of *Lancaster*,
With *Henry Bohun*, Earle of *Hereford*, his Peere,
With whom (of great command and Martialists) there were
Lyle, *Darcy*, *Denville*, *Teis*, *Beach*, *Bradburne*, *Bernville*, *Knovile*,
With *Badlesmer*, and *Bercks*, *Fitzwilliam*, *Leyburne*, *Louell*,
Tuchet, and *Talbot* stout, doe for the Barons stand,

Mandute, and *Mowbray*, with great *Clifford* that command
Their Tenants to take Armes, that with their Landlords runne,
With these went also *Hugh*, and *Henry Willington*,
Redoubted *Damory*, as *Andley*, *Elmesbridge*, *Wisher*,
Earles, Barons, Knights, Esquiers, embodied all together,
At *Burton* vpon *Trent* who hauing gathered head,

Towards them with all his power the King in person sped;
Who at his neere approach (vpon his March) discrid,
That they against his power the Bridge had fortifid:
Which he by strong assault, assayes from them to win,
Where as a bloody fight doth instantly begin,

When he to beat them off, assayes them: first by shot;
And they to make that good, which they before had got,
Defend them with the like, like Haylestones from the skie,
From Crosse-bowes, and the Long, the light-wingd arrowes flie:
But friended with the Flood, the Barons hold their strength,
Forcing the King by Boats, and pyles of wood at length,
T'attempt to land his force vpon the other side.

The Barons, that the more his stratagems deside,
Withstand them in the streame, when as the troubled flood,
(Within a little time) was turned all to blood;
And from the Boats and Bridge, the mangled bodies feld,
The poore affrighted Fish, their watry walks expeld.

VVhile at the Bridge the fight still strongly doth abide,
The King had learnt to know, that by a skilfull guide,
He by a Fould not farre might passe his power of Horse,
VVhich quickly he performes, which draue the Barons force
From the defended Bridge, t'affront th'approching foe,
Imbattelling themselves, when to the shooke they goe,
(On both sides so assaild) till th'water, and the shore
Of one complexion were, distaind with equall gore.

Ofte forc'd to change their fights, being driuen from their ground,
That when by their much losse, too weake themselues they found,
Th' afflicted Barons lie, yet still together keepe.

The King his good successe, not suffering so to sleepe,
Pursues them with his power, which Northward still doe beare;
And seldome escapes a day, but he doth charge their Reare:

Till come to *Burrough* Bridge, where they too soone were staid
By *Andrew Herckley*, Earle of *Carleill*, with fresh ayd
Being lately thither come, King *Edwards* part to take.

The Barons range their fights, still good their ground to make;
But with long Marches tyerd, their wearied breath they draw,
After the desperat'st fight the Sunne yet euer saw,
Braue *Bohun* there was slaine, and *Lancaster* forsaken
Of Fortune, is surpriz'd; the Barons prisoners taken.

For those Rebellions, Stirres, Commotions, Vprores, here

In *Richard Burdeaux* raigne, that long so vsuall were;

As that the first by *Straw*, and *Tyler*, with their Rout
Of Rebels brought from *Kent*, most insolent and stout,
By entring *London*, thought the the Island to subdue:

* The first of which, the Maior of *London* brauely slew;
Walworth, which wonne his name much honour by the deeds:

As they of *Suffolke* next, those Rascals that succeed,

By * *Lister* led about, their Captaine who enstil'd

Himselfe the Commons King, in hope to haue exil'd

The Gentry from those parts, by those that were his owne,

By that braue Bishop (then) of *Normitch* ouerthrowne.

By such vnruely Slaues, and that in *Essex* rais'd

By *Thomas* that stout Duke of *Glo'ster*, strongly * ceaz'd,

As that at *Radcot* bridge, where the last named Peere,

With foure braue * Earles his friends, encountred *Robert Pere*

Then Duke of *Ireland* cald, by *Richard* so created,

And gainst those Lords maintain'd, whom they most deadly hated;

Since they but Garboyles were, in a deformed masse,

Not ordere'd fitting warre, we lightly ouerpasse.

I chuse the Battell next of *Shrewsbury* to chant,

Betwixt *Henry* the fourth, the sonne of *John* of *Gant*,

And the stout *Percies*, *Henry Hotspurre* and his Eame

The Earle of *Wor'ster*, who the rightfull Diademe

Had from King *Richard* rest, and heau'd vp to his Seat

This *Henry*, whom (too soone) they found to be too gear,

Him seeking to depose, and to the Rule preferre

Richard's proclaimed Heire, their cosen *Mortimer*,

Whom *Owen Glendour* then in *Wales* a prisoner staid,

Whom to their part they wonne, and thus their plot they laid,

That *Glendour* should haue *Wales*, along as *Seuerne* went,

The *Percies* all the North, that lay beyond the *Trent*;

And

Richard the second, borne at
Lewes.

Jack Straw,
aid by the
Maior of Lon-
don with his
ligger.
John Lister, a
Dyer of Nor-
wich.

Henry Spencer,
the wallike
Bishop of
Norwich.
At Hatfield.

Warwick,
Dorset, Arundell,
& Nottingham.

The Battell of
Shrewsbury.

And Mortimer from thence the South to be his share,
Which Henry hauing heard, doth for the warre prepare,
And down to *Cheshire* makes, (where gathering powers they were)
At *Shrewsbury* to meet, and doth affront them there:
With him his peerelesse sonne, the princely Henry came,
With th' Earle of *Stafford*, and of Gentlemen of name,
Blunt, *Shyrley*, *Clifton*, men that very powerfull were,
VVith *Cockayne*, *Caluerly*, *Maffy*, and *Mortimer*,
Gausell, and *Wendley*, all in Friends and Tenants strong,
Resorting to the King still as he past along,
Which in the open field before the ranged fights,

He with his warlike Sonne, there dub'd his Mayden Knights.

Th' Earle *Dowglas* for this day doth with the *Percies* stand,
To whom they *Berwicke* gaue, and in *Northumberland*
Some Seigniories and Holds, if they the Battell got,
Who brought with him to Field full many an angry *Scot*,
At *Helmdon* Battell late that being ouerthrowne,
Now on the King and Prince hop'd to regaine their owne,
With almost all the power of *Cheshire* got together,
By *Venables*, (there great) and *Vernon* mustred thether.
The Vaward of the King, great *Stafford* tooke to guide.

The Vaward of the Lords vpon the other side,
Consisted most of *Scots*, which ioyning, made such spoyle,
As at the first constrain'd the *English* to recoyle,
And almost brake their Rankes, which when King Henry found,
Bringing his Battell vp, to reinforce the ground,
The *Percies* bring vp theirs, againe to make it good.

Thus whilst the either Host in opposition stood,
Braue *Dowglas* with his spurres, his furious Courser strake,
His Lance let in his rest, when desperatly he brake
In, where his eye beheld th' Emperiall Ensigne pight,
Where soone it was his chance, vpon the King to light,
Which in his full careere he from his Courter threw,
The next *Sir Walter Blunt*, he with three other slew,
All armed like the King, which he dead sure accounted;
But after when hee saw the King himselfe remounted:

This hand of mine, quoth he, foure Kings this day hath slaine,
And swore out of the earth he thought they sprang againe,
Or Fate did him defend, at whom he onely aym'd.

When Henry *Hotspurre*, so with his high deeds inflam'd,
Doth second him againe, and through such dangers presse,
That *Dowglas* valiant deeds he made to seeme the lesse,
As still the people cryed, A *Percy* Espirance.

The King which saw then time, or neuer to aduance
His Battell in the Field, which neere from him was wonne,
Ayded by that braue Prince, his most couragious sonne,

Who

The high courage of *Dowglas* won him that addition of *Doughty Dowglas*, which after grew to a Proverbe.

Who brauely comming on, in hope to giue them chase,
 It chanc'd he with a shaft was wounded in the face;
 Whom when out of the fight, his friends would beare away,
 He strongly it refus'd, and thus was heard to say,
 Time neuer shall report, Prince *Henry* left the field,
 When *Harry Percy* staid, his traytrous sword to weeld.
 Now rage and equall wounds, alike inflame their bloods,
 And the maine Battels ioyne, as doe two aduersé floods.
 Met in some narrow Arme, shouldring as they would shoue
 Each other from their path, or would their bankes remoue.
 The King his traytrous foes, before him downe dōth hew,
 And with his hands that day, neere fortie persons slue:
 When conquest wholly turns to his victorious side,
 His power surrounding all, like to a furious tyde,
 That *Henry Hotspurre* dead vpon the cold earth lyes,
 Stout *Worlesler* taken was, and doughtie *Douglass* flies.
 Fiue thousand from both parts left dead vpon the ground,
 Mongst whō the kings fast friend, great *Staffords* coarce was found;
 And all the Knights there dub'd the morning but before,
 The euenings sunne beheld there sweltred in their gore.
 Here I at *Bramham More*, the Battell in should bring,
 Of which Earle *Percie* had the greatest managing,
 With the Lord *Bardolfe* there, against the Countie's power,
 Fast cleauing to his friend, euen to his vtmost houre:
 In *Flanders*, *France*, and *Wales*, who hauing been abroad
 To raise them present powers, intending for a Road
 On *England*, for the hate he to King *Henry* bore;
 His sonne and brothers blood augmenting it the more,
 Which in his mightie spirit still rooted did remaine,
 By his too much default, whom he imputed slaine
 At *Shrewsbury* before, to whom if he had brought
 Supplies, (that bloody field, when they so brauely fought)
 They surely it had wonne; for which to make amends,
 Being furnished with men, amongst his forraine friends,
 By *Scotland* entred here, and with a violent hand
 Vpon those Castles ceaz'd within *Northumberland*
 His Earledome, (which the King, who much his truth did doubt,
 Had taken to himselfe, and put his people out)
 Toward *Yorkshire* comming on, where (soone repaid his owne)
 At *Bramham* fatall *More*, was fowly ouerthrowne:
 Which though it were indeed a long and mortall fight,
 Where many men were maim'd, and many slaine outright:
 Where that couragious Earle, all hopes there seeing past,
 Amongst his murdered troups (euen) fought it to the last:
 Yet for it was atchieu'd by multitudes of men,
 Which with *Ralfe Roksby* rose, the Shreefe of *Yorkshire* then,

the two and twentieth Song.

29

No well proportion'd fight, we of description quit,
Amongst our famous fields; nor will we here admit
That of that *Rachel Cades*, and his rebellious crue,
In *Kent* and *Sussex* rais'd, at *Senok* fight that slue
The *Staffords* with their power, that thither him pursu'd,
VWho twice vpon *Black beash*, back'd with the *Commons* rude,
Incamp'd against the King: then goodly *London* tooke,
There ransoming some rich, and vp the prisons broke,
His sensuall beauly will, for Law that did preferre,
Beheaded the Lord *Say*, then *Englands* Treasurer,
And forc'd the King to flight, his person to secure,
The Muse admits not here, a rabble so impure.

But brings that Battell on of that long dreadfull warre,
Of those two Houses nam'd of *Torke* and *Lancaster*,
In faire *Saint Albans* fought, most fatally betwixt
Richard then Duke of *Torke*, and *Henry* cald the sixt,
For that ill gotten Crowne, which him his * Grandfire left,
That likewise with his life, he from King *Richard* rest;
When vnderhand the Duke doth but promoue his claime,
Who from the elder sonne, the Duke of *Clarence* came,
For which he rais'd Armes, yet seem'd but to abet
The people, to plucke downe the Earle of *Somerset*,
By whom (as they gaue out) we *Normandy* had lost,
And yet he was the man that onely rul'd the roast.

With *Richard* Duke of *Torke*, (into his faction wonne)
Salsbury and *Warwicke* came, the father and the sonne;
The *Newils* nobler name, that haue renown'd so farre.
So likewise with the King in this great action are,
The Dukes of *Somerset*, and *Buckingham*, with these
Were thrice so many Earles, their stout accomplices,
As *Pembroke* great in power, and *Stafford* with them stand
With *Deuonshire*, *Dorset*, *Wilt*, and fierce *Northumberland*,
VWith *Sidley*, *Bernes*, and *Rosse*, three Barons with the rest,
VWhen *Richard* Duke of *Torke*, then marching from the west,
Towards whom, whilst with his power King *Henry* forward set,
Vnluckily as't hapt, they at *Saint Albans* met;
Where taking vp the Street, the buildings them enclose,
Where Front doth answer Front, & strength doth strength oppose,
Whilst like two mightie walls, they each to other stand,
And as one sinketh downe vnder his enemies hand,
Another thrusting in, his place doth still supply,
Betwixt them whilst on heaps the mangled bodics lie;
The Staules are ouerthrowne with the vnweldy thrust,
The windowes with the shot, are shiucred all to dust.
The Winters Sleet or Hayle was neuer scene so thicke,
As on the houses sides the bearded arrowes sticke,

Where

The battell
of Saint Albans

Henry the
Sixth

Where *Warwicks* courage first most Comet-like appeared,
 Who with words full of Spirit, his fighting Souldiers cheerd,
 And euer as he saw the slaughter of his men,
 He with fresh forces fil'd the places vp agen.

is brought
 of the Mar-
 of Wales.

The valiant * *Marchmen* thus the battell still maintaine,
 That when King *Henry* found on heaps his Souldiers slaine,
 His great Commanders calls, who when they sadly saw,
 The honour of the day would to the *Torkists* draw,
 Their persons they put in, as for the last to stand;
 The Duke of *Somerſet*, *Henry Northumberland*,
 Of those braue warlike Earles, the second of that name,
 The Earle of *Stafford*, sonne to th' Duke of *Buckingham*,
 And *Iohn* Lord *Clifford* then, which shed their noble gore
 Vnder the Castles signe, (of which not long before,
 A Prophet bad the Duke of *Somerſet* bewaie)
 With many a valiant Knight, in death that had his share:
 So much great *English* blood, for others lawlesse guilt,
 Vpon so little ground before was neuer spilt.
 Proud *Torke* hath got the gole, the King of all forsaken,
 Into a cottage got, a wofull prisoner taken.

the Battell of
 the heath.

The Battell of *Blore-heath*, the place doth next supply,
 Twixt *Richard* *Neuill*, that great Earle of *Salisbury*,
 Who with the Duke of *Torke*, had at Saint *Albans* late,
 That glorious Battell got with vncontrouled Fate:
 And *James* Lord *Audley* stir'd by that reuenge full *Queene*,
 To stop him on his way, for the inueterate spleene
 Shee bare him, for that still he with the *Torkists* held,
 Who comming from the North, (by sundry wrongs compeld
 To pailey with the King) the *Queene* that time who lay
 In *Staffordshire*, and thought to stop him on his way,
 That valiant *Tuchet* stir'd, in *Cheshire* powerfull then,
 T'affront him in the field, where *Cheshire* Gentlemen
 Diuided were, th'one part made valiant *Tuchet* strong,
 The other with the Earle rose as he came along,
 Incamping both their powers, diuided by a Brooke,
 Whereby the prudent Earle, this strong aduantage tooke:
 For putting in the field his Army in aray,
 Then making as (with speed) he meant to march away,
 He caus'd a slight of Shafts to be discharged first.
 The enemy who thought that he had done his worst,
 And cowardly had fled in a disordred Rout,
 Attempt to wade the Brooke, he wheeling (soone) about,
 Set fiercely on that part, which then were passed ouer,
 Their Friends then in the Reare, not able to recouer
 The other rising banke, to lend the Vaward ayd.
 The Earle who found the plot take right that he had layd,

On

the, two and twentieth Song.

41

On those that forward prest, as those that did recoyle;
As hungry in reuenge, there made a rauinous spoyle;
There *Duston*, *Duston* kills; A *Dane* doth kill a *Dane*;
A *Booth*, a *Booth*; and *Leigh* by *Leigh* is ouerthrowne;
A *Venables*, against a *Venables* doth stand;
And *Troutbeck* fighteth with a *Troutbeck* hand to hand;
There *Atolixeux* doth make a *Atolixeux* to die,
And *Egerton*, the strength of *Egerton* doth trie.
O *Cheshire* wert thou mad, of thine owne natie gore
So much vntill this day thou neuer shedst before!
About two thousand men vpon the earth were throwne,
Of which the greatest part were naturally thine owne.
The stout Lord *Andley* slaine, with many a Captaine there;
To *Salsbury* it forts the Palme away to beare.

Then faire *Northampton* next, thy Battell place shall take,
Which of th'Emperiall warre, the third fought Field doth make,
Twixt *Henry* cald our sixt, vpon whose partie came
His neere and deare Allies, the Dukes of *Buckingham*,
And *Somerfet*, the Earle of *Shrewsbury* of account,
Stout Vicount *Beaumont*, and the yong Lord *Egremount*,
Gainst *Edward* Earle of *March*, sonne to the Duke of *Torke*,
With *Warwicke*, in that warre, who set them all at worke,
And *Falkonbridge* with him, not much vnlike the other;
A *Neuill* nobly borne, his puissant fathers brother,
Who to the *Torkists* claime, had euermore been true,
And valiant *Bourcher*, Earle of *Essex*, and of *Ean*.

The King from out the towne, who drew his Foot and Horse,
As willingly to giue full field-roomth to his Force,
Doth passe the Riuer *Nen*, neere where it downe doth runne
From his first fountaines head, is neere to *Harfington*,
Aduised of a place, by Nature strongly wrought,
Doth there encampe his power: the Earle of *March* who sought
To prooue by dint of sword, who should obtaine the day,
From *Tawcester* traynd on his powers in good aray.
The Vaward *Warwicke* led, (whom no attempt could feare;
The Middle *March* himsele, and *Falkonbridge* the Rcare.

Now Iuly entred was, and ere the restless Sunne,
Three houres ascent had got, the dreadfull fight begun
By *Warwicke*, who a straight from Vicount *Beaumont* tooke;
Defeating him at first, by which hee quickly brooke
In, on th'Emperiall host, which with a furious charge,
He forc'd vpon the field, it selfe more to enlarge.
Now *English* Bowes, and Bills, and Battle-axes walke,
Death vp and downe the field in gasty sort doth stalke.
March in the flower of Youth, like *Mars* himsele doth beare;
But *Warwicke* as the man, whom Fortune seem'd to feare,

G

Did

The Battell of
Northampton.

Did for him what he would, that wheresoere he goes,
 Downe like a furious storme, before him all he throwes
 So *Shrewsbury* againe of *Talbois* valiant straine,
 (That fatall Scourge of *France*, as stoutly doth maintaine,
 The party of the King, so princely *Somerſet*,
 Whom th'others knightly deeds, more eagerly doth whee,
 Beares vp with them againe: by *Somerſet* opposd
 At last King *Henries* host being on three parts encloſd,
 And ayds still comming in vpon the *Yorkiſts* ſide,
 The Summer being then at height of all her pride,
 The Husbandman, then hard vpon his Harueſt was:
 But yet the cocks of Hay, nor ſwaths of new-shorne graſſe,
 Strew'd not the Meads ſo thick, as mangled bodies there,
 When nothing could be ſcene, but horror euery where:
 So that vpon the banks, and in the ſtreame of *Nen*,
 Tenthouſand well reſolu'd, ſtout, true Engliſh men
 Left breathleſſe, with the reſt great *Ruckingham* ſlaine,
 And *Shrewsbury* whoſe loſſe thoſe times did much complaine,
Egremont, and *Beaumont*, both found dead vpon the Field,
 The miſerable King, in forc'd againe to yeeld.

Then *Wakefield* Battell next, we in our Bedroule bring,
 Fought by Prince *Edward*, ſonne to that oft-conquered King,
 And *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*, ſtill ſtrugling for the Crowne,
 Whom *Salisbury* aſſiſts, the man with whoſe renowne,
 The mouth of Fame ſcem'd ſild, there hauing with them then
 Some few ſeleſted *Welſh*, and Southerne Gentlemen:
 A handfull to thoſe powers, with which Prince *Edward* came,
 Of which amongſt the reſt, the men of nobleſt name,
 Were thoſe two great-borne Dukes, which ſtill his right preſerre
 His coſen *Somerſet*, and princely *Exceſter*,
 The Earle of *Wilſhire* ſtill, that on his part ſtucke cloſe:
 With thoſe two valiant Peeres, Lord *Clifford*, and Lord *Roffe*,
 Who made their March from *Yorke* to *Wakefield*, on their way
 To meet the Duke, who then at *Sandall* Caſtle lay,
 Whom at his (very) gate, into the Field they dar'd,
 Whoſe long expected powers not fully then prepar'd,
 That *March* his valiant ſonne, ſhould to his ſuccours bring.
 Wherefore that puiſſant Lord, by ſpeedy muſtring
 His Tenants and ſuch friends, as he that time could get,
 Five thouſand in ſue dayes, in his Battalion ſet
 Gainſt their twice doubled ſtrength; nor could the Duke be ſayd,
 Till he might from the South be ſeconded with ayd,
 As in his martiall pride, diſdaining his poore foes,
 So often vs'd to winne, he neuer thought to loſe.

The Prince, which ſtill prouok'd th'incenſed Duke to fight,
 His maine Battalion rang'd in *Sandals* loſtie fight,

In

In which he, and the Dukes, were scene in all their pride:
And as *Torkes* powers should passe, he had on either side
Two wings in ambush laid, which at the place assign'd
His Rereward should inclose, which as a thing diuin'd,
Iust caught as he forecast, for scarce his armie comes
From the descending banks, and that his ratling Drummes
Excites his men to charge; but *Wiltshire* with his force,
Which were of light-arm'd Foor, and *Rosse* with his light Horse,
Came in vpon their backes, as from a mountaine throwne,
In number to the Dukes, by being foure to one.
Even as a Rout of wolues, when they by chance haue caught
A Beast out of the Heard, which long time they haue fought,
Vpon him all at once couragiously doe set,
Him by the Dewlaps some, some by the flanke doe get:
Some climbing to his eares, doe neuer leaue their hold,
Till falling on the ground, they haue him as they would,
With many of his kind, which, when he vs'd to wend,
VVhat with their hornes & hoofes, could then themselves defend.
Thus on their foes they fell, and downe the *Torkists* fall,
Red Slaughter in her armes encompasseth them all.
The first of all the fights in this vnnaturall warre,
In which blind Fortune smild on wofull *Lancaster*.

Heere *Richard* Duke of *Torke*, downe beaten, breath'd his last,
And *Salsbury* so long with conquest still that past,
Inforced was to yeeld; *Rutland* a younger sonne
To the deceased Duke, as he away would runne,
(A child scarce twelue yeares old) by *Clifford* there surpriz'd,
Who whilst he thought with teares his rage to haue suffiz'd,
By him was answered thus, Thy father hath slaine mine,
And for his blood (young Boy) Ile haue this blood of thine,
And stab'd him to the heart: thus the *Lancastrians* raigne,
The *Torkist* in the field on heaps together slaine.

The Battell at that Crosse, which to this day doth beare
The great and ancient name of th' *English Mortimer*,
The next shall heare haue place, betwixt that *Edward* fought,
Entitled Earle of *March*, (reuengefully that sought
To wreake his fathers blood, at *Wakefield* lately shed
But then he Duke of *Torke*, his father being dead)
And *Iasper Tudor* Earle of *Pembroke*, in this warre,
That stood to vnderprop the House of *Lancaster*,
Halfe brother to the King, that stroue to hold his Crowne,
With *Wiltshire*, whose high prowesse had brauely beaten downe
The *Torkists* swelling pride in that successfull warre
At *Wakefield*, whose greatst power of *Welsh* and *Irish* are.
The Dukes were *Archers* most, which still stucke to him close,
And meeting on the plaine, by that fornamed Crosse,

The Battell at
Mortimer's Crosse

As either Generall there for his aduantage found,
 (For wisely they surueyd the fashon of the ground)
 They into one maine fight their either Forces make,
 When to the Duke of *Torke* (his spirits as to awake)
 Three sonnes at once appear'd, all seuerally that shone,
 Which in a little space were ioyned all in one.
 Auspicious to the Duke, as after it fell out,
 Who with the weaker power, (of which he seem'd to doubt)
 The proud *Lancastrian* part had quickly put to chase,
 Where plainly it should seeme, the *Gemins* of the place,
 The very name of *March* should greatly fauour there,
 A Title to this Prince deriu'd from *Mortimer*:
 To whom this Trophy rear'd, much honored had the soyle.
 The *Torkists* here enrich'd with the *Lancastrian* spoyle,
 Are Masters of the day, foure thousand being slaine,
 The most of which were those, there standing to maintaine
 The title of the King. Where *Owen Tudors* lot
 Was to be taken then, who this young Earle begot
 On *Katherin* the bright Queene, the fifth King *Henries* Bride,
 Who too vntimely dead, this *Owen* had affide.
 But he a Prisoner then, his sonne and *Ormond* fled,
 At *Hereford* was made the shorter by the head;
 When this most warlike Duke, in honour of that signe,
 Which of his good successe so rightly did diuine,
 And thankfull to high heauen, which of his cause had care,
 Three Sunnes for his deuice still in his Ensigne bare.

a second
 tell of *Saint*
an.

Thy second Battell now, *Saint Albans* I record,
 Struck twixt Queene *Margrets* power, to ransome backe her Lord,
 Ta'n prisoner at that towne, when there those factions fought,
 Whom now the part of *Torke* had thither with them brought,
 Whose force consisted most of Southerne men, being led
 By *Thomas Howard* Duke of *Norfolke*, and the head
 Of that proud faction then, stout *Warwicke* still that swayd,
 In euery bloody field (the *Torkists* onely ayd)
 When eithers power approach'd, and they themselues had fixt,
 Vpon the South and North, the towne them both betwixt,
 Which first of all to take, the *Torkists* had forecast,
 Putting their Vaward on, and their best Archers plac'd
 The Market-sted about, and them so fitly layd,
 That when the foe came vp, they with such terror playd
 Vpon them in the Front, as forc'd them to retire.
 The Northerne mad with rage vpon the first defeat,
 Yet put for it againe, to enter from the North,
 Which when great *Warwicke* heard, he sent his Vaward forth,
 T'oppose them in what place so ere they made their stand,
 Where in too fit a ground, a Heath too neere at hand,

Adioyning

Adioyning to the towne, vnluckily they light,
Where presenly began a fierce and deadly fight.
But those of *Warwicks* part, which scarce foure thousand were,
To th' Vaward of the Queenes, that stood so stoutly there,
Though still with fresh supplies from her maine Battell fed;
When they their courage saw so little them to sted,
Deluded by the long expectance of their ayd,
By passages too straight, and close ambushments stayd:
Their succours that forslow'd, to flight themselues betake,
When after them againe, such speed the Northerne make,
Being followed with the force of their maine Battell strong,
That this disordred Rout, these breathlesse men among,
They entred *Warwicks* Hoste, which with such horrour strooke
The Southerne, that each man began about to looke
A way how to escape, that when great *Norfolke* cri'd,
Now as you fauour *Torke*, and his iust cause, abide.
And *Warwicke* in the Front euen offred to haue stood,
Yet neither of them both, should they haue spent their blood,
Could make a man to stay, or looke vpon a foe:
Where Fortune it should seeme, to *Warwicke* meant to show,
That shce this tide of his could turne, when ere she would.

Thus when they saw the day was for so little fould,
The King, which (for their ends) they to the field had brought,
Behind them there they leaue, but as a thing of naught,
Which seru'd them to no vse: who when his *Queene* and sonne,
There found in *Norfolkes* tent, the Battell being done,
With many a ioyfull teare, each other they imbrace,
And whilst blind Fortune look'd with so well pleas'd a face:
Their swords with the warme blood of *Torkist*: so inbrude,
Their foes but lately fled, couragiously pursude.

Now followeth that blacke Sceane, borne vp so wondrous hie,
That but a poore dumbe shew before a Tragedie,
The former Battels fought, haue seem'd to this to be;
O *Towton*, let the blood Palme-Sunday spent on thee,
Affright the future times, when they the Muse shall heare,
Deliuer it so to them; and let the ashes there
Of fortie thousand men, in that long quarrell slaine,
Arise out of the earth, as they would liue againe,
To tell the manlike deeds, that bloody day were wrought
In that most fatall field, (with various fortunes fought)
Twixt *Edward* Duke of *Torke*, then late proclaimed King,
Fourth of that royall name, and him accompanying,
The *Nevills*, (of that warre maintaining still the streame)
Great *Warwicke*, and with him his most couragious Eame,
Stout *Falconbridge*, the third, a firebrand like the other,
Of *Salisbury* surnam'd, that *Warwicke* bastard brother.

The Battell of
Towton.

Lord

Lord *Fitzwater*, who still the *Turks* power assists,
Blount, *VVenlock*, *Dinham*, Knights approoued Martialists.
 And *Henry* the late King, to whom they still durst stand,
 His true as powerfull friend, the great *Northumberland*,
 With *VWestmerland*, his claime who euer did preferre
 His kinsman *Somerset*, his cosen *Excester*,
 Dukes of the Royall line, his faithfull friends that were,
 And little lesse then those, the Earle of *Deuonshire*,
 Th' Lord *Daerres*, and Lord *VVels*, both wise and warlike wights,
 With him of great command, *Newill* and *Trolop*, Knights.

Both armies then on foot, and on their way set forth,
 King *Edward* from the South, King *Henry* from the North.
 The later crowned King doth preparation make,
 From *Pomfret* (where he lay) the passage first to take
 O'r *Aier* at *Ferybridge*, and for that seruice sends
 A most selected troupe of his well-chosen friends,
 To make that passage good, when instantly began
 The dire and ominous signes, the slaughter that foreran.
 For valiant *Clifford* there, himselfe so brauely quit,
 That comming to the Bridge (ere they could strengthen it)
 From the *Lancastrian* power, with his light troupe of Horse,
 And early in the morne defeating of their force,
 The Lord *Fitzwater* slew, and that braue Bastard sonne
 Of *Salisbury*, themselues who into danger runne:
 For being in their beds, suspecting nought at all;
 But hearing sudden noyse, suppos'd some broyle to fall
 Mongst their misgouern'd troupes, vnarmed rushing out,
 By *Cliffords* Souldiers soone incompassed about,
 Were miserably slaine: which when great *Warwicke* heares,
 As he had felt his heart transperfed through his cares,
 To *Edward* mad with rage, immediatly he goes,
 And with distraçed eyes, in most steeme manner showes
 The slaughter of those Lords, this day alone, quoth he,
 Our vtter ruine shall, or our sure rising be.
 When soone before the Host, his glittering sword he drew,
 And with relentlesse hands his sprightly Courser slew.
 Then stand to me (quoth he) who meaneth not to flie;
 This day shall *Edward* winne, or here shall *VVarwicke* die.

Which words by *VVarwicke* spoke, so deeply seem'd to sting
 The much distempered breast of that couragious King,
 That straight he made proclaim'd, that euery fainting heart,
 From his resolu'd host had licence to depart:
 And those that would abide the hazard of the fight,
 Rewards and titles due to their deserued right:
 And that no man, that day, a prisoner there should take,
 For this the ypsot was, that all must marre or make.

A hum

the two and twentieth Song.

47

A hundred thousand men in both the Armies stood,
 That native English were : O worthy of your Blood
 What conquest had there been : But Ensignes sle at large,
 And trumpets euery way sound to the dreadfull charge.
 Vpon the *Torkists* part, there flew the irefull Beare;
 On the *Lancastrian* side, the Cressant wauiug there.
 The Southerne on this side, for *Torke* a *Warwicke* crie,
 A *Percy* for the right, the Northerne men reply.
 The two maine Battels ioyne, the foure large Wings doe meet,
 What with the shouts of men, and noyse of horses feet,
 All through the troubled earth, her horror seem'd to breathe,
 A thunder heard aboue, an earth-quake felt beneath;
 As when the Euening is with darknesse ouerspread,
 Her Star-befreckled face with Clouds inuclloped,
 You oftentimes behold, the trembling lightning fle,
 Which suddenly againe, but turning of your eye,
 Is vanished away, or doth so swiftly glide,
 That with a trice it touch't Horizons either side,
 So through the smoke of dust, from wayes, and fallowes raide,
 And breath of horse and men, that both together ceas'd
 The ayre one euery part, sent by the glimmering Sunne,
 The splendor of their Armes doth by reflection runne:
 Till heapes of dying men, and those already dead,
 Much hindred them would charge, and lett'd them that fled.
 Beyond all wonted bounds, their rage so faire extends,
 That sullen night begins, before their fury ends.
 Ten howers this fight endur'd, whilst still with murthering hands,
 Expecting the next morne, the weak'st vnconquered stands,
 Which was no sooner come, but both begin againe
 To wrecke their friends deare blood, the former euening slaide.
 New Battels are begun, new fights that newly wound,
 Till the *Lancastrian* part, by their much lesning found
 Their long expected hopes were vtterly forlorne,
 When lastly to the foe, their recreant backs they turne.
 Thy Channell then, O * *Cock*, was fill'd vp with the dead,
 Of the *Lancastrian* side, that from the *Torkists* fled,
 That those of *Edwards* part, that had the Reare in chase,
 As though vpon a Bridge, did on their bodies passe.
 That *Wharfe* to whose large banks thou contribut'st thy store,
 Had her more Christall face discoloured with the gore
 Of fortie thousand men, that vp the number made,
Northumberland the great, and *Westmerland* there layd
 Their bodies : valiant *Wels*, and *Dacres* there doe leaue
 Their carkases, (whose hope too long) did them deceiue.
Trelop and *Neuill* found massacred in the field,
 The Earle of *Wiltshire* forc'd to the sterne foe to yeeld.

King

A Bole Rialle
 were to Two
 too, running
 into *Wharfe*.

King Henry from fayre *Torke*, vpon this sad mischance
To *Scotland* fled, the Queene sayld ouer into *France*,
The Duke of *Somerset*, and *Excester* doe flie,
The rest vpon the earth together breathlesse lie.

Muse, turne thee now to tell the Field at *Hexam* struck,
Vpon the *Torkists* part, with the most prosp'rous luck
Of any yet before, where to themselves they gain'd
Most safetie, yet their powers least damage there sustain'd,
Twixt *John Lord Mountacute*, that *Newill*, who to stand
For *Edward*, gathered had out of *Northumberland*
A sort of valiant men, consisting most of Horse,
Which were againe suppli'd with a most puissant force,
Sent thither from the South, and by King *Edward* brought
In person downe to *Torke*, to ayd if that in ought
His Generall should haue need, for that he durst not trust
The Northerne, which so oft to him had been vnjust:
Whilst he himselfe at *Torke*, a second power doth hold,
To heare in this rough warre, what the *Lancastrians* would.

And *Henry* with his Queene, who to their powers had got,
The liuely daring *French*, and the light hardy *Scot*,
To enter with them here, and to their part doe get,
Their faithfull lou'd Allie, the Duke of *Somerset*,
And Sir *Raife Percie*, then most powerfull in those parts,
Who had beene reconcil'd to *Edward*, but their hearts
Still with King *Henry* stay'd, to him and euer true,
To whom by this reuolt, they many Northerne drew:
Sir *William Taylboys*, (cald of most) the Earle of *Kime*,
With *Hunzersford*, and *Rosse*, and *Mullins*, of that time
Barons of high account, with *Newill*, *Tunstall*, *Gray*,
Hussy, and *Finderne*, Knights, men bearing mighty sway.

As forward with his force, braue *Mountacute* was set,
It hap'd vpon his way at *Hegly More* he met
With *Hunzersford*, and *Rosse*, and Sir *Ralph Percie*, where,
In signe of good successe (as certainly it were)
They and their vtmost force were quickly put to flight;
Yet *Percie* as he was a most couragious Knight,
Ne'r boundg'd till his last breath, but in the field was slaine.
Proud of this first defeat, then marching forth againe,
Towards *Linells*, a large Waste, which other plaines out-braues,
Whose Verge fresh *Douell* still is watring with her waues,
Whereas his posting Scouts, King *Henries* power discrid,
Tow'rds whom with speedy march, this valiant Generall hied,
Whose haste there likewise had such prosperous euent,
That lucklesse *Henry* yet, had scarcely cleer'd his Tent,
His Captaines hardly set his Battels, nor enlarg'd
Their Squadrons on the field, but this great *Newill* charg'd:

Long

be Battell at
Hexam.

A little River
doeth Hexam.

Long was this doubtfull fight on either side maintaynd,
That rising whilst this falls, this loosing whilst that gain'd:
The ground which this part got, and there as Conquerors stood,
The other quickly gaine, and firmly make it good,
To either as blind Chance, her fauors will dispose;
So to this part it eb'd, and to that side it flowes.
At last, vll whether 'twere that sad and horrid sight,
At *Saxton* that yet did their fainting spirits affright,
With doubt of second losse, and slaughter, or the ayd
That *Mountacute* receau'd; King *Henries* power dismayd:
And giuing vp the day, dishonourably fled,
Whom with so violent speed the *Torkiss* followed,
That had not *Henry* spur'd, and had a Counser swift,
Besides a skilfull guide, through woods and hilles to shift,
He sure had been surpriz'd, as they his Hench-men tooke,
With whom they found his Helme; with most disastrous lucke,
To saue themselues by flight, ne'r more did any strue,
And yet so many men ne'r taken were aliue.

Now *Banbury* we come thy Battell to report,
And show th'efficient cause, as in what wondrous sort
Great *Varmicke* was wrought in to the *LANCASTRIAN* part,
When as that wanton King so vex'd his mightie heart:
Whilst in the Court of *France*, that Warriour he bestow'd,
(As potent here at home, as powerfull else abroad)
A marriage to intreat with *Bona* bright and sheene,
Of the *Sauoyan* blood, and sister to the Queene,
Which whilst this noble Earle negotiated there,
The widdow Lady *Gray*, the King espoused here.
By which the noble Earle in *France* who was disgrac'd,
(In *England* his reuenge doth but too quickly hast)
T'excite the Northerne men doth secretly begin,
(With whom he powerfull was) to rife, that comming in,
He might put in his hand, (which onely he desir'd)
Which rising before *Torke* were likely to haue fierd
The Citie, but repuls'd, and *Holdern* them that led,
Being taken, for the cause made shorter by the head.
Yet would not they disitt, but to their Capitaines drew
Henry the valiant sonne of *John* the Lord *Fitz-Hugh*,
With *Caniars* that braue Knight, whose valour they preferre,
With *Henry Neuill*, sonne to the Lord *Latimer*,
By whose Allies and friends, they euery day grew strong,
And so in proud aray tow'rds *London* march along.
Which when King *Edward* saw the world began to side
With *Warwicke*, till himselfe he might of power prouide,
To noble *Pembroke* sends, those Rebels to withstand.
Six thousand valiant *We sh*, who mustering out of hand,

H

By

The Battell of
Banbury.

The Citie of
Torke like to
haue ben fierd
by *Warwicke*
faction.

By *Richard Harberts* ayd, his brother them doth bring,
 And for their greater strength (appointed by the King)
 Th' Lord *Stafford* (of his house) of *Pewick* named then,
 Eight hundred Archers brought, the most selected men
 The Marches could make out: these having *Sewerne* crost,
 And vp to *Coiswold* clome, they heard the Northern host,
 Being at *Northampton* then, it selfe tow'ids *Warwicke* wayd,
 When with a speedy march, the *Harberts* that forlayd
 Their passage, charg'd their Reare with neere two thousand horse,
 That the *Lancastrian* part suspecting all their force
 Had followed them againe, their armie bring about,
 Both with such speed and skill, that e're the *Welsh* got out,
 By having charg'd too farre, some of their Vaward lost,
 Beat to their armie backe; thus as these Legions coast,
 On *Danemore* they are met, indifferent for this warre,
 Whereas three easie hills stand Triangular,
 Small *Edgcote* ouerlookes, on that vpon the West
 The *Welsh* encampe themselves; the Northernne them possesse
 Of that vpon the South, whilst, (by warres strange euent)
 Yong *Neuill*, who would braue the *Harberts* in their Tent,
 Leading a troupe of Youth, (vpon that fatall plaine)
 Was taken by the *Welsh*, and miserably slaine,
 Of whose vntimely death, his friends the next day tooke
 A terrible reuenge, when *Stafford* there forsooke
 The army of the *Welsh*, and with his Archers bad
 Them fight that would for him; for that proud *Pembroke* had
 Displac'd him of his Inne, in *Banbury* where he
 His Paramore had lodg'd; where since he might not be,
 He backward shapes his course, and leaues the *Harberts* there,
 T'abide the brunt of all: with outcries euery where
 The clamorous Drummes & Fifes to the rough charge do sound,
 Together horse and man come tumbling to the ground:
 Then limbs like boughs were lop'd, from shoulders armes doe flie;
 They fight as none could scape, yet scape as none could die.
 The ruffling Northern Lads, and the stout Welshmen tri'd it,
 Then Head-pieces hold out, or braines must fore abide it.
 The Northern men Saint *George* for *Lancaster* doe crie:
 A *Pembroke* for the King, the lustie *Welsh* replie,
 When many a gallant youth doth desperatly assay,
 To doe some thing that might be worthy of the day:
 Where *Richard Harbert* beares into the Northern prease,
 And with his Poleaxe makes his way with such successe,
 That breaking through the Rankes, he their maine Battell pass,
 And quit it so againe, that many stood aghast,
 That from the higher ground beheld him wade the crowd,
 As often ye behold in tempests rough and proud,

O'raken

O'taken with a storme, some Shell or little Crea,
 Hard labouring for the land, on the high-working Sea,
 Seemes now as swallowed vp, then floating light and free
 O'th top of some high waue; then thinke that you it see
 Quite sunke beneath that waste of waters, yet doth cleere
 The Maine, and safely gets some Creeke or Harbor neere:
 So *Harbert* cleer'd their Host, but see th'event of warre,
 Some Spialls on the hill discerned had from farre
 Another Armie come to ayd the Northerne side,
 When they which *Claphams* craft so quickly notespide,
 Who with five hundred men about *Northampton* raid,
 All discontented spirits, with *Edwards* rule displeas'd,
 Displaying in the field great *Wicks* dreaded Beare:
 The *Welsh* who thought the Earle in person had been there,
 Leading a greater power (disheartened) turne the backe
 Before the Northerne host, that quicly goe to wracke.
 Five thousand valiant *Welsh* are in chafe o'throwne,
 Which but an houre before had thought the day their owne.
 Their Leaders (in the flight) the high-borne *Harberts* t'ane,
 At *Banbury* must pay for *Henry Newill* slaine.

Now *Stamford* in due course, the Muse doth come to tell,
 Of thine owne named field, what in the fight befell,
 Betwixt braue youthfull *Wells*, from *Lincolnshire* that led
 Neere twentie thousand men, tow'rd *London* making head,
 Against the *Torkists* power, great *Warwicke* to abet,
 Who with a puissant force prepared forth to set,
 To ioyne with him in Armes, and iointly take their chance.
 And *Edward* with his friends, who likewise doe aduance
 His forces, to repell that desperate daring foe,
 Who for he durst himselfe in open Armes to show,
 Nor at his dread command them downe againe would lay:
 His father the Lord *Wells*, who he suppos'd might sway
 His so outrageous sonne, with his lou'd law-made brother,
 Sir *Thomas Dymock*, thought too much to rule the other,
 He strangely did to die, which so incens'd the spleene
 Of this couragious youth, that he to wreake his teene
 Vpon the cruell King, doth euery way excite
 Him to a equall field, that com'n where they might smite
 The Battell: on this plaine it chanc'd their Armies met
 They rang'd their severall fights, which once in order set,
 The loudly-brawling Drummes, which seem'd to haue heard
 The trembling ayre at first, soone after were not heard,
 For out-cries, shriekes, and howls, whilst noyle doth noyle con-
 No accents touch the care, but such as death doe found:
 In thirsting for reuenge, whilst fury them doth guide:
 As slaughter seemes by turnes to lease on either side.

The Battell of
 Stamford, or
 Lose-cowt field.

The Southerne expert were, in all to warre belong,
 And exercise their skill, the Marchmen stout and strong,
 Which to the Battell stick, and if they make retreat,
 Yet comming on againe, the foe they backe doe beat,
 And *Wels* for *Warwicke* crie, and for the rightfull Crowne;
 The other call a *Torke*, to beat the Rebels downe:
 The worst that warre could doe, on either side she shoves,
 Or by the force of Bils, or by the strength of Bowes;
 But still by fresh supplies, the *Torkists* power encrease:
 And *Wels*, who sees his troups so ouerborne with prease,
 By hazarding too faire into the boystrous throng,
 Incouraging his men the aduerse troupes among,
 With many a mortall wound, his wearied breath expir'd:
 Which sooner knowne to his, then his first hopes desir'd,
 Ten thousand on the earth before them lying slaine,
 No hope left to repaire their ruin'd state againe,
 Cast off their Countries coats, to hast their speed away,
 (Of them) which *Loose-coat* field is cald (euen) to this day.

Since needfly I must stick vpon my former text,
 The bloody Battell fought, at *Barnet* followeth next,
 Twixt *Edward*, who before he setled was to raigne,
 By *VVarwicke* hence expuls'd; but here arriu'd againe,
 From *Burgundy*, brought in munition, men and pay,
 And all things fit for warre, expecting yet a day.
 Whole brother * *George* came in, with *VVarwicke* that had stood,
 Whom nature wrought at length t'adhere to his owne blood:
 His brother *Richard* Duke of *Gloster*, and his friend;
 Lord *Hastings*, who to him their vtmost powers extend;

And *VVarwick*, whose great heart so mortall hatred bore
 To *Edward*, that by all the Sacraments he swore,
 Not to lay downe his Armes, vntill his sword had rac'd,
 That proud King from his Seat, that so had him disgrac'd:
 And Marquesse *Mountacute*, his brother, that braue stem
 Of *Nenils* noble Stock, who ioyned had to them,
 The Dukes of *Somerset*, and *Excesster*, and take
 The Earle of *Oxford* in; the Armies forward make,
 And meeting on the plaine, to *Barnet* very neere,
 That to this very day, is called *Gladmore* there.

Duke *Richard* to the field, doth *Edwards* Vaward bring;
 And in the middle came that most couragious King,
 With *Clarence* his reclaim'd, and brother then most deare;
 His friend Lord *Hastings* had the guiding of the Reare,
 (A man of whom the King most highly did repute.)

On puissant *Warwicks* part, the Marquesse *Mountacute*
 His brother, and his friend the Earle of *Oxford* led
 The right wing; and the left which most that day might sted,

The

The Duke of *Excester*, and he himselfe doe guide
The middle fight (which was the Armies onely pride)
Of Archers most approu'd, the best that he could get,
Directed by his friend, the Duke of *Somerfet*.

O Sabbath ill bestow'd, O dreery *Easter* day,
In which (as some suppose) the Sunne doth vsc to play,
In honour of that God for sinfull man that dy'd,
And rose on that third day, that Sunne which now doth hide
His face in foggy mists; nor was that morning scene,
So that the space of ground those angry hosts betweene,
Was ouershadowed quite with darknesse, which so cast
The armies on both sides, that they each other past,
Before they could perceiue aduantage, where to fight;
Besides the enuious mist so much deceiu'd their sight,
That where eight hundred men, which valiant *Oxford* brought,
Ware Comets on their coats: great *Warwicks* force which thought
They had King *Edwards* beene, which so with Sunnes were drest,
First made their shot at them, who by their friends distrest,
Constrayned were to flic, being scattered here and there.
But when this direfull day at last began to cleere,
King *Edward* then benolds that height of his first hopes,
Whose presence gaue fresh life to his oft-fainting troupes,
Prepar'd to scourge his pride, there daring to defie
His mercie, to the host proclaiming publikely
His hatefull breach of faith, his periury, and shame,
And what might make him vile; so *Warwicke* heard that name
Of *Torke*, which in the field he had so oft aduanc'd,
And to that glorious height, and greatnesse had inhanc'd,
Then cried against his power, by those which oft had fled,
Their swift pursuing foe, by him not brauely led,
Vpon the enemies backe, their swords bath'd in the gore
Of those from whom they ran, like heartlesse men before,
Which *Warwicks* nobler name iniuriously decide,
Euen as the irefull host then ioyned side to side.

Where cruell *Richard* charg'd the Earles maine battell, when
Proud *Somerfet* therein, with his approoued men
Stood stoutly to the shooke, and flang out such a flighe
Of shafts, as welneere seem'd t'eclipse the welcom'd light,
Which forc'd them to fall off, on whose retreit againe,
That great Battalion next approcheth the fayre plaine,
Wherein the King himselfe in person was to trie,
Proud *Warwicks* vtmost strength: when *Warwicke* by and by,
With his left wing came vp, and charg'd so home and round,
That had not his light horse by disantagious ground
Been hindred, he had strucke the heart of *Edwards* host:
But finding his defeat, his enterprife so lost,

He

He his swift Currers sends, to will his valiant brother,
 And *Oxford*, in command being equall to the other,
 To charge with the right wing, who brauely vp doe beare;
 But *Hastings* that before raught thither with his Reare,
 And with King *Edward* ioynd, the host too strongly arm'd.
 When euery part with spoyle, with rape, with fury charm'd,
 Are prodigall of blood, that slaughter seemes to swill
 It selfe in humane gore, and euery one cries kill.
 So doubtfull and so long the battell doth abide,
 That those, which to and fro, twixt that and *London* ride,
 That *Warwicke* winnes the day for certaine newes doe bring,
 Those following them againe, sayd certainly the King,
 Vntill great *Warwicke* found his armie had the worse,
 And sore began to faint, alighting from his horse,
 In with the foremost puts, and wades into the throng;
 And where he saw death stein't, the murdered troupes among,
 He ventures, as the Sunne in a tempestuous day,
 With darknesse threatned long, yet sometimes doth display
 His cheerefull beames, which scarce appeare to the cleere eye,
 But suddenly the clouds, which on the winds doe flie,
 Doe muffle him againe within them, till at length,
 The storme (preuailing still with an vnusuall strength)
 His clerenesse quite doth close, and shut him vp in night:
 So mightie *Warwicke* fares in this outrageous fight.

The cruell Lyons thus inclose the dreaded Beare,
 Whilst *Montacute*, who strives (if any helpe there were)
 To rescue his belou'd and valiant brother, fell:
 The losse of two such spirits at once, time shall not tell;
 The Duke of *Somerset*, and th' Earle of *Oxford* fled,
 And *Excester* being left for one amongst the dead,
 At length recouering life, by night escap'd away,
 To ke neuer safely sat, till this victorious day.

Thus Fortune to his end this mightie *Warwicke* brings
 This puissant setter vp, and plucker downe of Kings.
 He who those battels wonne, which so much blood had cost,
 At *Barnets* fatall fight, both Life and Fortune lost.

Now *Tewksbury* it rests, thy storrey to relate,
 Thy sad and dreadfull fight, and that most direfull Fate
 Of the *Lancastrian* Line, which hapned on that day,
 Fourth of that fatall Month, that still-remembred *May*:
 Twixt *Edmund* that braue Duke of *Somerset*, who fled
 From *Barnets* bloody field, (againe there gathering head)
 And *Marquesse Dorset* bound in blood to ayd him there,
 With *Thomas Courtney* Earle of powerfull *Deuonshire*:
 With whom King *Henries* sonne, young *Edward* there was scene,
 To claime his doubleesse right, with that vndaunted Queene

His

The Battell at
Tewksbury.

His mother, who from *France* with succours came on land
That day, when *VVarwicke* fell at *Barnet*, which now stand,
Their fortune yet to trie, vpon a second fight.

And *Edward* who imploy'd the vtmost of his might,
The poore *Lancastrian* part (which he doth eas'ly feele,
By *VVarwicks* mightie fall, already faintly reele)
By Battell to subuert, and to extirpe the Line;
And for the present act, his army doth assigne
To those at *Barnet* field so luckily that sped;
As *Richard* late did there, he here the Vaward led,
The Maine the King himselfe, and *Clarence* tooke to guide;
The Rearward as before by *Hastings* was supplide.

The Army of the Queene, into three Battels cast,
The first of which the Duke of *Somerfet*, and (fast
To him) his brother *John* doe happily dispose;
The second, which the Prince for his owne safety chose
The Barons of *Saint Iohn*, and *Wenlocke*; and the third,
To *Courtney* that braue Earle of *Deuonshire* referd.
Where in a spacious field they set their Armies downe;
Behind, hard at their backes, the Abbey, and the Towne,
To whom their foe must come, by often banks and steepe,
Through quickset narrow Lanes, cut out with ditches deepe,
Repulsing *Edwards* power, constraining him to prooue
By thundring Cannon shot, and Culuering to remooue
Them from that chosen ground, so tedious to assaile;
And with the shot came shafts, like stormy showres of Hayle:
The like they sent againe, which beat the other sore,
Who with the Ordnance stroue the *Yorkists* to outrore,
And still make good their ground, that whilst the Pecces play,
The *Yorkists* hasting still to hand-bloues, doe assay,
In strong and boystrous crowds to scale the combrous Dykes;
But beaten downe with Bills, with Poleaxes, and Pykes,
Are forced to fall off; when *Richard* there that led
The Vaward, saw their strength so little them to sted,
As he a Captaine was, both politique and good,
The stratagems of warre, that rightly vaderstood,
Doth seeme as from the field his forces to withdraw.
His sudden, strange retire, proud *Somerfet* that saw,
(A man of haughtie spirit, in honour most precise;
In action yet farre more aduenturous then wise)
Supposing from the field for safetie he had fled,
Straight giueth him the chase, when *Richard* turning head,
By his incounter let the desperate Duke to know,
Twas done to traine him out, when soone began the show
Of slaughter euery where; for scarce their equall forces
Began the doubtfull fight, but that three hundred horses,

That

That out of sight this while on *Edwards* part had stayd,
 To see that neere at hand no ambushes were layd,
 Soone charg'd them on the side, disordering quite their Ranks,
 Whilst this most warlike King had wonne the climbing Banks,
 Vpon the equall earth, and comming brauely in
 Vpon the aduersè power, there likewise doth begin
 A fierce and deadly fight, that the *Lancastrian* side,
 The first and furious shoocke not able to abide
 The vtmost of their strength, were forced to bestow,
 To hold what they had got; that *Somerſet* below,
 Who from the second force, had still expected ayd,
 But frustrated thereof, euen as a man disinaid,
 Scarce shifts to saue himſelfe his Bartell ouerthrowne,
 But faring as a man that frantique had beene growne,
 With *Wenlock* hap'd to meet (preparing for his flight)
 Vpbraiding him with tearmes of baseneſſe and deſpight,
 That cow'rly he had faild to succour him with men:
 Whilst *Wenlock* with like words requiteth him agen,
 The Duke (to his ſterne rage, as yeelding vp the raines)
 With his too pondrous Axe paſt out the Barons braines.

The partie of the Queene in euery place are kild,
 The Ditches with the dead, conſuledly are filld,
 And many in the flight, i'th neighbouring Rivers drown'd,
 Which with victorious wreaths, the conquering *Yorkiſts* crownd.
 Three thousand of thoſe men, on *Henries* part that ſtood,
 For their preſumption paid the forfeit of their blood.
John Marquelle Dorſet dead, and *Deuonſhire* that day
 Drew his laſt vitall breath, as in that bloody fray,
Delues, Hamden, Whittingham, and Leuknor, who had there,
 Their ſeueral braue commands, all valiant men that were,
 Found dead vpon the earth. Now all is *Edwards* owne,
 And through his enemies tents he march'd into the towne,
 Where quickly he proclaimes, to him that fourth could bring
 Young *Edward*, a large Fee, and as he was a King,
 His perſon to be ſafe. Sir *Richard Crofts* who thought
 His priſoner to diſcloſe, before the King then brought
 That faire and goodly Youth; whom when proud *Yorke* demands,
 Why thus he had preſum'd by helpe of traitvrous hands
 His kingdome to diſturbe, and impiouſly diſplay'd
 His Enſignes: the ſtout Prince, as not a iot diſmay'd,
 With confidence replies, To claime his ancient right,
 Him from his Grandſires left; by tyranny and might,
 By him his foe vſurp'd: with whoſe ſo bold reply,
 Whilst *Edward* throughly vext, doth ſeeme to thruſt him by;
 His ſecond brother *George*, and *Richard* neere that ſtood,
 With many a cruell ſtab let out his princely blood;

The murder
 of Prince *Ed.*
 ſecond.

In

In whom the Line direct of *Lancaster* doth cease,
And *Somerſet* himſelfe ſurprized in the preſe;
With many a worthy man, to *Gloſter* priſoners led,
There forfeited their liues: *Queene Margaret* being fled
To a religious Cell, (to *Tewksbury*, too neere)
Diſcouerd to the King, with ſad and heauy cheere,
A priſoner was conuey'd to *London*, wofull *Queene*,
The laſt of all her hopes, that buried now had ſcene.

But of that outrage here, by that bold Baſtard ſomme
Of *Thomas Neuill*, nam'd Lord *Falkenbridge*, which wonne
A rude rebellious Rout in *Kent* and *Effex* rais'd,
Who *London* here beſieg'd, and *Southwarke* hauing ſeaſ'd,
Set fire vpon the Bridge: but when he not preuaild,
The Suburbs on the Eaſt he furiously aſſayl'd,
But by the Cities power was laſtly put to flight:
Which being no ſet Field, nor yet well ordred fight,
Amongſt our Battels here, may no way reckoned be.

Then *Bosworth* here the Muſe now laſtly bids for thee,
Thy Battell to deſcribe, the laſt of that long warre,
Entir'd by the name of *Torke* and *Lancaster*;
Twixt *Henry Tudor* Earle of *Richmond* onely left
Of the *Lancastian* Line, who by the *Torkiſts* reſt
Of libertie at home, a baniſh'd man abroad,
In *Britany* had liu'd; but late at *Milford Road*,
Being proſperouſly ariu'd, though ſcarce two thouſand ſtrong,
Made out his way through *Wales*, where as he came along.
Fiſt *Griffith* great in Blood, then *Morgan* next doth meet
Him, with their ſeuerall powers, as offing at his feet
To lay their Lands, and liues; Sir *Rice ap Thomas* then,
With his braue Band of *Welſh*, moſt choyce and expert men,
Comes laſtly to his ayd; at *Shrewsbury* ariu'd,
(His hopes ſo faint before, ſo happily reuiu'd)
He on for *England* makes, and neere to *Newport* towne,
The next enſuing night ſetting his Army downe,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot* ſtill for *Lancaster* that ſtood,
(To *Henry* neere Alli'd in friendſhip as in Blood)
From th' Earle of *Shrewsbury* his Nephew (vnder age)
Came with two thouſand men, in warlike Equipage,
Which much his power increas'd; when eaſily ſetting on,
From *Lichfield*, as the way leads forth to *Atherſton*,
Braue *Bourcher* and his friend ſtout *Hungerford*, whoſe hopes
On *Henry* long had laine, ſtealing from *Richards* troups,
(Wherewith they had been mix'd) to *Henry* doe appeare,
Which with a high reſolute, moſt ſtrangely ſeem'd to cheere,
His oft-appauled heart, but yet the man which moſt,
Gaued ſayle to *Henries* ſelfe, and freſh life to his hoſt,

A briſtop.
ſage of the
Baſtard Ed.
Falkenbridge his
Rebellion.

The Battell of
Bosworth.

The stout Lord *Stanley* was, who for he had a side
 The mother of the Earle, to him so neere allide :
 The King who fear'd his truth, (which he to haue, compeld)
 The young Lord *Strange* his sonne, in hostage strongly held,
 Which forc'd him to fall off, till he fit place could finde,
 His sonne in law to meet ; yet he with him combinde
 Sir *William Stanley*, knowne to be a valiant Knight,
 T'assure him of his ayd. Thus growing tow'rds his hight,
 A most selected Band of *Cheshire* Bow-men came,
 By Sir *John Savage* led, besides two men of name:
 Sir *Brian Sanford*, and Sir *Simon Digby*, who
 Leaving the tyrant King, themselves expressly show
 Fast friends to *Henries* part, which still his power increast :
 Both Armies well prepar'd, towards *Bosworth* strongly preast,
 And on a spacious Moore, lying Southward from the towne,
 Indifferent to them both, they set their Armies downe
 Their Souldiers to refresh, preparing for the fight :
 Where to the guiltie King, that black fore-running night,
 Appeare the dreadfull ghosts of *Henry* and his sonne,
 Of his owne brother *George*, and his two nephewes done
 Most cruelly to death; and of his wife and friend,
 Lord *Hastings*, with pale hands prepar'd as they would rend
 Him peece-meale; at which oft he roreth in his sleepe.

No sooner gan the dawne out of the East to peepe,
 But Drummes and Trumpets chide, the Souldiers to their Armes,
 And all the neighboring fields are couered with the swarmes
 Of those that came to fight, as those that came to see,
 (Contending for a Crowne) whose that great day should be.
 First, *Richmond* rang'd his fights, on *Oxford*, and bestowes
 The leading, with a Band of strong and Sinewy Bowes
 Out of the Army pick'd; the Front of all the field,
 Sir *Gilbert Talbot* next, he wisely tooke to weeld,
 The right Wing, with his strengths, most Northern men that were.
 And Sir *John Savage*, with the power of *Lancashire*,
 And *Cheshire* (Chiefe of men) was for the left Wing plac'd :
 The Middle Battell he in his faire person grac'd,
 With him the noble Earle of *Pembroke*, who commands
 Their Countrey-men the *Welsh*, (of whom it mainly stands,
 For their great numbers found to be of greatest force)
 Which but his guard of Gleaues, consisted all of Horse.

Into two seuerall fights the King contriu'd his strength,
 And his first Battell cast into a wondrous length,
 In fashion of a wedge, in poynt of which he set
 His Archery, thereof and to the guidance let
 Of *John* the noble Duke of *Norfolke*, and his sonne
 Braue *Surrey* : he himselfe the second bringing on,

Which

Which was a perfect square, and on the other side,
His Horsemen had for wings, which by extending wide,
The aduerser seem'd to threat, with an vnequall power,
The vtmost poynt ariu'd of this expected hour,
He to Lord *Stanley* sends, to bring away his ayd,
And threats him by an Oath, if longer he delayd
His eldest sonne young *Strange* immediatly should die,
To whom stout *Stanley* thus doth carelessly reply
Tell thou the King Ile come, when I fit time shall see,
I loue the Boy, but yet I haue more sonnes then he.

The angry Armies meet, when the thin ayre was rent;
With such re-ecchoing shouts, from eithers Souldiers sent,
That flying o'r the field the Birds downe trembling dropt,
As some old building long that hath been vnderpropt,
When as the Timber fayles, by the vnweldy fall,
Euen into powder beats, the Rooft, and rotten wall,
And with confused clouds of smouldring dust doth choke
The streets and places neere, to through the mistie smoke,
By Shot and Ordnance made, a thundring noyse was heard.
VWhen *Stanley* that this while his succours had deser'd,
Both to the cruell King, and to the Earle his sonne,
When once he doth perceiue the Battell was begun,
Brings on his valiant Troups, three thousand fully strong,
Which like a cloud farre off, that tempest threatned long,
Falls on the Tyrants host, which him with terrour strooke,
As also when he sees, he doth but vainly looke
For succours from the great *Northumberland*, this while,
That from the Battell scarce three quarters of a mile,
Stood with his power of Horse, nor once was seene to stirre;
VWhen *Richard* that th'euert no longer would deferre,
The two maine Battels mix'd, and that with wearied breath,
Some laboured to their life, some laboured to their death,
(There for the better fought) euen with a Spirit elate,
As one that inly scorn'd the very worst that Fate
Could possibly impose, his Launce set in his Rest,
Into the thickest of Death, through threatning perill prest,
To where he had perceiu'd the Earle in person drew,
Whose Standard-Bearer he, Sir *William Brandon* flew,
The pile of his strong stasse into his arme-pit sent,
VWhen at a second shocke, downe Sir *Iohn Cheney* went,
Which scarce a Launces length before the Earle was plac'd,
Vntill by *Richmonds* Guard, inuironed at last,
VWith many a cruell wound, was through the body gride:
Vpon this farall field, *Iohn Duke of Norfolk* did;
The stout Lord *Ferrers* fell, and *Ratcliffe*, that had long
Of *Richards* counsels been, found in the field among

A thousand Souldiers that on both sides were slaine,
 O *Red-mare*, it then seem'd, thy name was not in vaine,
 When with a thousands blood the earth was coloured red.
 Whereas th'Emperiall Crowne was set on *Henries* head,
 Being found in *Richards* Tent, as he it there did winne,
 The cruell Tyrant stript to the bare naked skin,
 Behind a Herauld trufs'd, was backe to *Le'ster* sent,
 From whence the day before he to the Battell went.

The Battell then at *Stoke*, so fortunatly stricke,
 (Vpon King *Henries* part, with so successefull lucke,
 As neuer till that day he felt his Crowne to cleaue
 Vnto his temples close, when *Mars* began to leaue
 His fury, and at last to sit him downe was brought)
 I come at last to sing, twixt that seuenth *Henry* fought,
 With whom, to this braue Field the Duke of *Bedford* came,
 With *Oxford* his great friend, whose praise did him inflame
 To all Atchieuements great, that fortunate had bin
 In euery doubtfull fight, since *Henries* comming in,
 With th'Earle of *Shresbury*, a man of great command,
 And his braue sonne Lord *George*, for him that firmly stand.

And on the other side, *John* Duke of *Suffolks* sonne,
 (*John* Earle of *Lincolne* cald, who this steme warre begun,
 Suborning a lewd Boy, a false Imposter, who
 By *Simonds* a worse Priest, instructed what to doe,
 Vpon him tooke the name of th'Earle of *Warwicke*, heire
 To *George* the murdered Duke of *Clarence*, who (for feare
 Lest some that fauoured *Torke*, might vnder hand maintaine)
 King *Henry* in the Tower, did at that time detaine.

* Which practise set on foot, this Earle of *Lincolne* sayld
 To *Burgundy*, where he with *Margaret* preuayld,
 Wife to that warlike *Charles*, and his most loued Aunt,
 Who vexed that a proud *Lancastrian* should supplant
 The lawfull Line of *Torke*, whence shee her blood deriu'd,
 Wherefore for *Lincolnes* sake shee speedily contriu'd,
 And *Louell*, that braue Lord, before him sent to land
 Vpon the same pretence, to furnish them a Band
 Of *Almanes*, and to them for their stout Captaine gaue
 The valiant *Martin Swart*, the man thought scarce to haue
 His match for Martiall feats, and sent them with a Fleet
 For *Ireland*, where shee had appoynted them to meet,
 With *Simonds* that lewd Clerke, and *Lambert*, whom they there
 The Earle of *Warwicke* cald, and publish'd euery where
 His title to the Crowne, in *Dinelin*, and proclaime
 Him *Englands* lawfull King, by the fift *Edwards* name:
 Then ioyning with the Lord *Fitz-Gerald*, to their ayd
 Who many *Irish* brought, they vp their Ankres wayd,

And

the Battell of
 Stoke.

the Dutchesse
 Burgundy, was
 sister to Ed-
 ward the 4.
 and so was this
 Alices mother.

the Lord
 Louell.

The Lord Tho-
 mas Geraldine

And at the rocky Pyle of ** Fowdray* put to shore
 In *Lancashire*; their power increasing more and more,
 By Souldiers sent them in from *Broughton* (for supply)
 A Knight that long had been of their confederacy,
 Who making thence, direct their marches to the South.
 When *Henry* saw himsefse so farre in dangers mouth,
 From *Conentry* he came, still gathering vp his Host,
 Made greater on his way, and doth the Countrey coast,
 Which way he vnderstood his enemies must passe:
 When after some few dayes (as if their Fortunes was)
 At *Stoke*, a village neere to *Newmarke* vpon *Trent*,
 Each in the others fight pitcht downe their warlike Tent.
 Into one Battell soone, the *Almans* had disposd
 Their Army, in a place vpon two parts inclosd
 With Dells, and fenced Dykes, (as they were expert men.)
 And from the open fields King *Henries* Host agen,
 In three faire seuerall fights came equally deuided;
 The first of which, and first, was giuen to be guided
 By *Shrewsbury*, which most of Souldiers choice consisted:
 The others plac'd as Wings, which euer as they listd,
 Came vp as need requir'd, or fell backe as they found
 Iust cause for their retire, when soone the troubled ground,
 On her black bosome felt the thunder, which awooke
 Her Genius, with the shock that violently shooke
 Her intrayles; this sad day when there ye might haue scene
 Two thousand *Almains* stand, of which each might haue bene
 A Leader for his skill, which when the charge was hot,
 That they could hardly see the very Sunne for shot,
 Yet they that motion kept that perfect Souldiers should,
 That most couragious *Swart* there might they well behold,
 With most vnsuall skill, that desperate fight maintaine,
 And valiant *De la Poole*, most like his princely straine,
 Did all that courage could, or noblesse might besit;
 And *Lonell* that braue Lord, behind him not a whit,
 For martiall deeds that day: stout *Broughton* that had stood
 With *Yorke* (euen) from the first, there lastly gaue his blood
 To that well-foughten Field: the poore Trowz'd *Irish* there,
 Whose Mantles stood for Mayle, whose skins for Corlets were,
 And for their weapons had but *Irish* Skaines and Darts,
 Like men that scorned death, with most resolu'd hearts,
 Giue not an Inch of ground, but all in pieces hewen,
 Where first they fought, they fell, with them was ouerthrowne
 The Leader *Geralds* hope, amidst his men that fought,
 And tooke such part as they, whom he had thither brought.
 This of that field be told, There was not one that fled,
 But where he first was plac'd, there found aliue or dead.

On the coast of
Lancashire.

Sir Thomas
Broughton.

A Field braue-
 ly fought.

If

If in a foughthen field, a man his life should loose,
To dye as these men did, who would not gladly choose,
Which full foure thousand were. But in this tedious Song,
The too laborious Muse hath taried all too long.

As for the *Black-Smiths* Rout, who did together rise,
Encamping on *Blackheath*, t'annull the Subsidies
By Parliement then giuen, or that of *Cornwall* call'd,
Inclosures to cast downe, which ouermuch enthral'd
The Subiect: or proud *Kess*, who with the same pretence
In *Norfolke* rais'd such stirres, as but with great expence
Of blood was not appeas'd; or that begun in *Lent*
By *Wyat* and his friends, the Mariage to preuent,
That *Mary* did intend with *Philip* King of *Spaine*:
Since these but Ryots were, nor fit the others straine,
Shee here her Battels ends: and as Shee did before,
So travelling along vpon her silent shore,
Waybridge a neighbouring Nymph, the onely remnant left
Of all that Forrest kind, by Times iniurious theft
Of all that tract destroy'd, with wood which did abound,
And former times had scene the goodliest Forrest ground,
This Iland euer had: but shee sole left alone,
The ruine of her kind, and no man to bemoane.
The deepe intranced Flood, as thinking to awake,
Thus from her shady Bower shee silently bespake.

O Flood in happy plight, which to this time, remainst,
As still along in state to *Neptunes* Court thou strainst,
Reuiue thee with the thought of those forepassed howers,
When the rough Wood-gods kept, in their delightfull Bowers
On thy embroydered banks, when now this Country fild,
With villages, and by the labouring plowman tild,
Was Forrest, where the Firre, and spreading Poplar grew.
O let me yet the thought of those past times renew,
When as that woody kind, in our vmbraious Wyld,
Whence euey liuing thing saue onely they exild,
In this their world of walt, the soueraigne Empire swayd.
O who would ere haue thought, that time could haue decayd
Those trees whose bodies seem'd by their so massie weight,
To presse the solid earth, and with their wondrous height
To climbe into the Clouds, their Armes so farre to shoor,
As they in measuring were of Acres, and their Root,
With long and nightie spurnes to grapple with the land,
As Nature would haue sayd, that they should euer stand:
So that this place where now this *Huntingdon* is set,
Being an easie hill where mirthfull Hunters met,
From that first tooke the name. By this the Muse ariues
At *Elies* Iled Marge, by hauing past *Saint Iues*,

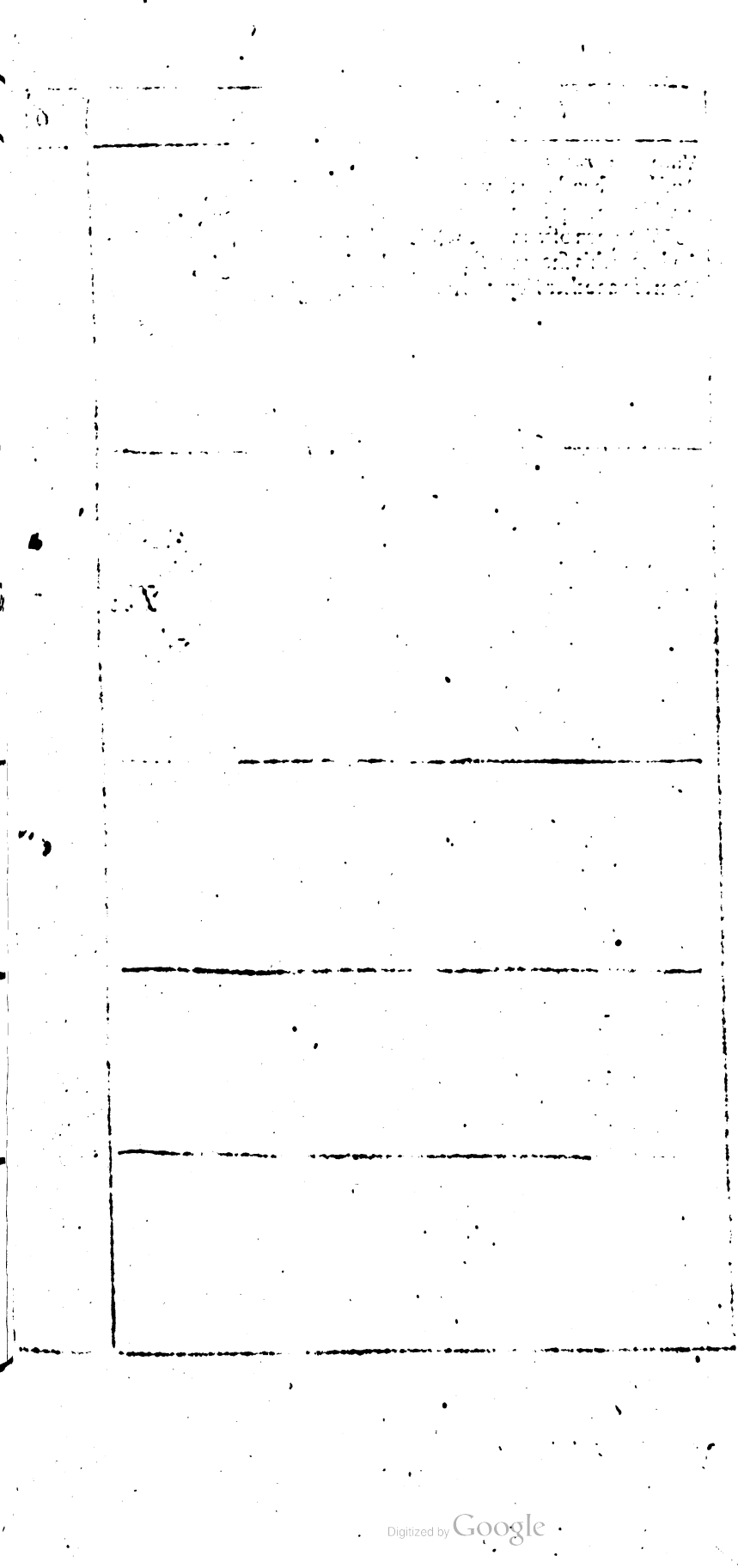
Vnto

the two and twentieth Song.

63

Vnto the *German* Sea shee hasteth her along,
And here shee shutteth vp her two and twentieth Song,
In which shee quite hath spent her vigor, and must now,
As Workmen often vse, a while sit downe and blow;
And after this short pause, though lesning of her height,
Come in another Key, yet not without delight.

The



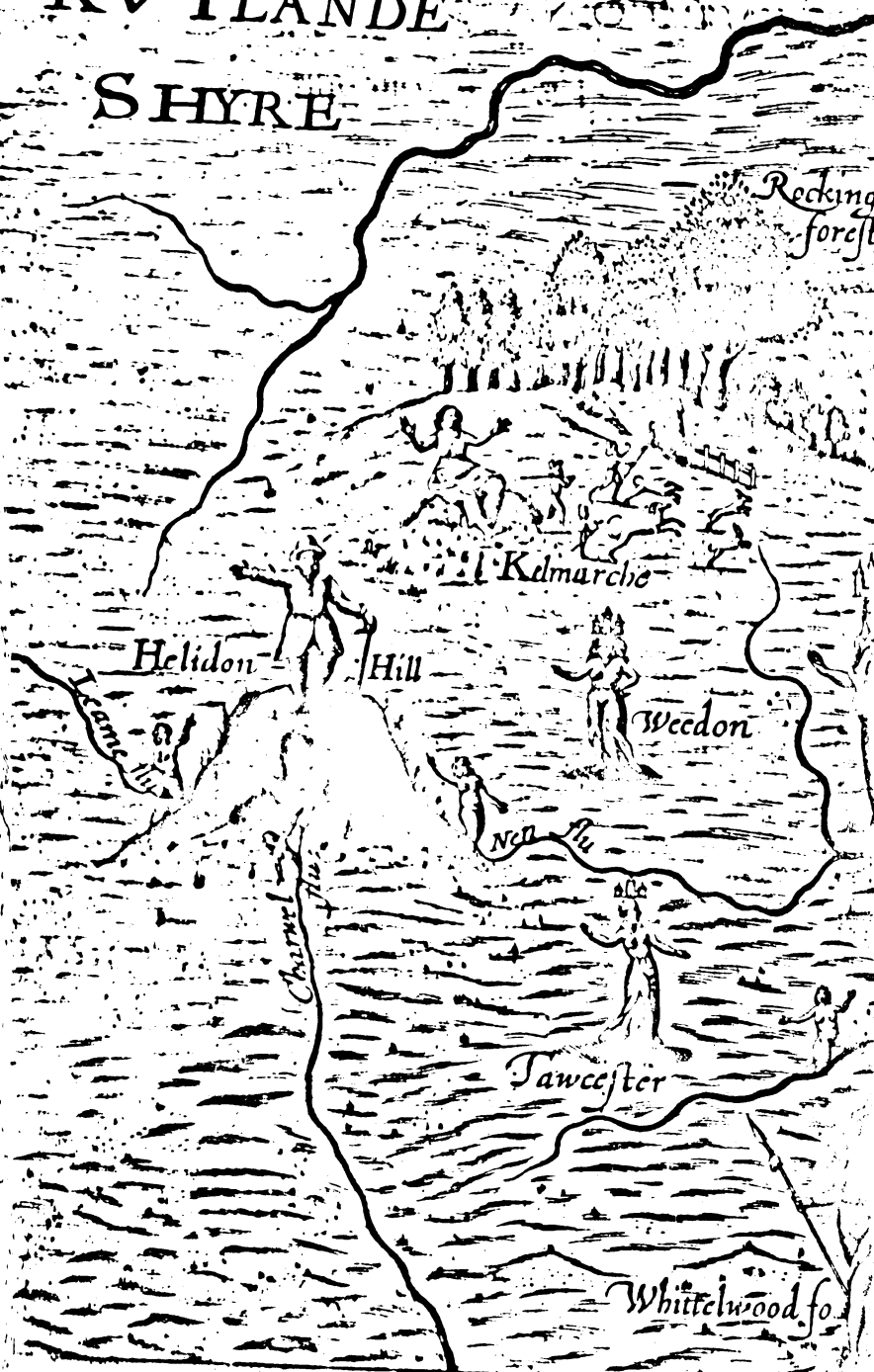
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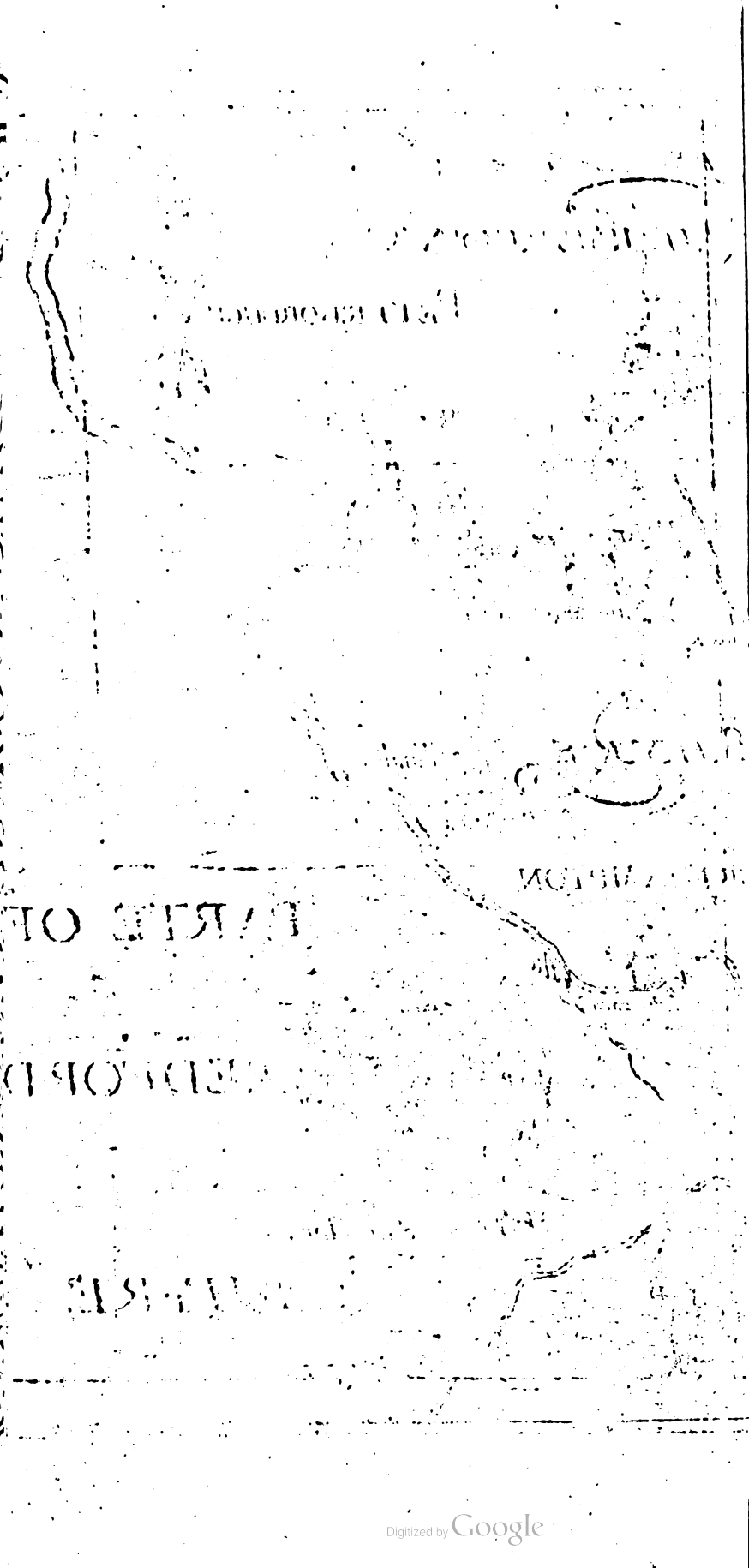
PARTE OF

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Safy for

SHYRE





TO STATE

OF THE

1875



The three and twentieth Song.

THE ARGUMENT:

*From furious Fights Inuention comes,
Deafned with noyse of railing Drummes,
And in the Northamptonian bounds,
Shewes Whittlewoods, and Sacies grounds,
Then to Mount Helliſon doth goe;
(Whence Charwell, I came, and Nen doe flow)
The Surface, which of England ſings,
And Nen downe to the Waſhes brings;
Then where as Welland makes her way,
Shewes Rockingham, her rich aray:
A Courſe at Kelmarſh then ſhee takes,
Where ſhee Northamptonſhire forſakes.*

Now to the Mid-lands now, th'industrious Muse doth
The Northamptonian earth, and in her way doth take;
As fruitfull euery way, as those by Nature, which
The Husbandman by Art, with Compost doth enrich,
This boasting of her selfe; that walke her Verge about,
And view her well within, her breadth, and length throughout:
The worst foot of her earth, is equall with their best,
With most abundant store, that highliest thinke them blest.
When Whittlewood betime th'vnwearied Muse doth win
To talke with her awhile; at her first coming in,
The Forrest thus that greets: With more successfull Fate,
Thriue then thy fellow Nymphs, whose sad and ruinous state
We euery day behold, if any thing there be,
That from this generall fall, thee happily may free,
'Tis onely for that thou dost naturally produce
More Vnder wood, and Brake, then Oke for greater vse:
But when this rauinous Age, of those hath vs bereft,
Time wanting this our store, shall sease what thee is left.

K

For

For what base Auerice now inticeth men to doe,
 Necessitie in time shall strongly vrge them too;
 Which each diuining Spirit most cleerely doth foresee.
 Whilst at this speech perplext, the Forrest seem'd to be,
 A Water-nymph, neere to this goodly Wood-nymphs side,
 (As tow'rds her soueraigne *Ouze*, shee softly downe doth slide)
Tea, her delightfome streame by *Tawcester* doth lead;
 And sporting her sweet selfe in many a daintie Mead,
 Shee hath not sallied farre, but *Sacy* soone againe
 Salutes her; one much grac'd amongst the Syluan traine:
 One whom the Queene of Shades, the bright *Diana* oft
 Hath courted for her lookes, with kisses smooth and soft,
 On her faire Bosome lean'd, and tenderly imbrac't,
 And cald her, her Deare heart, most lou'd, and onely chaste:
 Yet *Sacie* after *Tea*, her amorous eyes doth throw,
 Till in the bankes of *Ouze* the Brooke her selfe bestow.

Where in those fertill fields, the Muse doth hap to meet
 Vpon that side which sits the West of *Walling-street*,
 With * *Helidon* a Hill, which though it bee but small,
 Compar'd with their proud kind, which we our Mountaines call,
 Yet hath three famous Floods, that out of him doe flow,
 That to three severall Seas, by their assistants goe;
 Of which the noblest, *Nen*, to fayre *Northampton* hies,
 By *Oundle* sallying on, then *Peterborough* plyes
 Old * *Medhamsted*: where her the Sea-mayds intertaine,
 To lead her through the *Fen* into the *German* Maine,

The second, *Charwell* is, at *Oxford* meeting *Thames*,
 Is by his King conuayd into the * *Celtick* streames.
 Then *Leame* as least, the last, to mid-land *Auon* hasts,
 Which Flood againe it selfe, into proud *Seuerne* casts:
 As on * th' *Iberian* Sea, her selfe great *Seuerne* spends;
 So *Leame* the Dower she hath, to that wide Ocean lends.

But *Helidon* wax'd proud, the happy Sire to be
 To so renowned Floods, as these fore-named three,
 Besides the Hill of note, neere *Englands* midst that stands,
 Whence from his Face, his backe, or on his either hands,
 The Land extends in bredth, or layes it selfe in length.
 Wherefore, this Hill to shew his state and naturall strength,
 The surface of this part determineth to show,
 Which we now *England* name, and through her tracts to goe.
 But being plaine and poore, professeth not that hight,
 As Falkon-like to soare, till lesning to the sight.
 But as the sundry soyles, his style so altring oft,
 As full expressions fit, or Verses smooth and soft,
 Vpon their severall Scitēs, as naturally to straine,
 And wisheth that these Floods, his tunes to entertaine,

The

hill nor farre
 om *Dementia*

be ancient
 time of *Po-*
rtmouth

be French
 ca.

be Spanish
 ca.

The ayre with *Halcion* calmes, may wholly haue possesse,
As though the rough winds tyerd, were eas'ly layd to rest.
Then on the worth'est tract vptow'rds the mid-dayes Sun,
His vndertaken task, thus *itelliden* begun.

From where the kingly *Thames* his stomacke doth discharge,
To *Deuonshire*, where the land her bosome doth enlarge,
And with the In-land ayre, her beauties doth relceue,
Along the *Celtick* Sea, cald oftentimes the Slecue:
Although vpon the coast, the Downes appeare but bare,
Yet naturally within the Countries wooddy are.

Then *Cornwall* creepeth out into the westerne Maine,
As (lying in hereye) shee poynted still at *Spaine*:
Or as the wanton soyle, disposd to lustfull rest,
Had layd her selfe along on *Neptunes* amorous breast.

With *Denshire*, from the firme, that Beake of land that firs,
What Landskip lies in Vales, and often rising hills,
So plac'd betwixt the *French*, and the *Sabrinian* Seas,
As on both sides adorn'd with many harbourous Bayes,
Who for their Trade to Sea, and wealthy Mynes of Tinne,
From any other Tract, the praise doth clearly winne.

From *Denshire* by those shores, which *Seuerne* oft Surrounds,
The Soyle farre lower sits, and mightily abounds
With sundry sort of Fruits, as well-growne Grasse and Corne,
That *Somerset* may say, her bating Mores doe some
Our *Englands* richest earth, for burthen should them staine;
And on the selfe same Tract, vp *Seuerns* streame againe,
The Vale of *Eusham* layes her length so largely forth,
As though shee meant to stretch her selfe into the North,
Where still the fertill earth depressed lyes and low,
Till her rich Soyle it selfe to *Warwickshire* doe show.

Hence somewhat South by East, let vs our course incline,
And from these setting shores so meereely Maratine,
The Iles rich In-land parts, lets take with vs along,
To set him rightly out, in our well-ordred Song;
Whose prospects to the Muse their sundry scites shall show,
Where shee from place to place, as free as ayre shall flow,
Their superficies so exactly to descry,
Through *Wiltshire*, poynting how the Plaine of *Salisbury*
Shootes forth her selfe in length, and layes abroad a traine
So large, as though the land seru'd scarcely to containe
Her vastnesse, North from her, him selfe proud *Cotswould* vaunts,
And casts so sterne a looke, about him that he daunts,
The lowly Vales, remote that sit with humbler eyes.

In *Barckshire*, and from thence into the *Orient* lies
That most renowned Vale of *White-horse*, and by her,
So *Buckingham* againe doth *Alsburie* preferre,

K 2

With

A description
of the Surface
of the Sunke
Tracts of Eng-
land.

With any *English* Earth, along vpon whose pale,
That mounting Countrie then, which maketh her a Vale,
The chaulky *Chilterne*, runnes with Beeches crown'd about,
Through *Bedfordshire* that beares, till his bald front he shoot,
Into that foggy earth towards *Ely*, that doth grow
Much Fenny, and surrounds with euery little flow.

So on into the East, vpon the In-land ground,
From where that Christall *Colne* most properly doth bound,
Rough *Chilterne*, from the soyle, where in rich *London* sits,
As being faire and flat it naturally befits
Her greatresse euery way, which holdeth on along
To the *Essexian* earth, which likewise in our Song,
Since in one Tract they lye, we here together take,
Although the seuerall Shires, by sundry soyles doe make
It different in degrees; for *Middlesex* of Sands
Her soyle composeth hath; so are th' *Essexian* lands,
Adioyning to the same, that sit by *Isis* side,
Which *London* ouer-lookes: but as she waxeth wide,
So *Essex* in her Tydes, her deepe-growne *Marshes* drownds,
And to Inclosures cuts her drier vpland grounds,
Which lately woody were, whilst men those woods did prize,
Whence those fayre Countries lie, vpon the pleasant rise,
(Betwixt the mouth of *Thames*, and where *Ouze* roughly dashes
Her rude vnweildy waues, against the queachy Washes)
Suffolke and *Norfolke* neere, so named of their Scites,
Adorned euery way with wonderfull delights,
To the beholding eye, that euery where are scene,
Abounding with rich fields, and pastures fresh and greene,
Faire *Hauens* to their shores, large Heaths within them lie,
As Nature in them stroue to shew varietie.

From *Ely* all along vpon that Easterne Sea,
Then *Lincolneshire* her selfe, in state at length doth lay,
Which for her fatning Fennes, her Fish, and Fowle may haue
Preeminence, as she that seemeth to out-braue
All other Southerne Shires, whose head the Washes feesles,
Till wantonly she kicke proud *Humber* with her heeles.

Vp tow'nds the Nauell then, of *England* from her Flanke,
Which *Lincolneshire* we call, so leuelled and lanke.
Northampton, *Rutland* then, and *Huntingdon*, which three
Doe shew by their full Soyles, all of one peece to be,
Of *Nottingham* a part, as *Lester* them is lent,
From *Beuers* bating Vale, along the banks of *Trent*.
So on the other side, into the Set againe,
Where *Seuerne* tow'nds the Sea from *Shrewsbury* doth straine,
Twixt which and *Auons* banks (where *Arden* when of old,
Her bushy curled front, she brauely did vphold,

In state and glory stood) now of three severall Shires,
 The greatest portions lie, vpon whose earth appears
 That mightie Forrests foot, of *Worstershire* a part,
 Of *Warwickeshire* the like, which sometime was the heart
 Of *Arden* that braue Nymph, yet woody here and there,
 Oft intermixt with Heaths, whose Sand and Grauell beare,
 A Turfe more harsh and hard, where *Stafford* doth partake,
 In qualitie with those, as Nature stroue to make
 Them of one selfe same stuffe, and mixture, as they lye,
 Which likewise in this Tract, we here together tye.

From these recited parts to th' North, more high and bleake,
 Extended ye behold, the *Mooreland* and the *Peake*,
 From eithers severall scite, in eithers mightie waste,
 A sterner lowring eye, that euery way doe cast
 On their beholding Hills, and Countries round about,
 Whose soyles as of one shape, appearing cleane throughout.
 For *Moreland* which with Heath most naturally doth beare,
 Her Winter liuery still, in Summer seemes to weare;
 As likewise doth the *Peake*, whose dreadfull Caverns found,
 And Lead-mines, that in her, doe naturally abound,
 Her superficies makes more terrible to show:
 So from her naturall fount, as *Seuerne* downe doth flow,
 The high *Sallopian* hills lift vp their rising sayles,
 Which Country as it is the neare'st alli'd to *Wales*,
 In Mountaines, so it most is to the same alike.

Now tow'rds the *Irish* Seas a little let vs strike,
 Where *Cheshire*, (as her choyce) with *Lancashire* doth lie
 Along th' vncl'ed shores, this former to the eye,
 In her complexion shoues blacke earth with grauell mixt,
 A Wood-land and a plaine indifferently betwixt,
 A good fast-feeding grasse, most strongly that dorth breed:
 As *Lancashire* no lesse excelling for her seed,
 Although wih Heath, and Fin, her vpper parts abound,
 As likewise to the Sea, vpon the lower ground,
 With Mosses, Fleets, and Fells, she shoues most wild and rough,
 Whose Turfe, and square cut Peat, is fuell good ynough.
 So, on the North of *Trent*, from *Nottingham* aboue,
 Where *Sherwood* her curld front, into the cold doth shoue,
 Light Forrest land is found, to where the sloting *Don*,
 In making tow'rds the Maine, her *Doncaster* hath won,
 Where *Yorkshire's* layd abroad, so many a mile extent,
 To whom preceding times, the greatest circuit lent,
 A Prouince, then a Shire, which rather seemeth: so
 It incidently most varietie doth show.
 Heere stony stirill grounds, there wondrous fruitfull fields,
 Here Champaine, and there Wood, it in abundance yeelds:

Th'Wes.

Th*West-riding*, and *North*, be mountainous and high,
But tow'rds the *German Sea* the *East*, more low doth lie.
This Ile hath not that earth, of any kind elsewhere,
But on this part or that, epitomized here.

Tow'rds those *Scotch-Irish* Iles, vpon that Sea againe,
The rough *Virginian* cald, that tract which doth containe
Cold *Cumberland*, which yet wild *Westmerland* excels,
For roughnesse, at whose point lies rugged *Fournesse Fells*,
Is fild with mighty Mores, and Mountaines, which doe make
Her wilde superfluous waste, as Nature sport did take
In Heaths, and high-cleu'd Hills, whose threatning fronts doe dare
Each other with their looks, as though they would out-stare
The Starry eyes of heauen, which to out-face they stand.

From these into the East, vpon the other hand,
The *Bishopricke*, and fayre *Northumberland* doe beare
To *Scotlands* bordering *Tweed*, which as the North elsewhere,
Not very fertile are, yet with a louely face
Vpon the Ocean looke; which kindly doth imbrace
Those Countreies all along, vpon the Rising side,
Which for the Batfull Gleabe, by nature them denide,
With mightie Mynes of Cole, abundantly are blest,
By which this Tract remains renown'd about the rest:
For what from her rich wombe, each habourous Road receiues.

Yet *Hellidon* not here, his lou'd description leaues,
Though now his darling Springs desir'd him to delist;
But say all what they can, hee'll doe but what he list.
As he the Surface thus, so likewise will he show,
The Clownish Blazons, to each Country long agoe,
Which those vnlettered times, with blind deuotion lent,
Before the *Learned Mayes* our Fountaines did frequent,
To shew the Mule can shift her habit, and the now
Of *Palatins* that sung, can whistle to the Plow;
And let the curious tax his Clownry, with their skill
He reckes nor, but goes on, and say they what they will.

Kent first in our account, doth to it selfe apply,
(Quoth he) this Blazon first, *Long Tayles and Libertie*.
Suffex with *Surrey* say, *Then let vs lead home Loxs*.
As *Hamshire* long for her, hath had the tearme of *Hogs*.
So *Dorsetshire* of long, they *Dorset* vld to call.
Cornwall and *Deuonshire* crye, *Weele wraistle for a Fall*.
Then *Somerset* sayes, *Set the Bando on the Bull*.
And *Glotteshire* againe is blazon'd, *Weigh thy VVool*.
As *Barkshire* hath for hers, *Let's to't and tosse the Ball*.
And *Wiltshire* will for her, *Get home and pay for all*.
Rich *Buckingham* doth beare the terme of *Bread and Beefe*.
Where if you beat a Bush, tis ods you flars a Threefe.

So

here follow
be Blazons of
be Shires.

So *Hartford* blazon'd is, *The Club, and clowted Shoone,*
 Thereto, *He rise betime, and sleepe againe at Noone.*
 When *Middlesex* bids, *Vp to London let vs goe,*
 And when our *Markets* done, *weele haue a pot or two.*
 As *Essex* hath of old beene named, *Calues and Styles,*
Fayre Suffolke, Mayds and Milke, and *Norfolke, Many Wyles.*
 So *Cambridge* hath been call'd, *Hold Ness, and let vs winne,*
 And *Huntingdon,* *With Stilts weele stalke through thicke and thinne.*
Northamptonshire of long hath had this *Blazon, Lone,*
Below the girdle all, but little else aboue.
 An outerie *Oxford* makes, *The Schollers haue been heere,*
 And little though they payd, yet haue they had good cheere.
 Quoth warlike *Warwickshire,* *He binde the sturdy Beare.*
 Quoth *Worstershire* againe, *And I will squirt the Peare.*
 Then *Staffordshire* bids *Stay, and I will Beet the Fire,*
 And nothing will I aske, but good will for my hire.
Beane-belly Lestershire, her attribute doth beare.
 And *Bells and Bag-pipes* next, belong to *Lincolnshire.*
 Of *Malt-horse,* *Beaforshire* long, since the *Blazon* wan.
 And little *Rutlandshire* is tearmed *Raddleman.*
 To *Darby* is assign'd the name of *Wooll and Lead.*
 As *Nottingham,* of old (is common) *Ale and Bread.*
 So *Hereford* for her sayes, *Giue me Woofe and Warpe.*
 And *Shropshire* saith in her, *That Shinnes be euer sharpe,*
Lay wood vpon the fire, reach hither mee my Harpe,
 And whilst the blacke *Bowle* walks, we merily will carpe.
 Old *Cheeshire* is well knowne to be the *Chiefe of Men.*
Faire Women doth belong to *Lancashire* agen.
 The lands that ouer *Ouze* to *Berwicke* soorth doe beare,
 Haue for their *Blazon* had the *Snaffle, Spurre, and Speare.*

Now *Nen* extreemely grien'd those barbarous things to heare,
 By *Helidon* her fire, that thus deliuered were:
 For as his eld'ft, shee was to passed ages knowne,
 Whom by *Anson's* name the *Romans* did renowne.
 A word by them deriu'd of *Anon*, which of long,
 The *Britans* cald her by, expressing in their tongue
 The full and generall name of waters; wherefore shee
 Stood much vpon her worth, and ieaious grew to bee,
 Lest things so low and poore, and now quite out of date,
 Should happily impaire her dignitie and state.
 Wherefore from him her syre immediatly she hasts;
 And as shee soorth her course to *Peterborough* casts,
 Shee falleth in her way with *Weedon*, where tis sayd,
 Saint *Verburge* princely borne, a most religious Mayd,
 From those peculier fields, by prayer the *Wild-geese* droue,
 Thence through the *Champaine* shee lasciuiously doth roue

Tow'rds

Tow'nds faire *Northampton*, which, whilst *Nen* was *Anon* call'd,
 Resum'd that happy name, as happily instald
 Vpon her * *North* side, where taking in a *Rill*,
 Her long impouerish'd banks more plenteously to fill,
 She flourishes in state, along the fruitfull fields;
 Where whilst her waters sleece with wondrous pleasure yeelde,
 To * *Wellingborough* comes, whose Fountaines in shee takes,
 Which quickening her againe, immediately shee makes
 To *Oundle*, which receiues contractedly the sound
 From *Anondale*, & expresse that Riuer's lowest ground:
 To *Peterborough* thence she maketh soorth her way,
 Where *Welland* hand in hand, goes on with her to Sea;
 When *Rockingham*, the Muse to her faire Forrest brings,
 Thence lying to the North, whose sundry gifts she sings.

O deare and daintie Nymph, most gorgeously arrayd,
 Of all the *Driades* knowne, the most delicious Mayd,
 With all delights adorn'd, that any way becom
 A Syluan, by whose state we verily may deeme
 A Deitie in thee, in whose delightfull Bowers,
 The *Fawnes* and *Fayries* make the longest dayes, but howers,
 And ioying in the Soyle, where thou assum'st thy seat,
 Thou to thy Handmaid hast, (thy pleasures to awayt)
 Faire *Benefeld*, whose care to thee doth surely cleaue,
 Which beares a grasse as soft, as is the daintie sleaue,
 And thrum'd so thicke and deepe, that the proud *Palmed Deere*,
 Forsake the closser woods, and make their quiet leyre
 In beds of platted fogg, so eas'ly there they sit.
 A Forrest and a Chase in euery thing so fit
 This land hardly hath, so neere allide that be,
 Braue Nymph, such praise belongs to *Benefeld* and thee.

Whilst *Rockingham* was heard with these Reports to ring,
 The Muse by making on tow'nds *Welland*, ominous Spring,
 With * *Kemash* there is caught, for coursing of the Hare,
 Which scornes that any place, should with her *Plaines* compare:
 Which in the proper Tearmes the Muse doth thus report;

The man whose vacant mind prepares him to the sport,
 The * *Finder* sendeth out, to seeke out nimble *Wat*,
 Which crosseth in the field, each furlong, euery Flat,
 Till he this pretty Beast vpon the *Forme* hath found,
 Then viewing for the Course, which is the fairest ground,
 The *Greyhounds* soorth are brought, for coursing then in case,
 And choycely in the Slip, one leading forth a brace;
 The *Finder* puts her vp, and giues her Coursers law.
 And whilst the eager dogs vpon the Start doe draw,
 Shee riseth from her seat, as though on earth she flew,
 Forc'd by some yelping * *Cute* to giue the *Greyhounds* view,

Which

Northampton,
 for *North* *Anon*-
 towne
 vpon the North
 of *Anon*.

So called of his
 many wells or
 Fountaines.

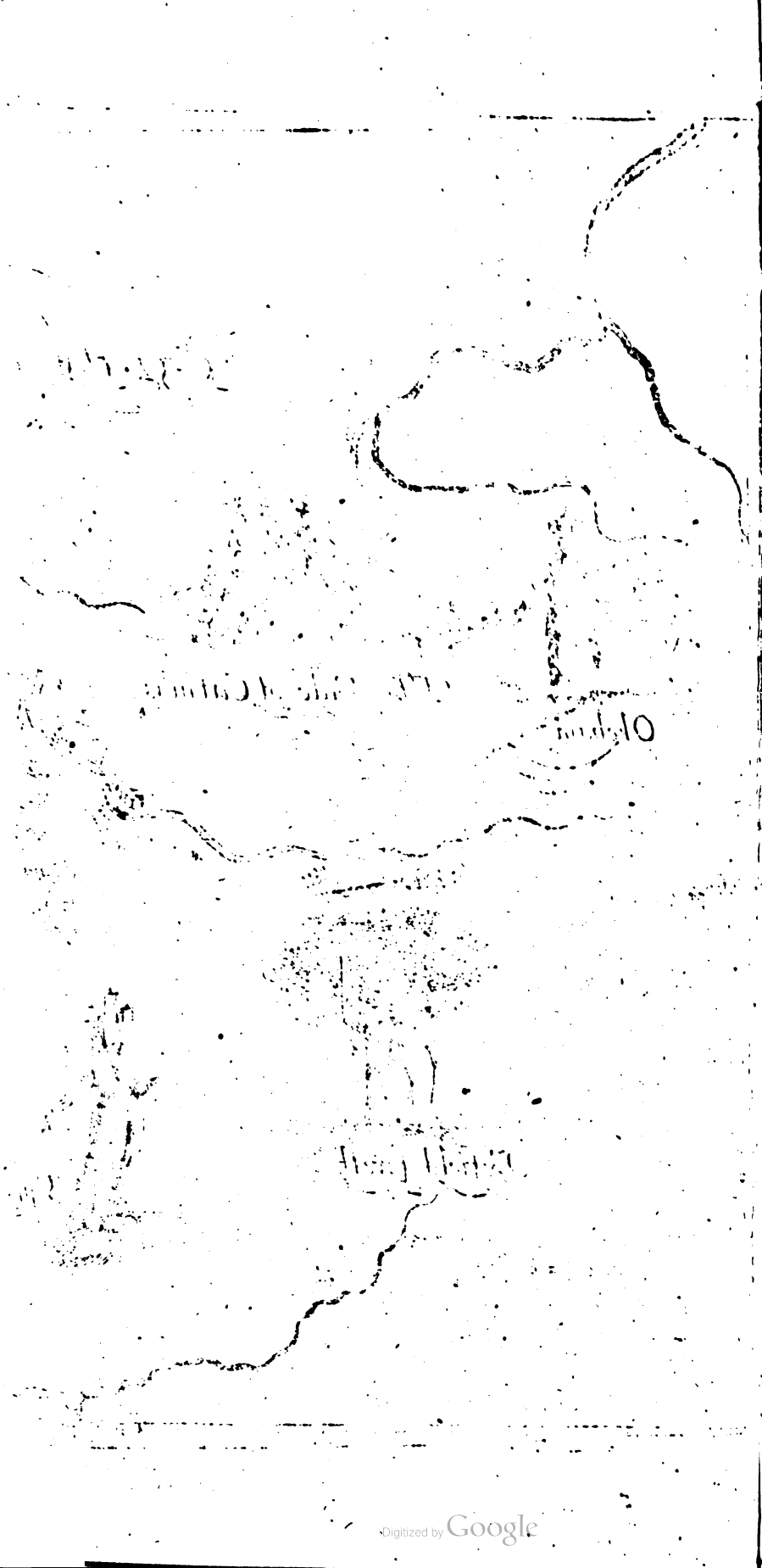
A place in the
 North part of
Northampton-
 shire, excellent
 for coursing
 with *Grey*-
 hounds.
 The *Hare*-
 finder.
 A description
 of a Course at
 the *Hare*.

A Course.

Which are at length let slip, when gunning out they goe,
 As in respect of them the swiftest wind were slow,
 When each man runnes his Horse, with fixed eyes, and notes
 Which Dog first turnes the Hare, which first the other * coats,
 They wrench her once or twice, ere she a turne will take,
 Whats offred by the first, the other good doth make;
 And turne for turne againe with equall speed they ply,
 Bestirring their swift feet with strange agilitie :
 A hardned ridge or way, when if the Hare doe win,
 Then as shot from a Bow, she from the Dogs doth spin,
 That strue to put her off, but when hee cannot reach her,
 This giuing him a Coat, about againe doth fetch her
 To him that comes behind, which seemes the Hare to beare,
 But with a nimble turne shee casts them both arriere:
 Till oft for want of breath, to fall to ground they make her,
 The Greyhounds both so spent, that they want breath to take her.
 Here leaue I whilst the Muse more serious things attends,
 And with my Course at Hare, my *Canto* likewise ends.

When one
 Greyhound
 outstrips the
 other in the
 Course.

L The



Oly 10

Hing 11

RUTLAND

Okham

The Vale of Catmus

Gale

Lyfield forest

Vpp

75°

DE

SHYRE

Stamford



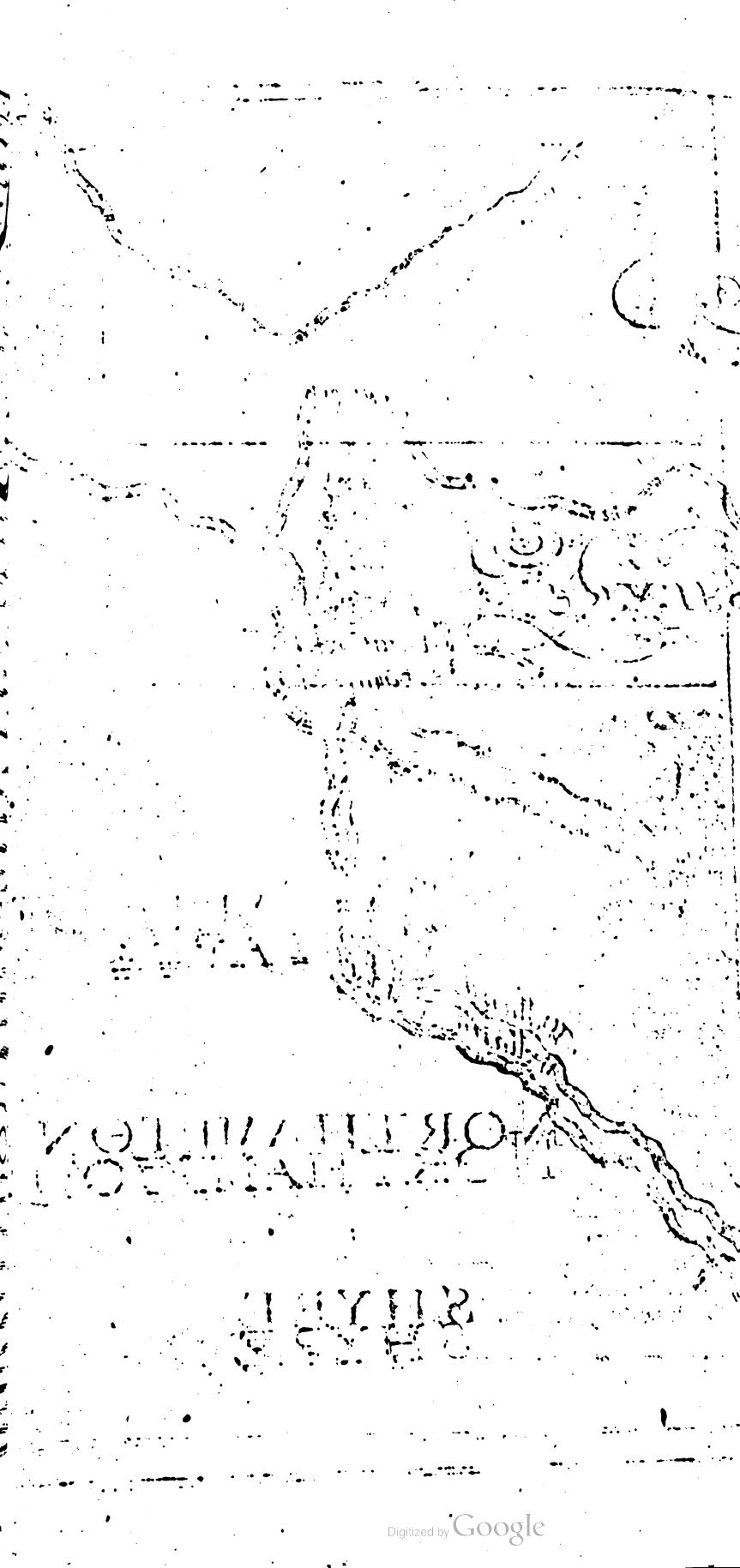
Welland

PARTE OF

NORTHAMPTON

SHYRE

m





The foure and twentieth Song.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The fatal Welland from her Springs,
This Song to th' Ile of Ely brings :
Our ancient English Saints reuiues,
Then in an oblique course contriues,
The Rarities that Rutland shewes,
Which with this Canto shee doth close.*

His way, to that faire Fount of *Welland* hath vs led,
At **Nasby* to the North, where from a second head
Runs *Auon*, which along to *Senerne* shapes her course,
But pliant Muse proceed, with our new-handled source,
Of whom from Ages past, a prophecie there ran,
(Which to this ominous flood much feare and reuerence wan)
That she alone should drowne all *Holland*, and should see
Her *Stamford*, which so much forgotten seemes to bee ;
Renown'd for Liberall Arts, as highly honoured there,
As they in *Cambridge* are, or *Oxford* euer were,
Whereby shee in her selfe a holinesse suppos'd,
That in her scantled banks, though wandering long inclos'd,
Yet in her secret breast a Catalogue had kept
Of our religious Saints, which though they long had slept,
Yet through the chrystned world, for they had wonne such fame
Both to the British first, then to the English name,
For their abundant Faith, and sanctimony knowne,
Such as were hither sent, or naturally our owne,
It much her Genius grieved, to haue them now neglected,
Whose pietie so much those zealous times respected.
Wherefore she with her selfe resolved, when that shee
To *Peterborough* came, where much shee long'd to be,
That in the wished view of *Medhamsted*, that Towne,
Which he the greatst of Saints doth by his Name renowe,

L. 2

Shee

The Fountaine
of Welland.

An ancient
Prophecie of
the River of
Welland.

Sheet to his glorious Phane an Offring as to bring,
 Of her deare Countie's Saints, the Martyrologe would sing:
 And therefore all in haste to *Harborough* she hy'd,
 Whence *Lestershire* she leaves vpon the Northward side,
 At *Rutland* then ariu'd, where *Stamford* her sustaines,
 By *Deeping* drawing out, to *Lincolneshire* she leans,
 Vpon her Bank by North, against this greater throng,
Northamptonshire to South still lyes with her along,
 And now approaching neere to this appointed place,
 Where she and *Nen* make shew as though they would embrace;
 But onely they salute, and each holds on her way,
 When holy *Willand* thus was wisely heard to say.

I sing of Saints, and yet my Song shall not be fraught
 With Myracles by them, but fayned to be wrought,
 That they which did their liues so palpably belye,
 To times haue much impeach'd their holinesse thereby:
 Though fooles (I say) on them, such poore impostures lay,
 Haue scandal'd them to ours, farre foolisher then they,
 Which thinke they haue by this so great aduantage got
 Their venerable names from memory to blor,
 Which truth can ne'r permit; and thou that art so pure,
 The name of such a Saint that no way canst endure;
 Know in respect of them to recompense that hate,
 The wretchedst thing, and thou haue both one death and date:
 From all vaine worship too; and yet am I as free
 As is the most precise, I passe not who hee bee.
 Antiquitie I loue, nor by the worlds despight,
 I cannot be remoou'd from that my deare delight.
 This spoke, to her faire ayd her sister *Nen* shee winnes,
 When shee of all her Saints, now with that man begins.

The first that ever told *Christ* crucified to vs,
 (By *Paul* and *Peter* sent; iust *Arisobulus*,
 Renown'd in holy Writ, a Labourer in the word,
 For that most certaine Truth, opposing fire and sword,
 By th' *Britans* murdered here, so vnbeleeuing then.
 Next holy *Ioseph* came, the mercifullst of men,
 The Sauour of mankind, in Sepulchre that layd,
 That to the *Britans* was th' Apostle, in his ayd
 Saint *Davian*, and with him Saint *Fagan*, both which were
 His Scollers, likewise left their sacred Reliques here:
 All Denizens of ours, t'aduance the Christian state,
 At *Glastenbury* long that were commemorate.
 When *Amphibal* againe our Martyrdome began
 In that most bloody raigne of *Dioclesian*:
 This man into the truth, that blessed *Alban* led
 (Our *Pro-Martyr* call'd) who strongly discipled

course of
 island to
 sea.

into the
 mine Bri-
 Church.

In Christian Patience, learnt his tortures to appease :
His fellow-Martyrs then, *Stephen*, and *Socrates*,
At holy *Albans* Towne, their Festiuall should hold,
So of that Martyr nam'd, (which *Verulam* was of old.)
A thousand other Saints, whom *Amphibal* had taught,
Flying the Pagan foe, their liues that strictly sought,
Were slaine where *Lichfield* is, whose name doth rightly sound,
(There of those Christians slaine) Dead field, or burying ground.

Then for the Christian faith, two other here that stood,
And teaching, brauely seald their Doctrine with their blood:
Saint *Iulius*, and with him Saint *Aron*, haue their roome,
At *Carleon* suffering death by *Dioclesians* doome;
Whose persecuting raigne tempestuously that rag'd,
Gainst those here for the Faith, their vtmost that ingag'd,
Saint *Angule* put to death, one of our holiest men,
At *London*, of that See, the godly Bishop then
In that our Infant Church, so resolute was he.
A second Martyr too grace *London's* ancient See,
Though it were after long, good *Voadine* who reprou'd
Proud *Vortiger* his King, vnlawfully that lou'd
Anothers wanton wife, and wrong'd his Nuptiall bed;
For which by that sterne Prince vniustly murthered,
As he a Martyr dy'd, is Sainred with the rest.

The third Saint of that See (though onely he confest)
Was *Guithelme*, vnto whom those times that reuerence gaue,
As he a place with them eternally shall haue.
So *Melior* may they bring, the Duke of *Cornwalls* sonne,
By his false brothers hands, to death who being done
In hate of Christian faith, whose zeale lest time should taine,
As he a Martyr was, they iustly made a Saint.

Those godly *Romans* then (who as mine Authour saith)
Wanne good King *Lucius* first t'imbrace the Christian faith,
Fugatius, and his friend Saint *Damian*, as they were
Made Denizens of ours, haue their remembrance here :
As two more neere that time, *Christ Iesus* that confest,
And that most liuely faith, by their good works exprest)
Saint *Euan* with his pheere Saint *Adwin*, who to win
The *Britans*, (com'n from *Rome*, where Christned they had bin)
Conuerted to the Faith their thousands, whose deare graue,
That *Glastenbury* grac'd, there their memoriall laue.

As they their sacred Bones in *Britaine* here bestow'd,
So *Britaine* likewise sent her Saints to them abroad :
Marcellus that iust man, who hauing gathered in
The scattered Christian Flocke, instructed that had bin
By holy *Ioseph* here; to congregat he wan
This iustly named Saint, this neuer-wearied man,

Next

Britaine teach
her holy men
no other our
time.

Next to the *Germans* preach'd, till (voyd of earthly feare)
By his courageous death, he much renown'd *Treuere*.

Then of our Native Saints, the first that di'd abroad,
Beatus, next to him shall fitly be bestow'd,
In *Switzerland* who preach'd, whom there those *Paynims* flue,
When greater in their place, though not in Faith, ensue
Saint *Lucius* (call'd of vs) the primer christned King,
Of th'ancient *Britons* then, who led the glorious ring
To all the *Saxon* Race, that here did him succeed,
Changing his regall Robe to a religious Weed,
His rule in *Britaine* left, and to *Heluetia* hied,
Where he a Bishop liu'd, a Martyr lastly died.
As *Constantine* the Great, that godly Emperour,
Here first the Christian Church that did to peace restore,
Whose euer blessed birth, (as by the power diuine)
The *Roman* Empire brought into the *British* Line,
Constantinoples Crowne, and th'ancient *Britans* glory.
So other here we haue to furnish vp our Story,
Saint *Melon* welneere, when the *British* Church began,
(Euen early in the raigne of *Romes* *Valerian*)
Here leauing vs for *Rome*, from thence to *Raan* was cald,
To preach vnto the *French*, where soone he was insauld
Her Bishop: *Britaine* so may of her *Gudwall* vaunt,
Who first the *Flemmings* taught, whose feast is held at *Gaunt*.
So others sooth she brought, to little *Britaine* vow'd,
Saint *Wenlocke*, and with him Saint *Sampson*, both alow'd
Apostles of that place, the first the Abbot sole
Of *Tawrac*, and the last sate on the See of *Dole*:
Where dying, *Maglor* then, thereof was Bishop made,
Sent purposely from hence, that people to perswade,
To keepe the Christian faith: so *Goluingaue* we thither,
Who fainted being there, we set them here together.

As of the weaker Sex, that ages haue enshrind
Amongst the *British* Dames, and worthily diuin'd:
The finder of the Crosse Queene *Helena* doth lead,
Who though *Rome* set a Crowne on her Emperiall head,
Yet in our *Britaine* borne, and bred vp choicely here.
Emerita the next, King *Lucius* sister deare,
Who in *Heluetia* with her martyred brother di'd,
Bright *Vrsula* the third, who vnderooke to guide
Th'eleuen thousand Mayds to little *Britaine* sent,
By Seas and bloody men deuoured as they went:
Of which we find these foure haue been for Saints preferd,
(And with their Leader still doe liue incalenderd)
Saint *Agnes*, *Cordula*, *Odillia*, *Florence*, which
With wondrous sumptuous shrines those ages did enrich

the foure and twentieth Song.

79

**The Centre.
British Sam.**

At *Cullen*, where their Lives most clearly are exprest,
And yearely Feasts obser'd to them and all the rest.

But when it came to passe the *Saxon* powers had put
The *Britans* from these parts, and them o'r *Seuerne* thoe,
The Christian Faith with her, then *Cambria* had alone,
With those that it receiud (from this now *England*) gone,
Whose *Cambrobritans* so their Saints as duely brought,
T'advance the Christian Faith, effectually that wrought,
Their *David*, (one deriud of th'royall *British* blood)
Who gainst *Palagius* false and damn'd opinions stood,
And turn'd *Menenius* name to *Dauids* sacred Sec,
Th Patron of the *Welsh* deseruing well to be :

With *Cadoek*, next to whom comes *Canock*, both which were Prince *Brechans* sonnes, who gaue the name to *Brecnackshere*; The first a Martyr made, a Confessor the other.

So *Clintanck*, *Brecknocks* Prince, as from one selfe same mother,
A Saint vpon that seat, the other doth ensue,
Whom for the Christian Faith a Pagan Souldier slue.

So Bishops can shee bring, which of her Saints shall bee,
As *Asaph*, who first gaue that name vnto that See,
Of *Banger*, and may boast Saint *Dauid* which her was
Much reuerence, and with these *Owdeck* and *Telem*,
Both Bishops of *Landaff*, and Saints in their Succession;
Two other following these, both in the same profession,
Saint *Dubric* whose report old *Carleon* yet doth carry,
And *Elery* in *Northwales*, who built a Monastery,
In which himselfe became the Abot, to his praise,
And spent in Almes and Prayer the remnant of his dayes.

But leaving these Divin'd, to *Decuman* we come,
In *North-wales* who was crown'd with glorious *Martyrdoms*.

Iustinian, as that man a Sainted place deseru'd,
Who still to feed his soule, his sinfull body steru'd:
And for his sake, his selfe, his soule, his body steru'd:

And for that height in zeale, whereto he did attaine,
There by his fellow Monkes most cruelly was flaine.
So Cambridge, Beroberie, and Gildes, which doth encrease

So *Cambria*, *Bene* bare; and *Gildas*, which doth grace
Old *Bangor*, and by whose learn'd writings we embrace,
The knowledge of those times, the fruits of whose in-
famous

Then other, which for hers old *Cambria* doth avenge:

Then *Tather* will we take, and *Chyned* to the rest.

With *Barnet*, who so much the Ile of *Bardsley* blest
By his most powerfull prayer, to solitude that liu'd,

And of all worldly care his zealous Soule depriu'd.
Of these, some liu'd not long, some wondrous aged were,

But in the Mountaines liv'd, all Hermits here and there.

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

O more then mortall men, whose faith and earnest prayers,
Not onely bare ye hence, but were those mightie stayres
By which you went to heauen, and God so clearely saw,
As this vaine earthly pompe had not the power to draw
Your eleuated soules, but once to looke so low,
As those depressed paths, wherein base worldlings goe.
What mind doth not admire the knowledge of these men?
But zealous Muse returne vnto thy taske agen.

These holy men at home, as here they were bestow'd,
So *Cambria* had such too, as famous were abroad.
Sophy King *Gulicks* sonne of *Northwales*, who had seene
The Sepulchre three times, and more, seuen times had beene
On Pilgrimage at *Rome*, of *Beniuentum* there
The painfull Bishop made; by him so place we here,
Saint Maccloue, from *North wales* to little *Britaine* sent,
That people to conuert, who resolutely bent,
Of *Athelney* in time the Bishop there became,
Which her first title chang'd, and rooke his proper name.
So she her Virgins had, and vow'd as were the best:
Saint Keyne Prince *Brechans* child, (a man so highly blest,
That thirtie borne to him all Saints accounted were.)
Saint Inthmar so apart shall with these other beare,
Who out of false suspect was by her brother slaine.
Then *Vvinisfrid*, whose name yet famous doth remaine,
Whose Fountaine in *Northwales* intituled by her name,
For Mosse, and for the Stones that be about the same,
Is founded through this Ile, and to this latter age
Is of our Romists held their latest Pilgrimage.

But when the *Saxons* here so strongly did reside,
And surely seated once, as owners to abide,
When nothing in the world to their desire was wanting,
Except the Christian Faith, for whose substantiall planting,
Saint Augustine from *Rome* was to this Iland sent,
And comming through large *France*, arriuing first in *Kent*,
Converted to the faith King *Ethelbert*, till then
Vnchristened that had liu'd, with all his *Kentishmen*,
And of their chiefeest Towne, now *Canterbury* cald,
The Bishop first was made, and on that See instauld.
Some other, and with him for knowledge great in name,
That in this mighty worke of our conuersion came,
Lawrence, *Melitus* then, with *Iustus*, and *Henorins*,
In this great Christian worke, all which had beene laborious,
To venerable age, each comming in degree,
Succceeded him againe in *Canterbury* See,
As *Peter* borne in *France*, with these and made our owne,
And *Pauline* whose great zeale, was by his Preaching showne.

The

Those that
came from
lorraine: who
amongst the
were canons:
and here the
Saints.

The first to Abbots state, wife *Austen* did prefeire,
And to the latter gaue the See of *Rocheſter*;
All canoniz'd for Saints, as worthy ſure they were,
For eſtabliſhing the Faith, which was receiued here.
Few Countries where our *Chriſt* had ere been preached then,
But ſent into this Ile ſome of their godly men.
From *Persia* led by zeale, ſo *Iue* this Iland ſought,
And neere our Eaſterne Fennes a fit place finding, taught
The Faith: which place from him the name alone deriues;
And of that ſainted man ſince called is *Saint-Iues*;
Such reuerence to her ſelfe that time Deuotion wan.

So Sun-burnt *Affrick* ſent vs holy *Adrian*,
Who preacht the Chriſtian Faith here nine and thirtie yeere,
An Abbot in this Ile, and to this Nation deare,
That in our Countrey two Prouinciall Synods cald,
T'reforme the Church that time with Hereſies enthrald.
So *Denmarke Henry* ſent t' encrease our holy ſtore,
Who falling in from thence vpon our Northerne ſhore
In th' Ile of * *Cochet* liu'd, neere to the mouth of *Tyne*,
In Faſting as in Prayer, a man ſo much diuine,
That ouely thrice a weeke on homely eates he fed,
And three times in the weeke himſelfe he ſilenced,
That in remembrance of this moſt abſtenious man,
Vpon his bleſſed death the Engliſh men began,
By him to name their Babes, which it ſo frequent brings,
Which name hath honoured been by many *Engliſh Kings*.

So *Burgundy* to vs three men moſt reuerent bare,
Amongſt our other Saints, that claime to haue their ſhare;
Of which was *Felix* firſt, who in th' Eaſt-Saxon raigne,
Conuerted to the faith King *Sigbert*: him againe
Enſueth *Anſelme*, whom *Auguſta* ſent vs in,
And *Hugh*, whoſe holy life, to *Chriſt* did many win,
By * *Henry* th' Empreſſe ſonne holpe hither, and to haue
Him wholly to be ours, the See of *Lincolne* gaue.

So *Lumbardey* to vs, our reuerent *Lanfrank* lent,
For whom into this land King *William* Conqueror ſent,
And *Canterburies* See to his wiſe charge assign'd.

Nor *France* to theſe for hers was any whit behind,
For *Grimbald* ſhee vs gaue (as *Peter* long before,
Who with Saint *Auſten* came, to preach vpon this ſhore)
By *Alfred* hither cald, who him an Abbot made,
Who by his godly life, and preaching did perſwade,
The *Saxons* to beleue the true and quickning word:
So after long againe ſhe likewise did afford,
Saint *Oſmond*, whom the See of *Salsbury* doth owne,
A Biſhop once of hers, and in our conqueſt knowne,

M

When

An Iſle vpon
the coaſt of
Scotland, in the
German ſea.

How the name
of Henry came
ſo frequent
among the Eng-
liſh.

Henry the ſe-
cond.

When hither to that end their *Norman William* came,
Remigius then, whose mind, that worke of ours of fame,
 Rich *Lincolne* Minster shewes, where he a Bishop sat,
 Which (it should seeme) he built for men to wonder at.
 So potent were the powers of Church-men in those dayes.

Then *Henry* nam'd of *Blois*, from *France* who cross the Seas,
 With *Stephen* Earle of *Blois* his brother, after King,
 In *Winchesters* rich See, who him establishing,
 He in those troublous times in preaching tooke such paine,
 As he by them was not canonized in vaine.

As other Countries here, their holy men bestow'd;
 So *Britaine* likewise sent her Saints to them abroad,
 And into neighbouring *France*, our most religious went,
 Saint *Clare* that native was of *Rocheſter* in *Kent*,
 At *Volcaſſyne* came vow'd the *French* instructing there,
 So early ere the truth amongst them did appeare,
 That more then halfe a God they thought that reuerent man.

Our *Indock*, so in *France* such fame our Nation wan,
 For holinesse, where long an Abbots life he led
 At *Pontoyſe*, and so much was honoured, that being dead,
 And after threescore yeares (their latest period dared)
 His body taken vp, was solemnly translated.

As *Ceſſid*, that sometime of *Wyremouth* Abbot was,
 In his returne from *Rome*, as he through *France* did passe,
 At *Langres* left his life, whose holinesse euen yet,
 Vpon his reuerent graue, in memory doth sit.

Saint *Alkwin* so for ours, we *English* boast againe,
 The Tutor that became to mightie *Charlemaigne*,
 That holy man, whose heart was so with goodnesse filld,
 As out of zeale he wan that mightie King to build
 That Academy now at *Paris*, whose Foundation
 Through all the Christian world hath so renown'd that Nation,
 As well declares his wealth, that had the power to doe it,
 As his most liuely zeale, perswading him vnto it.

As *Simon* cald the Saint of *Burdeux*, which so wrought,
 By preaching there the truth, that happily he brought
 The people of those parts, from Paganisme, wherein
 Their vnbeleeuing soules so long had nuzled bin.

So in the *Norman* rule, two most religious were,
 Amongst ours that in *France* disperſed here and there,
 Preach'd to that Nation long, Saint *Hugh*, who borne our owne,
 In our first *Henries* rule ſate on the See of *Roan*,
 Where reuerenc'd he was long. Saint *Edmund* so againe,
 Who banished from hence in our third *Henries* raigne,
 There led an Hermits life neere *Pontoyſe*, where before,
 Saint *Indock* did the like) whose honour to restore,

Religious

ic Eng
 me too
 parts,
 used.

Religious *Lewes* there interr'd with wondrous cost,
Of whose rich Funerall *France* deservedly may boast.
Then *Main* we adde to these, an Abbot here of ours,
To little *Britaine* sent, imploying all his powers
To bring them to the Faith, which he so well effected,
That since he as a Saint hath euer been respected.

As these of ours in *France*, so had wee those did show
In *Germany*, as well the Higher, as the Low,
Their Faith: In *Freezeland* first Saint *Boniface* our best,
Who of the See of *Mentz*, whilst there he sate posselt,
At *Dockum* had his death, by faithlesse *Friſians* slaine,
Whose Anniuersaries there did after long remaine.
So *Wigbert* full of faith, and heavenly wisdome went
Vnto the selfe same place, as with the same intent,
With *Eglemond* a man as great with God as he,
As they agreed in life, so did their ends agree,
Both by *Radbodius* slaine, who ruld in *Friſia* then:
So in the sacred roule of our Religious men,
In *Freeze* that preach'd the faith we of Saint *Lullas* read,
Who in the See of *Mentz* did *Boniface* succeed,
And *Willihad* that of *Bren*, that sacred Seat supplide,
So holy that him there, they halfely deiside,
With *Marchelme*, and with him our *Plehelme*, holy men,
That to the *Freezes* now, and to the *Saxons* then,
In *Germany* abroad the glorious Gospell spread,
Who at their liues depart, their bodies gathered,
Were at old *Seell* enshrin'd, their *Objets* yearly kept:
Such as on them haue had as many praises heap'd,
That in their liues the truth as constantly confest,
As th'other that their Faith by Martyrdome exprest.

In *Freeze*, as these of ours, their names did famous leaue;
Again so had we those as much renown'd in *Cleane*,
Saint *Swibert*, and with him Saint *Willick*, which from hence,
To *Cleue-land* held their way, and in the Truths defence
Pawn'd their religious liues, and as they went together,
So one and selfe same place allotted was to either:
For both of them at *Wert* in *Cleaueland* seated were,
Saint *Swibert* Bishop was, Saint *Willick* Abbot there.

So *Guelderland* againe shall our most holy bring,
As *Edilbert* the sonne of *Edilbald* the King
Of our *South-Saxon* Rule, incessantly that taught
The *Guelders*, whose blest dayes vnto their period brought,
Vnto his reuerent Corpse, old *Harlem* harbour gaue;
So *Werenfried* againe, and *Otger* both we haue,
Who to those people preach'd, whose praise that country tells.
What Nation names a Saint, for vertue that excels

POLY-OLBION,

Saint *German* who for *Christ* his Bishoprick forsooke,
 And in the Netherlands most humbly him betooke,
 From place to place to passe, the secrets to reueale,
 Of our deare Sauours death, and last of all to seale
 His doctrine with his blood: In *Belgia* so abroad,
 Saint *Wynock* in like sort, his blessed time bestow'd,
 Whose reliques *Wormshault* (yet) in *Flanders* hath reseru'd,

Of these, th' rebellious flesi (to winne them heauen) that staru'd.

Saint *Menzgold*, a man, who in his youth had beene
 A Souldier, and the French, and German warres had scene,
 A Hermit last became, his sinfull soule to saue,
 To whom good *Arnulph*, that most godly Emperour gaue
 Some ground not farre from *Leedge*, his Hermitage to set,
 Whole floore when with his teares, he many a day had wet,
 He for the Christian faith vpon the same was slaine:
 So did th' *Erwalds* there most worthily attaine
 Their Martyrs glorious Types, to *Ireland* first approou'd,
 But after (in their zeale) as need requir'd remoou'd,
 They to *Westphalis* went, and as they brothers were,
 So they, the Christian faith together preaching there,
 Th' old Pagan *Saxons* slew, out of their hatred deepe
 To the true Faith, whose shrines braue *Cullen* still doth keepe.

So *Adler* one of ours, by *England* set apart
 For *Germany*, and sent that people to conuert,
 Of *Erford* Bishop made, there also had his end.
 Saint *Liphard* likewise to our Martyraloge shall lend,
 Who hauing been at *Rome* on Pilgrimage, to see
 The Reliques of the Saints, supposed there to bee,
 Returning by the way of *Germany*, at last,
 Preaching the Christian faith, as he through *Cambray* past,
 The Pagan people slew, whose Reliques *Huncourt* hath;
 These others so we had, which trode the selfe same path
 In *Germany*, which shee most reuerently imbrac'd.
 Saint *Iohn* a man of ours, on *Salzburgs* See was plac'd;
 Saint *Willibald* of *Eist* the Bishop so became,
 And *Burchard* English borne, the man most great of name,
 Of *Witzburg* Bishop was, at *Hohemburg* that reard
 The Monastery, wherein he richly was interd.

So *Maastreight* vnto her Saint *Willibord* did call,
 And seated him vpon her See Episcopall,
 As two Saint *Lebwin*s there amongst the rest are brought;
 Th' one o'r *Isells* banks the ancient *Saxons* taught:
 At ouer *Isell* rests, the other did apply,
 The *Guelldres*, and by them interd at *Deuentry*.
 Saint *Wynbald* againe, at *Hidlemayne* enioy'd
 The Abbacy, in which his godly time employ'd

In their Conuerſion there, which long time him withſtood.
Saint *Gregory* then, with vs ſprung of the Royall blood,
And ſonne to him whom we the elder *Edward* ſtile,
Both Court and Country left, which he eſteemed vile,
Which *Germany* receau'd, where he at *Nyniard* led
A ſtrict Monafterick life, a Saint aliue and dead.

So had we ſome of ours for *Italy* were preſt,
As well as theſe before, ſent out into the Eaſt.
King *Inas* hauing done ſo great and wondrous things,
As well might be ſuppos'd the works of ſundry Kings,
Erecting beautilous Phanes, and Monuments ſo faire,
As Monarchs haue not ſince beene able to repaire,
Of many that he built, the leaſt, in time when they
Haue (by weake mens neglect) beene falne into decay:
This Realme by him enrich'd, he pouertie profeſt,
In Pilgrimage to *Rome*, where meekly he deceaſt.
As *Richard* the deare ſonne to *Lothar* King of *Kent*,
When he his happy dayes religiously had ſpent;
And feeling the approach of his declining age,
Deſirous to ſee *Rome* in holy Pilgrimage,
Into thy Country com'n at *Lenca*, left his life,
Whoſe myracles there done, yet to this day are riſe.
The Patron of that place, ſo *Thuſcany* in thee,
At faire *Mount-ſtaſcon* ſtill the memory ſhall bee
Of holy *Thomas* there moſt reuerently interd,
Who ſometime to the See of *Hereford* preferd,
Thence traouailing to *Rome*, in his returne bereft
His life by ſickneſſe, there to thee his body left.

Yet *Italy* gaue not theſe honors all to them
That viſited her *Rome*, but from *Ieruſalem*,
Some coming back through thee, and yeelding vp their ſpirits,
On thy rich earth receiu'd their moſt deſerued merits.
O *Naples*, as thine owne, in thy large Territory,
Though to our Countries praiſe, yet to thy greater glory,
Euen to this day the Shrines religiously doſt keepe,
Of many a bleſſed Saint which in thy lap doth ſleepe!
As *Eleutherius*, com'n from viſiting the Tombe,
Thougau'ſt to him at *Arke* in thy *Apulia* roome
To ſet his holy Cell, where he an Hermite dy'd,
Canonized her Saint; ſo haſt thou glorified
Saint *Gerrard*, one of ours, (about the former grac'd)
In ſuch a ſumptuous Shrine at *Galinaro* plac'd;
At *Sancto Padre* ſo, Saint *Fulke* hath euer fame,
Which from that reuerent man't ſhould ſeeme deriu'd the name,
His Reliques there reſeru'd, ſo holy *Ardwins* Shrine
Is at *Ceprano* kept, and honoured as diuine,

For

For Myracles, that there by his strong faith were wrought.
 Mongst these selected men, the Sepulchre that sought,
 And in thy Realme arriu'd, their blessed soules relig'd:
 Our *Bernards* body yet at *Arpine* we may find,
 Vntill this present time, her patronizing Saint.

So Countries more remore, with ours we did acquaint,
 As *Richard* for the same his holinesse had wonne,
 And for the wondrous things that through his Prayers were done,
 From this his natue home into *Calabria* cald,
 And of Saint *Andrewes* there the Bishop was instauld,
 For whom shee hath profitt much reuerence to this land:
 Saint *William* with this man, a paralell may stand,
 Through all the Christian world accounted so diuine,
 That traueilling from hence to holy *Palestine*,
 Desirous that most blest *Ierusalem* to see,
 (In which the Saniours selfe so oft vouchsaf't to be)
 Priour of that holy house by Suffrages related,
 To th' Sepulchre of *Christ*, which there was dedicated;
 To *Tyre* in *Syria* thence remou'd in little space,
 And in lesse time ordain'd Archbishop of that place;
 That God inspired man, with heauenly goodnesse fild,
 A Saint amongst the rest deservedly is held.

Yet *Italy*, nor *France*, nor *Germany*, those times
 Imployd not all our men, but into colder Clymes,
 They wandred through the world, their Countries that forooke.
 So *Sigfrid* sent from hence, deuoutly vndertooke
 Those Pagans wild and rude, of *Gothia* to conuert,
 Who hauing laboured long, with danger oft ingirt,
 Was in his reuerent age for his deserved fee,
 By *Olaus* King of *Goths*, set on *Vexonia's* See.
 To *Norway*, and to those great North-East Countries farre;
 So *Gotebald* gaue him selfe holding a Christian warre
 With Paynims, nothing else but Heathenish Rites that knew.
 As *Suetbia* to her selfe these men most reuerent drew,
 Saint *Vlfrid* of our Saints, as famous there as any,
 Nor scarcely find we one conuerting there so many.
 And *Henry* in those dayes of *Oxfo* Bishop made,
 The first that *Swethen* King, which euer did perswade,
 On *Finland* to make waite, to force them by the sword,
 When nothing else could serue to heare the powerfull word;
 With *Eskill* thither sent, to teach that barbarous Nation,
 Who on the Passion day, there preaching on the Passion,
 T'expresse the Saniours loue to mankind, taking paine,
 By cruell Paynims hands was in the Pulpit slaine,
 Vpon that blessed day *Christ* dyed for sinfull man,
 Vpon that day for *Christ*, his Martyrs Crowne he wan.

the foure and twentieth Song.

87

So *Dauid* drawne from hence into those farther parts,
By preaching, who to pearce those Paynims hardned hearts,
Incessantly proclaim'd *Christ Iesus*, with a crie
Against their Heathen gods, and blind Idolatry.
Into those colder Clymes to people beastly rude,
So others that were ours couragiously pursue,
The planting of the Truth, in zeale three most profound,
The relish of whose names by likeliness of sound,
Both in their liues and deaths, a likeliness might show,
As *Vnaman* we name, and *Shunaman* that goe,
With *Wygnanian* their friend, which martyred gladly were
In *Goshland*, whilst they taught with Christian patience there.

Nor those from vs that went, nor those that hither came
From the remotest parts, were greater yet in name,
Then those residing here on many a goodly See,
(Great Bishops in account, now greater Saints that be)
Some such selected ones for pietie and zeale,
As to the wretched world, more clearly could reueale,
How much there might of God in mortall man be found
In charitable workes, or such as did abound,
Which by their good successe in aftertimes were blest,
Were then related Saints, as worthier then the rest.

Of *Canterbury* here with those I will begin,
That first Archbishops See, on which there long hath bin
So many men deuout, as rais'd that Church so high,
Much reuerence, and haue wonne their holy Hierarchy:
Of which he first that did with goodnesse so inflame
The hearts of the deuout (that from his proper name)
As one (euen) sent from God, the soules of men to saue
The title vnto him, of *Deodat* they gaue.
The Bishops *Brightwald* next, and *Taiwin* in we take,
Whom time may say, that Saints it worthily did make
Succeeding in that See directly euen as they,
Here by the Muse are plac'd, who spent both night and day
By doctrine, or by deeds, instructing, doing good,
In raising them were false, or strengthening them that stood.

Then *Odo* the Seuer, who highly did adorne
That See, (yet being of vnchristened parents borne,
Whose Country *Denmarke* was, but in East *England* dwelt)
He being but a child, in his cleere bosome felt
The most vndoubted truth, and yet vn baptiz'd long;
But as he grew in yeares, in spirit so growing strong:
And as the Christian faith this holy man had taught,
He likewise for that Faith in Sundry battels fought.
So *Dunstan* as the rest arose through many Sees,
To this Arch-type at last ascending by degrees,

There

Bishops of the
land canonized
Saints,

Thereby his power confirm'd, and strongly credit wonne,
 To many wondrous things, which he before had done.
 To whom when (as they say) the Deuill once appear'd,
 This man so full of faith, not once at all afraid,
 Strong conflicts with him had, in myracles most great.
 As *Egcbuoth* againe much grac'd that sacred seat,
 Who for his godly deeds surnamed was the Good,
 Not boasting of his birth, though com'n of Royall blood:
 For that, nor at the first, a Monkes meane Cowle despis'd,
 With winning men to God, who neuer was suffic'd.
 These men before expect; so *Eadfine* next ensues,
 To propagate the truth, no royle that did refuse;
 In *Haralds* time who liu'd, when *William* Conqueror came,
 For holinesse of life, attain'd vnto that fame,
 That Souldiers fierce and rude, that pittie neuer knew,
 Were suddenly made mild, as changed in his view.
 This man with those before, most worthily related
 Arch-saints, as in their Sees Arch-bishops consecrated.
 Saint *Thomas Becket* then, which *Rome* so much did herry,
 As to his Christned name it added *Canterbury*;
 There to whose sumptuous Shrine the neere succeeding ages,
 So mighty offrings sent, and made such Pilgrimages,
 Concerning whom, the world since then hath spent much breath,
 And many questions made both of his life and death:
 If he were truly iust, he hath his right; if no,
 Those times were much to blame, that haue him reckon'd so.

Then these from *Yorke* ensue, whose liues as much haue grac'd
 That See, as these before in *Canterbury* plac'd:
 Saint *Wilfrid* of her Saints, we then the first will bring,
 Who twice by *Egfrids* ire, the steine *Northumbrian* King,
 Expulst his sacred Seat, most patiently it bare,
 The man for sacred gifts almost beyond compare.
 Then *Bosa* next to him as mecke and humble hearted,
 As the other full of grace, to whom great God imparted
 His mercies sundry wayes, as age vpon him came.
 And next him followeth *John*, who likewise bare the name,
 Of *Beuerley*, where he most happily was borne,
 Whose holinesse did much his natiue place adorne,
 Whose Vigils had by those deuouter times bequests
 The Ceremonies due to great and solemne Feasts.
 So *Oswald* of that seat, and *Cedwall* sainted were,
 Both reuerenc'd and renown'd Archbishops, liuing there
 The former to that See, from *Worcester* transfer'd,
 Deceased, was againe at *Worcester* inter'd:
 The other in that See a sepucher they chose,
 And did for his great zeale amongst the Saints dispose,

As

As *William* by descent com'n of the Conquerors straine,
Whom *Stephen* ruling here did in his time ordaine
Archbishop of that See, among our Saints doth fall,
Deriu'd from those two Seats, styl'd Archiepiscopall.

Next these Arch-Sees of ours, now *London* place doth take;
Which had those, of whom time Saints worthily did make.

As *Ceda*, (brother to that reuerent Bishop *Chad*,
At *Lichfield* in those times, his famous seat that had)
Is Sainted for that See amongst our reuerent men,
From *London* though at length remoou'd to *Lestingen*,
A monastery, which then he richly had begun.
Him *Erkenwald* ensues th' East English *Offa's* sonne,
His fathers kingly Court, who for a Croliar fled,
Whose works such fame him wonne for holinesse, that dead;
Time him enshrind in *Pauls*, (the mother of that See)
Which with Reuenues large, and Priuiledges he
Had wondrously endow'd; to goodnesse so affected,
That he those Abbayes great, from his owne power erected
At *Cherissey* neere to *Thames*, and *Barking* famous long.
So *Roger* hath a roome in these our Sainted throng,
Who by his words and works so taught the way to heauen,
As that great name to him sure was not vainely giuen.

With *Winchester* againe proceed we, which shall store
Vswith as many Saints, as any See (or more)
Of whom we yet haue sung, (as *Heada* there we haue)
Who by his godly life, so good instructions gaue,
As teaching that the way to make men to liue well,
Example vs assur'd, did Preaching farre excell.
Our *Swithen* then ensues, of him why ours I say,
Is that vpon his Feast, his dedicated day,
As it in Haruest haps, so Plow-men note thereby,
Th' ensuing fortie dayes be either wet or dry,
As that day falleth out, whose Myacles may wee
Belceue those former times, he well might sainted bee.

So *Fritstun* for a Saint incalendred we find,
With *Brithstan* not a whit the holiest man behind,
Canoniz'd, of which two, the former for respect
Of vertues in him found, the latter did elect
To sit vpon his See, who likewise dying there,
To *Ethelwald* againe succeeding did appeare,
The honour to a Saint, as challenging his due.
These formerly exprest, then *Elpheg* doth ensue;
Then *Ethelwald*, of whom this Almes-deed hath been told,
That in a time of dearth his Churches plate he sold,
T'releue the needy poore; the Churches wealth (quoth he)
May be againe repayr'd, but so these cannot be.

N

With

With these before exprest, so *Britwald* forth she brought,
By faith and earnest prayer his myracles that wrought,
That such against the Faith, that were most stony-hearted,
By his religious life, haue lastly been conuerted.

This man, when as our Kings so much decayed were,
As 'twas suppos'd their Line would be extinguish't here,
Had in his Dreame reucaled, to whom All-doing heauen,
The Scepter of this land in after-times had giuen,
Which in Prophetrick sort by him deliuered was,
And as he stoutly spake, it truly came to passe.

So other Southerne Sees, here either lesse or more,
Haue likewise had their Saints, though not alike in store.
Of *Rocheiter*, we haue Saint *Ithamar*, being then
In those first times, first of our native *English* men
Residing on that Seat; so as an ayd to her,
But singly Sainted thus, we haue of *Chichester*,
Saint *Richard*, and with him Saint *Gilbert*, which doe stand
Enrol'd amongst the rest of this our Myrtred Band,
Of whom such wondrous things, for truths deliuered are,
As now may seeme to stretch our strait beleefe too farre.

And *Cimbert*, of a Saint had the deserued right,
His yearly *Obys* long, done in the Isle of *Wight*;
A Bishop, as some say, but certaine of what See,
It scarcely can be proou'd, nor is it knowne to me.

Whilst *Sherburne* was a See, and in her glory shone,
And *Bodmin* likewise had a Bishop of her owne,
Whose Diocesse that time contained *Cornwall*, these
Had as the rest their Saints, deriued from their Sees:
The first, her *Adelme* had, and *Hamond*, and the last
Had *Patrock*, for a Saint that with the other past,
That were it fit for vs but to examine now
Those former times, these men for Saints that did allow,
And from our reading vige, that others might as well
Related be for Saints, as worthy euery deale.

This scrutiny of ours, would cleere that world thereby,
And shew it to be voyd of partiality,
That each man holy cald, was not canoniz'd here,
But such whose liues by death had triall many a yeere.

That See at *Norwich* now establish't (long not stir'd)
At *Elsam* planted first, to *Norwich* then transferr'd
Into our bedroule here, her *Humbert* in doth bring,
(A Counsellour that was to that most martyred King
Saint *Edmund*) who in their rude massacre then slaine,
The title of a Saint, his Martyrdome doth gaine.

So *Hertford* hath had on her Cathedrall Seat,
Saint *Leofgar*, a man by Martyrdome made great,

Whom

Whom *Griffith* Prince of *Wales*, that i' owne which did subdue,
(O most vnhalloved deed) vnmereifully slue.

So *Worster*, (as those Sees here sung by vs before)
Hath likewise with her Saints renown'd our native shore:
Saint *Egwin* as her eld'st, with *Woolstan* as the other,
Of whom she may be proud, to say shee was the Mother,
The Churches Champions both, for her that stoutly stood:

Lichfield hath those no whit lesse famous, nor lesse good:
The first of whom is that most reuerent Bishop *Chad*,
In those religious times for holinesse that had,
The name about the best that liued in those dayes,
That Stories haue been stuf't with his abundant praise;
Who on the See of *Torke* being formerly instauld,
Yet when backe to that place Saint *Wilfrid* was recald,
The Seat to that good man he willingly resign'd,
And to the quiet Crosse of *Lichfield* him confin'd.
So *Sexulfe* after him, then *Owen* did supply,
Her Trine of reuerent men, renown'd for sanctitie.

As *Lincolne* to the Saints, our *Robert Grosset* lent,
A perfect godly man, most learn'd and eloquent,
Then whom no Bishop yet walkt in more vpright wayes,
Who do'st re'proue proud *Rome*, in her most prosperous dayes,
Whose life, of that next age the Iustice well did show,
Which we may boldly say, for this we clearely know,
Had *Innocent* the fourth the Churches Suffrage led,
This man could not at *Rome* haue been Canonized.

Her sainted Bishop *Iohn*, so *Ely* addes to these,
Yet neuer any one of all our seuerall Sees
Northumberland like thine, haue to these times been blest,
Which sent into this Isle so many men protest,
Whilst *Hagustald* had then a Mother-Churches stile;
And *Lindisferne* of vs now cald the *Holy-Ile*,
Was then a See before that *Durham* was so great,
And long ere *Carleill* came to be a Bishops seat.
Aidan, and *Finan* both, most happily were found
Northumberland in thee, euen whilst thou didst abound
With Paganisme, which them thy *Oswin* that good King,
His people to conuert did in from *Scotland* bring:
As *Etta* likewise hers, from *Malrosse* that arose,
Being Abbot of that place, whom the *Northumbers* chose
The Bishopricke of *Ferne*, and *Hagustald* to hold.
And *Cuthbert* of whose life such Myracles are told,
As *Storie* scarcely can the truth thereof maintaine,
Of th'old *Scotch-Irish* Kings descended from the straine,
To whom since they belong, I from them here must swerue,
And till I thither come, their holinesse referue,

Proceeding with the rest that on those Sees haue showne,
As *Edbert* after these borne naturally our owne.
The next which in that See Saint *Cuthbert* did succeed,
His Church then built of wood, and thatch'd with homely reed,
He builded vp of stone, and couered sayre with Lead,
Who in Saint *Cuthberts* Graue they buried being dead,
As his sad people he at his departing wild.

So *Higbald* after him a Saint is likewise held,
Who when his proper See, as all the Northren Shore,
Were by the *Danes* destroyd, he not dismayd the more,
But making shift to get out of the cruell flame,
His Cleargie carrying soorth, preach'd wherefoere he came.

And *Alwyn* who the Church at *Durham* now begun,
Which place before that time was strangely ouerun
With shrubs, and men for come that plot had lately eard,
Where he that goodly Phane to after ages reard,
And thither his late Seat from * *Lindisferne* translated,
Which his Cathedrall Church by him was consecrated.

So *Acca* we account mongst those which haue been cald
The Saints of this our See, which sate at *Hagenstald*,
Of which he Bishop was, in that good age respected,
In Calenders prefer'd, in th' Catalogues neglected,
Which since would seeme to shew the Bishops as they came:
Then *Edilwald*, which some (since) *Ethelwoolfe* doe name,
At *Durham* by some men supposed to reside
More rightly, but by some at *Carleill* iustifide,
The first which rul'd that See, which * *Beauclerke* did preferre,
Much gracing him, who was his only Confessor.
Nor were they Bishops thus related Saints alone;
Northumberland, but thou (besides) hast many a one,
Religious Abbots, Priests, and holy Hermits then,
Canonized as well as thy great Mytred men:
Two famous Abbots sith are in the ranke of these,
Whose Abbayes touch'd the walls of thy two ancient Seas.

Thy *Royfill* (in his time the tutillage that had
Of *Cuthbert* that great Saint, whose hopes then but a lad,
Exprest in riper yeares how greatly he might merit)
The man who had from God a prophesying Spirit,
Foretelling many things; and growing to be old,
His very hower of death, was by an Angell told.
At *Malroyes* this good man his Sainting well did came,
Saint *Oswald* his againe at holy *Lindisferne*,
With *Iac* a godly Priest, supposed to haue his lere
Of *Cuthbert*, and with him was *Herbert* likewise there
His fellow-pupill long, (who as mine Authour saith)
So great opinion had, of *Cuthbert* and his faith,

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That at one time and place, he with that holy man,
Desir'd of God to dye, which by his prayer he wan.

Our venerable *Bede* so forth that Country brought,
And worthily so nam'd, who of those ages sought
The truth to vnderstand, impartially which he
Deliuered hath to time, in his Records that we,
Things left so farre behind, before vs still may read,
Mongst our canoriz'd sort, who called is Saint *Bede*.

A sort of Hermits then, by thee to light are brought,
Who liu'd by Almes, and Prayer, the world respecting nought.
Our *Edilwald* the Priest, in *Ferne* (now holy Ile)
Which standeth from the firme to Sea nine English mile,
Sate in his reuerent Cell, as *Godrick* thou canst show;
His head and beard as white as Swan or driuen Snow,
At *Finchall* threescore yeeres, a Hermits life to lead;
Their solitary way in thee did *Alrick* tread,
Who in a Forrest neere to *Carleill*, in his age,
Bequeath'd himselfe to his more quiet Hermitage.
Of *Wilgusse*, so in thee *Northumberland* we tell,
Whose most religious life hath merited so well,
(Whose blood thou boasts to be of thy most royall straine)
That *Alkwin*, Master to that mightie *Charlemaigne*,
In Verse his Legend writ, who of our holy men,
He him the subiect chose for his most learned pen.
So *Oswyn*, one of thy deare Country thou canst show,
To whom as for the rest for him we likewise owe
Much honour to thy earth, this godly man that gaue,
Whose Reliques that great house of *Lesting* long did saue,
To finders till it sanke: so *Benedict* by thee,
We haue amongst the rest, for Saints that reckoned bee,
Of *Wyremouth* worship'd long, her Patron buried there,
In that most goodly Church, which he himselfe did reare.
Saint *Thomas* so to vs *Northumberland* thou lent'st,
Whom vp into the South, thou from his Country sent'st;
For sanctitie of life, a man exceeding rare,
Who since that of his name so many Saints there are,
This man from others more, that times might vnderstand,
They to his christened name added *Northumberland*.

Nor in one Country thus our Saints confined were,
But through this famous Isle dispersed here and there:
As *Yorkshire* sent vs in Saint *Robert* to our store,
At *Knarsborough* most knowne, whereas he long before
His blessed time bestowd, then one as iust as he,
(If credit to those times attributed may be)
Saint *Richard* with the rest deseruing well a roome,
Which in that Country once, at *Hampoole* had a roombe.

Religious

Religious *Alred* so, from *Rydall* we receiue,
 The Abbot, who to all posteritie did leaue,
 The fruits of his staid faith, deliuered by his Pen.
 Not of the least desert amongst our holiest men,
 One *Euseb* then we had, but where his life he led,
 That doubt I, but am sure he was Canonized,
 And was an Abbot too, for sanctity much fam'd.

Then *Woolsey* will we bring, of *Westminster* so nam'd,
 And by that title knowne, in power and goodnesse great,
 And meriting as well his Sainting, as his Seat.
 So haue we found three *Johns*, of sundry places here,
 Of which (three reuerent men) two famous Abbots were.
 The first *Saint Albans* shew'd, the second *Leues* had,
 Another godly *John* we to these former add,
 To make them vp a Trine, (the name of Saints that wonn)
 Who was a *Yorkshire* man, and Prior of *Berlington*.

So *Biren* can we boast, a man most highly blest
 With the title of a Saint, whose ashes long did rest
 At *Dorchester*, where he was honoured many a day;
 But of the place he held, books diuersly dare say,
 As they of *Gilbert* doe, who founded those Diuines,
 Monasticks all that were, of him nam'd *Gilbertines*.
 To which his Order here, he thirteene houses built,
 When that most thankfull time, to shew he had not spile
 His wealth on it in vaine, a Saint hath made him here,
 At *Sempringham* enshuin'd, a towne of *Lincolneshire*.

Of sainted Hermits then, a company we haue,
 To whom deuouter times this veneration gaue:
 As *Gwir* in *Cornwall* kept his solitary Cage,
 And *Noth* by *Hunstock* there, his holy Hermitage,
 As *Guthlake*, from his youth, who liu'd a Souldier long,
 Detesting the rude spoyle, done by the armed throng,
 The mad tumultuous world contemptibly forsooke,
 And to his quiet Cell by *Cronland* him betooke,
 Free from all publique crowds, in that low Fenny ground.

As *Bertine* againe, was neere to *Stafford* found:
 Then in a Forrest there, for solitude most fit,
 Blest in a Hermits life, by there enioying it.
 An Hermit *Arnulph* so in *Bedfordshire* became,
 A man austere of life, in honour of whose name,
 Time after built a Towne, where this good man did liue,
 And did to it the name of *Arnulphsbury* giue.
 These men, this wicked world respected not a hayre,
 But true Professors were of pouertie and prayer.

Amongst these men which times haue honoured with the Stile
 Of Confessors, (made Saints) so euery little while,

Our

Our Martyrs haue com'n in, who sealed with their blood,
That faith which th'other preach'd, gainst them that it withstood,
As *Abeloth*, who had liu'd a Herdsman, left his Seat,
Though in the quiet fields, whereas he kept his Neat,
And leauing that his Charge, he left the world withall,
An Anchorite and became, within a Cloystred wall,
Inclosing vp himselfe, in prayer to spend his breath,
But was too soone (alas) by Pagans put to death.
Then *Woolstan*, one of these, by his owne kinsman slaine
At *Eusham*, for that he did zealously maintaine
The veritie of *Christ*. As *Thomas*, whom we call
Of *Douer*, adding Monke, and Martyr therewithall,
For that the barbarous *Danes* he brauely did withstand,
From ransacking the Church, when here they put on land,
By them was done to death, which rather he did chuse,
Then see their Heathen hands those holy things abuse.

Two Boyes of tender age, those elder Saints ensue,
Of *Norwich William* was, of *Lincolne* little *Hugh*,
Whom th'unbelleeuing *Jewes* (rebellious that abide)
In mockery of our *Christ* at Easter crucifid,
Those times would euery one should their due honour haue,
His freedome or his life, for *Iesus Christ* that gaue.

So *Wilshire* with the rest her Hermit *Elfrick* hath
Related for a Saint, so famous in the Faith,
That sundry ages since, his Cell haue sought to find,
At *Hasselburg*, who had his *Obits* him assign'd.

So had we many Kings most holy here at home,
As men of meaner ranke, which haue attaind that roomer
In *Northumberland*, thy seat with Saints did vs supply
Of thy religious Kings, of which high Hierarchy
Was *Edwin*, for the Faith by Heathenish hands inthralld,
Whom *Penda* which to him the Welsh *Cadwallyn* calld,
Without all mercy slew: But he alone not did
By that proud *Mercian* King, but *Penda* yet beside,
Iust *Oswald* likewise slew, at *Oswaldsfree*, who gaue

That name vnto that place, as though time meant to saue
His memory thereby, there suffering for the Faith,
As one whose life deseru'd that memory in death.

So likewise in the Roule of these *Northumbrian Kings*,
With those that Martyrs were, so forth that Country brings
Th'annoynted *Oswin* next, in *Deira* to ensue,
Whom *Osway* that bruit King of wild *Bernicia* stue:
Two kingdomes, which whilst then *Northumberland* remain'd
In greatnesse, were within her larger bounds contain'd,
This Kingly Martyr so, a Saint was rightly crown'd
As *Alkmund* one of hers for sanctity renown'd,

King

Seven Kings
canonized in
Saints.

at the T.
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King *Alreds* Christned sonne, a most religious Prince,
Whom when the Heathenish here by no meanes could conuince,
(Their Paganisme a pace declining to the wane)

At *Darby* put to death, whom in a goodly Phane,
Cald by his glorious name, his corpse the Christians layd.
What fame deseru'd your faith, (were it but rightly wayd)

You pious Princes then, in godlinesse so great;
Why should not full-mouthd Fame your praises oft repeat
So *Ethelwolph* her King, *Northumbria* notes againe,

In Martyrdome the next, though not the next in raigne,
Whom his false Subiects slue, for that he did deface
The Heathenish *Saxon* gods, and bound them to embrace

The liuely quickning Faith, which then began to spread.
So for our Sauour *Christ*, as these were martyred:

There other holy Kings were likewise, who confest,
Which those most zealous times haue Sainted with the rest,
King *A'fred* that his *Christ* he might more surely hold,

Left his *Northumbrian* Crowne, and soone became encould,
At *Malroyse*, in the land, whereof he had been King.

So *Egbert* to that Prince, a Paralell we bring,

To *Ostroo'ph* his next heire, his kingdome that resign'd,

And presently himselfe at *Lindisferne* confin'd,

Contemning Courtly state, which earthly foolcs adore:

So *Ceomulph* againe as this had done before,

In that religious house, a cloystred man became,

Which many a blessed Saint hath honoured with the name.

Nor those *Northumbrian* Kings the onely Martyrs were,

That in this seuen-fold Rule the scepters once did beare,

But that the *Mercian* raigne, which Pagan Princes long,

Did terribly infest, had some her Lords among,

To the true Christian Faith much reuerence which did add

Our Martyrologe to helpe: so happily shee had

Rufin, and *Vlsad*, sonnes to *Wulphere*, for desire

They had t'imbrace the Faith, by their most cruell Sire

Were without pittie slaine, long ere to manhood growne,

Whose tender bodies had their burying Rites at * *Stone*.

So *Kenelme*, that the King of *Mercia* should haue beene,

Before his first seuen yeares he fully out had scene,

Was slaine by his owne Guard, for feare lest waxing old,

That he the Christian Faith vndoubtedly would hold.

So long it was ere truth could Paganisme expell.

Then *Fremund*, *Offa's* sonne, of whom times long did tell,

Such wonders of his life and sanctitie, who fled

His fathers kingly Court, and after meckly led

An Hermits life in *Wales*, where long he did remaine

In Penitence and prayer, till after he was slaine

By

owns to
Jordbire.

By cruell *Ofways* hands, the most inueterate foe,
The Christian faith here found: so *Etheldred* shall goe
With these our martyred Saints, though onely he confest,
Since he of *Mercia* was, a King who highly blest,
Faire *Bardney*, where his life religiously he spent,
And meditating *Christ*, thence to his Sauour went.

Nor our *West-Saxon* raigne was any whit behind
Those of the other rules (their best) whose zeale wee find,
Amongst those sainted Kings, whose fames are safeliest kept,
As *Cedwall*, on whose head such praise all times haue heapt,
That from a Heathen Prince, a holy Pilgrim turn'd,
Repenting in his heart against the truth t' haue spurn'd,
To *Rome* on his bare feet his patience exercis'd,
And in the Christian faith there humbly was baptiz'd.
So *Ethelwoolfe*, who sat on *Cedwalls* ancient Seat,
For charitable deeds, who almost was as great,
As any *English* King, at *Winchester* enshrin'd,
A man amongst our Saints, most worthily deuin'd.
Two other Kings as much our Martyrologe may sted,
Saint *Edward*, and with him comes in Saint *Ethelred*,
By *Alfreda*, the first, his Stepmother was slaine,
That her most loued sonne young *Ethelbert* might raigne:
The other in a storme, and deluge of the *Dane*,
For that he Christned was, receau'd his deadly bane,
Both which with wondrous cost, the *English* did interre,
At *Wynburne* this first Saint, the last at *Winchester*,
Where that *West-Saxon* Prince, good *Alfred* buried was
Among our Sainted Kings, that well deserues to passe.

Nor were these *Westerne* Kings of the old *Saxon* straine,
More studious in those times, or stoutlier did maintaine
The truth, then these of ours, the *Angles* of the East,
Their neer'st and deer'st Allies, which strongly did invest
The *Island with their name, of whose most holy Kings,
Which iustly haue deseru'd their high Canonizings,
Are *Sigfrid*, whose deare death him worthily hath crown'd,
And *Edmund* in his end, so wondrously renown'd,
For Christs sake suffering death, by that blood-drowning *Dane*,
To whom those times first built that Citie and that Phane,
Whose ruines *Suffolke* yet can to her glory show,
When shee will haue the world of her past greatnesse know.
As *Ethelbert* againe alur'd with the report
Of more then earthly pompe, then in the *Mercian* Court,
From the *East-Angles* went, whilst mighty *Offa* raign'd,
Where, for he christned was, and Christian-like abstain'd
To Idolatrize with them, fierce *Queenred*, *Offa's* Queene
Most treacherously him slew out of th' inueterate spleene

O

Shee

A people of the
Saxons, who
gave the name
to England, of
Angles land.

Saint Ethelbert
bury.

Shew bare vnto the Faith, whom we a Saint adore.
So *Edwald* brother to Saint *Edmund*, sung before,
A Confessor we call, whom past times did interre,
At *Dorchester by Tame*, (now in our Calender.)

Amongst those kingdomes here, so *Kent* account shall yeeld
Of three of her best blood, who in this Christian Field
Were mighty, of the which, King *Ethelbert* shall stand
The first, who hauing brought Saint *Augustine* to land,
Himselfe first christned was, by whose example then,
The Faith grew after strong amongst his *Kentishmen*.
As *Ethelbert* againe, and *Ethelred* his phere,
To *Edwald* King of *Kent*, who naturall Nephewes were,
For *Christ* there suffering death, assume them places hye,
Amongst our martyred Saints, commemorate at *Wye*.
To these two brothers, so two others come againe,
And of as great discent in the *Southsexian* straine:
Arnwalde of one name, whom ere King *Cedwall* knew
The true and liuely Faith, he tyranously slew:
Who still amongst the Saints haue their deserued right,
Whose Vigils were obseru'd (long) in the Isle of *Wight*.
Remembred too the more, for being of one name,
As of th' *East-Saxon* line, King *Sebba* so became
A most religious Monke, at *London*, where he led
A striét retyred life, a Saint aliue and dead.
Related for the like, so *Edgar* we admit,
That King, who ouer eight did soly Monarch sit,
And with our holiest Saints for his endowments great,
Bestow'd vpon the Church. With him we likewise seat
That sumptuous shrined King, good *Edward*, from the rest
Of that renowned name, by Confessor exprest.

To these our sainted Kings, remembred in our Song,
Those Mayds and widdowed Queenes, doe worthily belong,
Incloystred that became, and had the selfe same style,
For Fasting, Almes, and Prayer, renowned in our Isle,
As those that soorth to *France*, and *Germany* we gaue,
For holy charges there, but here first let vs haue
Our Mayd-made-Saints at home, as *Hilderlie*, with her
We *Thorid* thinke most fit, for whom those times auerre,
A Virgin strictlyer vow'd, hath hardly liued here.
Saint *Wulffhild* then we bring, all which of *Barking* were,
And reckoned for the best, which most that house did grace,
The last of which was long the Abbesse of that place.
So *Werburg*, *Wulpheres* child, (of *Mercia* that had been
A persecuting King) by *Ermineld* his Queene,
At *Ely* honoured is, where her deare mother late,
A Recluse had remain'd, in her sole widdowed state:

Of

Of which good *Audry* was King *Ina's* daughter bright,
Reflecting on those times to cleare a Vestall light,
As many a Virgin-breast she fired with her zeale,
The fruits of whose strong faith, to ages still reuale
The glory of those times, by liberties she gaue,
By which those Easterne Shires their Priuiledges haue.
Of holy *Audries* too, a sister here we haue,
Saint *VVithburg*, who her selfe to Contemplation gaue,
At *Deerham* in her Cell, where her due howres she kept,
Whose death with many a teare in *Norfolke* was bewept.

Saint Audrie
Liberata

And in that Isle againe, which beareth *Eles* name,
At *Ramsay*, *Merwin* so a Vayled Mayd became
Amongst our Virgin Saints, where *Elyed* is enrold,
The daughter that is nam'd of noble *Ethelwold*,
A great *East-Anglian* Earle, of *Ramsay* Abbas long,
So of our Mayden-Saints, the Female sex among.
With *Milburg*, *Mildred* comes, and *Milwid*, daughters deere,
To *Aternald*, who did then the *Mercian* Scepter beare.
At *VVenlock*, *Milburg* dy'd, (a most religious mayd)
Of which great Abbay shee the first foundation layd:
And *Thanet* as her Saint (euen to this age) doth herye
Her *Mildred*. *Milwid* was the like at *Canterbury*.

Nor in this vtmost Isle of *Thanet* may we passe,
Saint *Eadburg* Abbesse there, who the deare daughter was,
To *Ethelbert* her Lord, and *Kents* first Christened King,
Who in this place most first we with the former bring,
Translated (as some say) to Flanders: but that I,
As doubtfull of the truth, here dare not iustifie.

King *Edgar's* sister so, Saint *Edith*, place may haue
With these our Maiden-Saints, who to her *Porissworth* gaue,
Immunities most large; and goodly liuings layd.
Which *Atodwen*, long before, a holy *Irish* mayd,
Had founded in that place, with most deuout intent.
As *Eanswine*, *Eadwald's* child, one of the Kings of *Kent*,
At *Foulkston* found a place (given by her father there)
In which she gaue her selfe to abstinence and prayer.

Of the *West-Saxon* rule, borne to three seuerall Kings,
Foure holy Virgins more the Muse in order brings:
Saint *Ethelgine* the child to *Alfred*, which we find,
Those more deuouter times at *Shafisbury* enshrin'd.
Then *Tetta* in we take, at *Winburne* on our way,
Which *Cuthreds* sister was, who in those times did sway
On the *West-Saxon* Seat, two other sacred Mayds,
As from their Cradels vow'd to bidding of their beads.
Saint *Cuthburg*, and with her Saint *Quintburg*, which we here
Succeedingly doe set, both as they Sisters were,

And Abbesses againe of *Wilton*, which we gather,
 Our Virgin-Band to grace, both hauing to their father
 Religious *Ina*, red with those which ruld the West,
 Whose mothers sacred wombe with other Saints was blest,
 As after shall be shew'd: an other Virgin vow'd,
 And likewise for a Saint amongst the rest allow'd;
 To th'elder *Edward* borne, bright *Eadburg*, who for she,
 (As fise related Saints of that blest name there be)
 Of *Wilton* Abbasse was, they her of *Wilton* styl'd:
 Was euer any Mayd more mercifull, more mild,
 Or sanctimonious knowne: But Muse, on in our Song,
 With other princely Mayds, but first with those that sprung
 From *Penda*, that great King of *Mercia*; holy *Tweed*,
 And *Kinifred*, with these their sisters, *Kinifwead*,
 And *Eadburg*, last not least, at *Godmanchester* all
 Incloysted; and to these Saint *Tibba* let vs call,
 In solitude to Christ, that set her whole delight,
 In *Godmanchester* made a constant Anchorite.
 Amongst which of that house, for Saints that reckoned be,
 Yet neuer any one more grac'd the same then she.
 Deriu'd of royall Blood, as th'other *Elsted* than
 Neece to that mighty King; our *English Athelstan*,
 At *Glasterbury* shrin'd; and one as great as shee,
 Being *Edward Out-lawes* child, a Mayd that liu'd to see
 The Conquerour enter here, Saint *Christian* (to vs knowne)
 Whose life by her cleere name diuinely was foreshowne.

For holinesse of life, that as renowned were,
 And not lesse nobly borne, nor bred, produce we here;
 Saint *Hilda*, and Saint *Hien*, the first of noble name,
 At *Sirenshealt*, tooke her vow, the other sister came
 To *Colchester*, and grac'd the rich *Essexian* shore:
 Whose Reliques many a day the world did there adore.
 And of our sainted Mayds, the number to supply,
 Of *Eadburg* we allow, sometime at *Alsbury*,
 To *Redwald* then a King of the *East-Angles* borne,
 A Votresse as sincere as shee thereto was sworne.
 Then *Pamdwire* we produce, whom this our native Isle,
 As foraine parts much priz'd, and higher did instyle,
 The holycst *English* Mayd, whose Vigils long were held
 In *Lincolneshire*; yet not Saint *Frideswid* exceld,
 The Abbess of an house in *Oxford*, of her kind
 The wonder; nor that place, could hope the like to find.
 Two sisters so we haue, both to deuotion plite,
 And worthily made Saints; the elder *Margarite*,
 Of *Katsby* Abbess was, and *Alice*, as we read,
 Her sister on that seat, did happily succeed,

At *Abington*, which first receiu'd their liuing breath,
Then those *Northumbrian* Nymphs, all vayld, as full of Faith,
That Country sent vs in, t'increase our Virgin-Band,
Fairst *Elfled*, *Oswalds* child, King of *Northumberland*,
At *Strenshals* that was vaild. As mongst those many there,
O *Ebba*, whose cleere fame, time neuer shall out-weare,
At *Coldingham*, farre hence within that Country plac'd,
The Abbessie, who to keepe thy vayled Virgins chaste,
Which else thou fearst the *Danes* would rauish, which possessest
This Isle; first of thy selfe and then of all the rest,
The Nose and vpper Lip from your sayre faces keru'd,
And from pollution so your hallowed house preseru'd.
Which when the *Danes* perceiu'd, their hopes so farre deluded,
Setting the house on fire, their Martyrdome concluded.
As *Leofon*, whose faith with others rightly wayd,
Shall shew her not out-match'd by any English Mayd:
Who likewise when the *Dane* with persecution storm'd,
She here a Martyrs part most gloriously perform'd.
Two holy Mayds againe at *Whitby* were renown'd,
Both Abbesses thereof, and Confessors are crown'd;
Saint *Ethelfrid*, with her Saint *Congill*, as a payre
Of Abbesses therein, the one of which by prayer
The Wild-geese thence expeld, that Island which annoy'd,
By which their grasse and graine was many times destroy'd,
Which fall from off their wings, nor to the ayre can get
From the forbidden place, till they be fully set.

Wild-geese fall-
ling downe, &
they fly out
the place.

As these within this Isle in Cloysters were inclos'd:
So we our Virgins had to forraine parts expos'd;
As *Eadburg*, *Ana's* child, and *Setfred* borne our owne,
Were Abbesses of *Bridg*; whose zeale to *France* was knowne:
And *Ercongate* againe we likewise thither sent,
(Which *Ercombert* begot, sometime a King of *Kent*)
A Prioreesse of that place, *Burgundofora* bare,
At *Enreux* the chaste rule, all which renowned are
In *France*, which as this Isle of them may freely boast,
So *Germany* some graed, from this their native coast.
Saint *Walburg* heere extract from th' royall *English* Line,
Was in that Country made Abbessie of *Heydentine*.
Saint *Tecla* to that place at *Ochenford* they chose:
From *Wynburne* with the rest (in *Dorsetshire*) arose
Chaste *Agatha*, with her went *Lioba* along.
From thence, two not the least these sacred Mayds among,
At *Biscopsen*, by time encloystred and became.
Saint *Lewen* so attayn'd an euerliuing name
For Martyrdome, which shee at *Wynokebergin-wan*,
Mayds seeming in their Sex t'exceed the holiest man.

Nor

Nor had our Virgins here for sanctitie the prize,
 But widdowed Queenes as well, that being godly wife,
 Forsaking second beds, the world with them forsooke,
 To strict ret, red liues, and gladly them betooke
 To Abstinance and Prayer, and as sincerely liu'd,
 As when the Fates of life King *Ethelwold* depriu'd,
 That o'r the *East-Angles* raig'n'd, bright *Heriswid* his wife,
 Betaking her to lead a strait Monasticke life,
 Departing hence to *France*, receau'd the holy Vayle,
 And liued many a day incloystred there at *Kale*.
 Then *Keneburg* in this our Sainted front shall stand,
 To *Alfred* the lou'd wife, King of *Northumberland*,
 Daughter to *Penda* King of *Mercia*, who though he
 Himselfe most Heathenish were, yet liu'd that age to see
 Foure Virgins, and this Queene, his children, consecrated
 Of *Godmanchestre* all, and after Saints related.

As likewise of this Sex, with Saints that doth vs store,
 Of the *Northumbrian* Line so haue we many more;
 Saint *Farfed* widdowed left, by *Osway* rainging there,
 At *Strenshale* tooke her Vayle, as *Ethelburg* the phere
 To *Edwin*, (rightly nam'd) the holy, which possist
Northumbers sacred seat, her selfe that did inuest
 At *Lymning* faine in *Kent*, which Country gaue her breath.
 So *Edeth* as the rest after King *Seibricks* death,
 Which had the selfe same rule of *Wilton* Abbesse was,
 Where two *West-Saxon* Queenes for Saints shall likewise passe,
 Which in that selfe same house, Saint *Edeth* did succeed,
 Saint *Ethelwid*, which here put on her hallowed weed,
 King *Alreds* worthy wife, of *Westsex*, so againe
 Did *Wilsid*, *Edgars* Queene, (so famous in his raigne)
 Then *Eadburg*, *Ana's* wife, receiued as the other,
 Who as a Saint her selfe, so likewise was she mother
 To two most holy Mayds, as we before haue show'd
 At *Wilton*, (which we say) their happy time bestow'd,
 Though she of *Barking* was, a holy Nunne profest,
 Who in her husbands time, had raigned in the West:
 Th' *East-Saxon* Line againe, so others to vs lent,
 As *Sexburg* sometime Queene to *Ercombert* of *Kent*,
 Though *Ina's* loued child, and *Andryes* sister knowne,
 Which *Ely* in those dayes did for her Abbessle owne.
 Nor to Saint *Osfith* we lesse honour ought to giue,
 King *Sethreds* widdowed Queene, who (when death did depriue
 Th' *Essexian* King of life) became enrould at *Chich*,
 Whose Shrine to her there built, the world did long enrich.
 Two holy *Mercian* Queenes so widdowed, Saints became,
 For sanctiry much like, not much vnlike in name.

King

King *Wulfhars* widdowed *Pheere*; *Queene Erminold*, whose life
At *Ely* is renown'd, and *Ermenburg*, the wife
To *sternald* draigning there, a Saint may safely passe;
Who to three Virgin-Saints the vertuous mother was,
The remnant of her dayes, religiously that bare,
Immonastred in *Kent*, where first she breath'd the ayre,
King *Edgars* mother so, is for a Saint preferd,
Queene Aegne, who (they say) at *Shipflaw* was interd,
So *Edward Outlawes* wife, Saint *Agatha*, we bring,
By *Salomon* begot, that great *Illyrian* King,
Who when she saw the wrong to *Edgar* her deare sonne,
By cruell *Harold* first, then by the *Conquerour* done,
Depriu'd his rightfull crowne, no hope it to recouer,
A Vestall habite tooke, and gaue the false world ouer.
Saint *Maud* here not the least, though shee be set the last,
And scarcely ouer-matcht by any that is past,

Our *Beauclarks* *Queene*, and borne to *Malcolme* King of *Scots*,
Whose sanctity was scene to wipe out all the spots
Were laid vpon her life, when shee her Cloyster fled,
And chastly gaue her selfe to her lou'd husbands bed,
Whom likewise for a Saint those reuerend ages chose,
With whom we at this time our Catalogue will close.

Now *Rutland* all this time, who held her highly wron'g,
That shee should for the Saints thus strangely be prolong'd,
As that the Muse such time vpon their praise should spend,
Sent in her ambling *Wash*, faire *Velland* to attend
At *Stamford*, which her Streame doth eas'ly ouertake,
Of whom her Mistresse Flood seemes wondrous much to make,
For that she was alone the darling and delight
Of *Rutland*, rauisht so with her beloued sight,
As in her onely child, a mothers heart may be:
Wherefore that shee the least, yet fruitfull Shire should see,
The honourable ranke shee had amongst the rest,
The euer-labouring Muse her Beauties thus exprest.

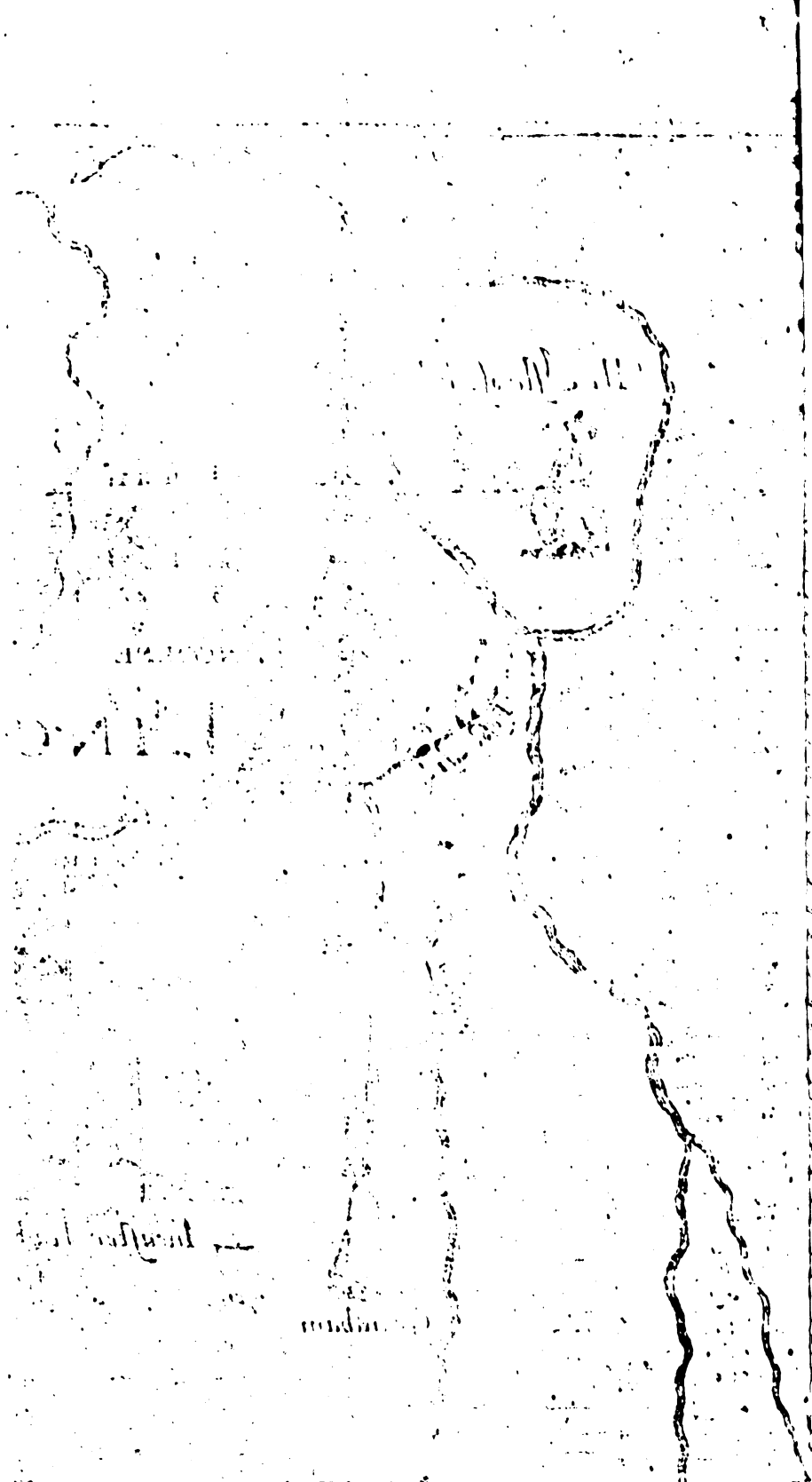
Lone not thy selfe the lesse, although the least thou art,
What thou in greatnesse wantst, wise Nature doth impart
In goodnesse of thy soyle; and more delicious mould,
Suruaying all this Isle, the Sunne did nere behold.
Bring forth that *British* Vale, and be it ne'r so rare,
But *Catmns* with that Vale, for richnesse shall compare:
What Forrest-Nymph is found, how braue so ere she be,
But *Lyfield* shewes her selfe as braue a Nymph as shee:
What Riuer euer rose from Banke, or swelling Hill,
Then *Rutlands* wandring *Wash*, a delicates Rill:
Small Shire that can produce to thy proportion good,
One Vale of speciall name, one Forrest, and one Flood.

POLY-OLBION,

O *Catmms*, thou faire Vale, come on in Grasse and Come,
 That *Bener* ne'r be sayd thy sister-hood to scorne,
 And let thy *Ocham* boast, to haue no litle grace,
 That her they pleased Fates, did in thy bosome place,
 And *Zyfeld*, as thou art a Forrest, liue so free,
 That euery Forrest-Nymph may praise the sports in thee.
 And downe to *Wellands* course, O *Wash*, runne euer cleere,
 To honour, and to be much honoured by this Shire.

And here my *Canto* ends, which kept the Muse so long,
 That it may rather seeme a Volume, then a Song.

The



The Isle of Axholme

LINDSEY

LINCOLNE

LINCO

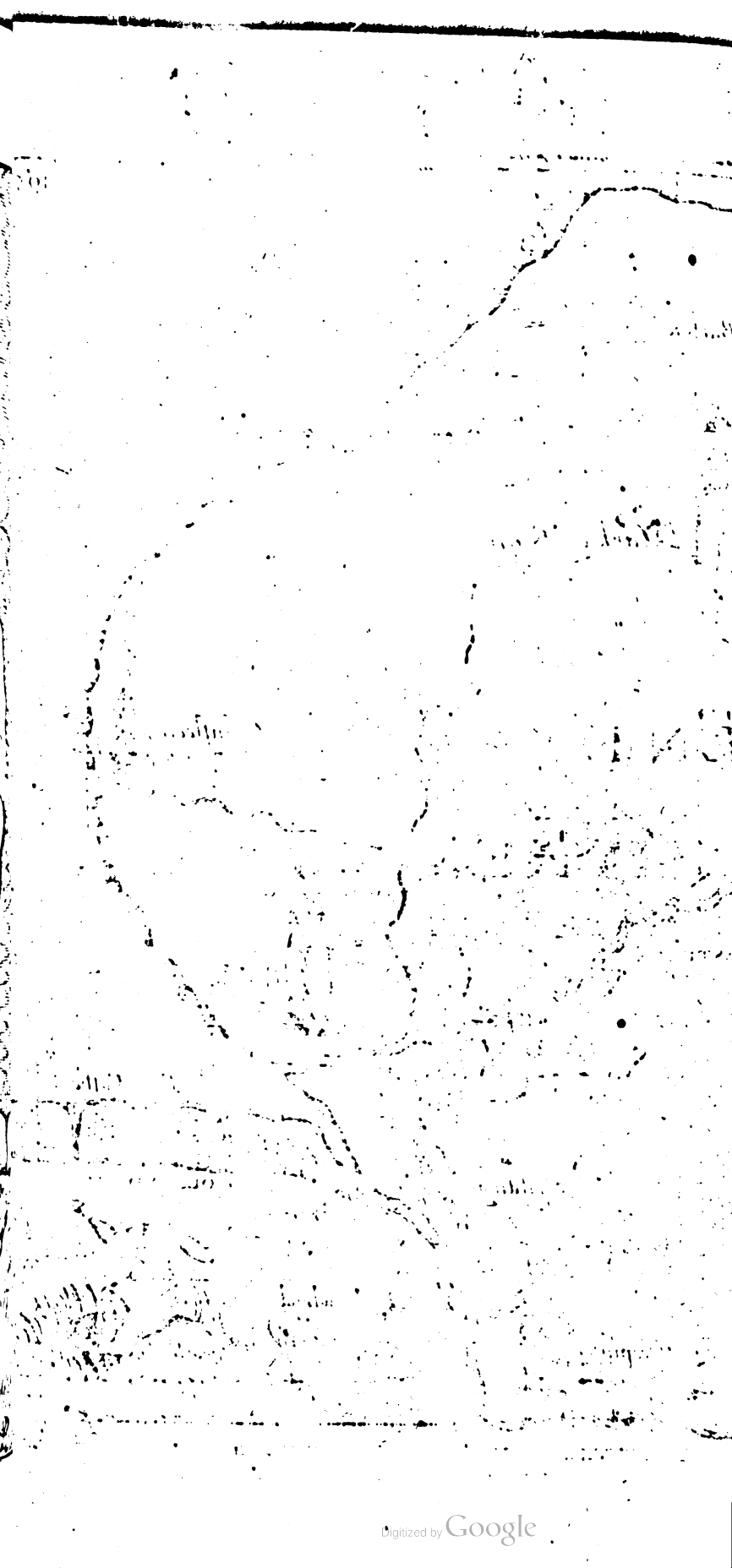
Fosse Dyke

Wytham Dyke

Grantham

Ancafter heath







The fine and twentieth Song.

THE ARGUMENT:

*Tow'rds Lincolnshire our Progress layd,
V'ee through deepe Hollands Ditches wade,
Fowling, and Fishing in the Fen,
Then come wee next to Kestien,
And bringing Wytham to her fall,
On Lindsey light wee last of all,
Her Scite and Pleasures to attend,
And with the Isle of Axholme end.*

Now in vpon thy earth, rich *Lincolnshire* I straine, (draine,
At *Deeping*, from whose Street, the plentious Ditches
Hemp-bearing *Hollands* Fen, at *Spalding* that doe fall
Together in their Course, themselves as emptying all
Into one generall Sewer, which seemeth to diuide,
Low *Holland* from the High, which on their Easterne side
Th'in-bending Ocean holds, from the *Norfolcean* lands,
To their more Northern poynt, where * *Wainfleet* drifted stands,
Doe shoulder out those Seas, and *Lindsey* bids her stay,
Because to that faire part, a challenge she doth lay.
From fast and firmer Earth, whereon the Muse of late,
Trode with a steady foot, now with a slower gate,
Through * *Quicklands*, Beach, and Ouze, the *Washes* she must wade,
Where *Neptune* euery day doth powerfully invade
The vast and queachy soyle, with Hosts of wallowing waues,
From whose impetuous force, that who himselfe not saues,
By swift and sudden flight, is swallowed by the deepe,
When from the wrathfull Tydes the foming Surges sweepe,
The Sands which lay all nak'd, to the wide heauen before,
And turneth all to Sea, which was but lately Shore,
From this our Southerne part of *Holland*, cal'd the Low,
Where *Crowlands* ruines yet, (though almost buried) show

Holland diuided into two parts, the Lower, the Higher. The length of Holland by Sea shore, from the coast of Norfolk to Wainfleet.

The Description of the Washes.

P

Her

Her mighty Founders power, yet his more Chrillian zeale,
 Shee by the Muses ayd, shall happily reueale
 Her sundry sorts of Fowle, from whose abundance she
 About all other Tracts, may boast her selfe to be
 The Mistris, (and indeed) to sit without compare,
 And for no worthlesse soyle, should in her glory share,
 From her moyst seat of Flags, of Bulrushes and Reed;
 With her iust proper praise, thus *Holland* doth proceed.

ad. Om.

Yee *Acherusian Fens*, to mine resigne your glory,
 Both that which lies within the goodly Territory
 Of *Naples*, as that Fen *Thesposia's* earth vpon,
 Whence that infermall Flood, the smutted *Acheron*
 Shoues forth her fullen head, as thou most fatall Fen,
 Of which *Heiruria* tells, the watry *Thrasimen*,
 In History although thou highly seemst to boast,
 That *Hanball* by thee o'rthrew the *Roman* Host.
 I come th' *Egyptian* Fen, which *Alexandria* shoues,
 Proud *Marcois*, should my mightinesse oppose,
 Or *Scythia*, on whose face the Sunne doth hardly shine,
 Should her *Meotis* thinke to match with this of mine,
 That couered all with Snow continually doth stand.
 I stinking *Lerna* hate, and the poore *Libian* Sand.

Nymph sup-
 ed to haue
 charge of
 Shore.

all out of
 : Marsh.

ookes and
 holes worne
 the water,
 to which the
 sing floods
 the recourse.

The word in
 alcaury, for a
 company of
 'tis.

* *Marica* that wise Nymph, to whom great *Neptune* gaue
 The charge of all his Shores, from drowning them to saue,
 Abideth with me still vpon my seruice prest,
 And leaues the looser Nymphs to wayt vpon the rest:
 In Summer giuing earh, from which I square my * *Peat*,
 And faster feedings by, for Deere, for Horse, and Neat.
 My various * *Fleets* for Fowle, O who is he can tell,
 The species that in me for multitudes excell!
 The *Duck*, and *Mallard* first, the Falconers onely sport,
 (Of Riuer-flights the chiefe, so that all other sort,
 They onely Greene-Fowle teame) in euery Mere abound,
 That you would thinke they fate vpon the very ground,
 Their numbers be so great, the waters couering quite,
 That rais'd, the spacious ayre is darkened with their flight;
 Yet still the dangerous Dykes, from shot doe them secure,
 VWhere they from Flash to Flash, like the full Epicure
 Waft, as they lound to change their Diet euery meale;
 And neere to them ye see the lesser dibling *Teale*
 In * *Bunches*, with the first that flie from Mere to Mere,
 As they about the rest were Lords of Earth and Ayre.
 The *Gossander* with them, my goodly Fennes doe show
 His head as *Ebon* blacke, the rest as white as Snow,
 With whom the *Widgeon* goes, the *Golden-Eye*, the *Smeath*,
 And in odde scattred pits, the Flags, and Reeds beneath;

The

the five and twentieth Song.

107

The *Coot*, bald, else cleane black, that whitenesse it doth beare
Vpon the forehead star'd, the *Water-Hen* doth weare
Vpon her little tayle, in one small feather set.

The *Water-woofell* next, all ouer black as leat,
With various colours, black, Greene, blew, red, russet, white;
Doe yeeld the gazing eye as variable delight,
As doe those sundry Fowles, whose seuerall plumes they be.
The diuing *Dob-chick*, here among the rest you see,
Now vp, now downe againe, that hard it is to prooue,
Whether vnder water most it liueth, or aboue:
With which last little Fowle, (that water may not lacke;
More then the *Dob-chick* doth, and more doth loue the * brack)
The *Puffin* we compare, which comming to the dish,
Nice pallats hardly iudge, if it be flesh or fish.

But wherefore should I stand vpon such toyes as these,
That haue so goodly Fowles, the wandring eye to please.
Here in my vaster Pooles, as white as Snow or Milke,
(In water blacke as *Stix*) swimmes the wild *Swanne*, the *Ilke*,
Of *Hollanders* so teard, no niggard of his breath,
(As Poets say of *Swannes*, which onely sing in death)
But oft, as other Birds, is heard his tunnes to roat,
Which like a Trumpet comes, from his long arched throat,
And tow'rs this watry kind, about the Flashes brimme,
Some clouen-footed are, by nature not to swimme.
There stalks the stately *Crane*, as though he march'd in warre,
By him that hath the *Herne*, which (by the Fishy Carre)
Can fetch with their long necks, out of the Rush and Reed,
Snigs, Fry, and yellow Frogs, whereon they often feed:
And vnder them againe, (that water neuer take,
But by some Ditches side, or little shallow Lake
Lye dabling night and day) the pallat-pleasing *Snite*,
The *Bitcocke*, and like them the *Redshanke*, that delight
Together still to be, in some small Reedy bed,
In which these little Fowles in Summers time were bred.
The Buzzing *Bitter* sits, which through his hollow Bill,
A sudden bello ving sends, which many times doth fill
The neighbouring *Marsh* with noyse, as though a Bull did roare;
But scarcely haue I yet recited halfe my store:
And with my wondrous flocks of *Wild-geese* come I then,
Which looke as though alone they peopled all the Fen,
Which here in Winter time, when all is ouerflow'd,
And want of sollid sward inforceth them abroad,
Th'abundance then is scene, that my full *Fennes* doe yeeld,
That almost through the Isle, doe pester euery field,
The *Barnacles* with them, which wherefoere they breed,
On Trees, or rotten Ships, yet to my *Fennes* for feed

P 2

Conti-

Continually they come, and chiefe abode doe make,
 And very hardly forc'd my plenty to forsake:
 Who almost all this kind doe challenge as mine owne,
 Whose like I dare auerre, is elsewhere hardly knowne.
 For sure vnlesse in me, no one yet euer saw
 The multitudes of Fowle, in Mooting time they draw:
 From which to many a one, much profit doth accrue.

Now such as flying feed, next these I must pursue;
 The *Sea-mew*, *Sea-pye*, *Gull*, and *Curlew* heere doe keepe,
 As searching euery Shole, and watching euery deepe,
 To find the floating Fry, with their sharpe-pearing sight,
 Which suddenly they take, by stouping from their height.
 The *Cormorant* then comes, (by his deuouring kind)
 Which flying o'r the Fen, immediatly doth find
 The *Fleet* best stord of Fish, when from his wings at full,
 As though he shot himselfe into the thickned skull,
 He vnder water goes, and so the Shoale pursues,
 Which into Creeks doe flie, when quickly he doth chuse,
 The Fin that likes him best, and rising, flying feeds.
 The *Osprey* oft here scene, though seldome here it breeds,
 Which ouer them the Fish no sooner doe espie,
 But (betwixt him and them, by an antipathy)
 Turning their bellies vp, as though their death they saw,
 They at his pleasure lye, to stuffe his glutt'nous maw.

pleasures
be Fennes.

The toying *Fisher* here is tewing of his Net:
 The *Fowler* is imployd his lymed twigs to set.
 One vnderneath his Horse, to get a shoot doth stalke;
 Another ouer Dykes vpon his Stilts doth walke:
 There other with their Spades, the Peats are squaring out,
 And others from their Carres, are busily about,
 To draw out Sedge and Reed, for Thatch and Stouer fit,
 That whosoeuer would a Landskip rightly hit,
 Beholding but my Fennes, shall with more shapes be stor'd,
 Then *Germany*, or *France*, or *Thuscane* can afford:
 And for that part of me, which men high *Holland* call,
 Where *Boilon* seated is, by plenteous *Wythams* fall,
 I peremptory am, large *Neptunes* liquid field,
 Doth to no other tract the like abundance yeeld.
 For that of all the Seas inuironing this Isle,
 Our *Irish*, *Spanish*, *French*, how e'r we them enstyle,
 The *German* is the great'st, and it is onely I,
 That doe vpon the same with most aduantage lye.
 What Fish can any shore, or *Brittish* Sea-towne show,
 That's eatable to vs, that it doth not bestow
 Abundantly thereon? the *Herring* king of Sea,
 The faster feeding *Cod*, the *Mackrell* brought by May,

The

The daintie *Sole*, and *Plaice*, the *Dabb*, as of their blood;
 The *Conger* finely sou's'd, hore Summers coolest food;
 The *Whiting* knowne to all, a generall wholesome Dish;
 The *Gurnet*, *Rochet*, *Atayd*, and *Mallet*, dainty Fish;
 The *Haddock*, *Turbet*, *Bert*, Fish nourishing and strong;
 The *Thornback*, and the *Scate*, prouocatiue among:
 The *Beauer*, which although his prickles venom bee,
 By Fishers cut away, which Buyers seldome see:
 Yet for the Fish he beares, tis not accounted bad;
 The *Sea-Flounder* is here as common as the *Shad*;
 The *Sturgeon* cut to *Keggs*, (too big to handle whole)
 Gues many a dainty bit out of his lusty Iole.
 Yet of rich *Neptunes* store, whilst thus I Idely chat,
 Thinke not that all betwixt the *Wherpoole*, and the *Sprat*,
 I goe about to name, that were to take in hand,
 The Atomy to tell, or to cast vp the sand;
 But on the English coast, those most that vsuall are,
 Wherewith the staules from thence doe furnish vs for farre,
 Amongst whose sundry sorts, since thus farre I am in,
 Ile of our Shell-Fish speake, with these of Scale and Fin:

The Sperme-increasing *Crab*, much Cooking that doth aske,
 The big-legg'd *Lobster*, fit for wanton *Venus* taske,
 Voluptuaries oft take rather then for food,
 And that the same effect which worketh in the blood
 The rough long *Oyster* is, much like the *Lobster* limb'd:
 The *Oyster* hore as they, the *Muscle* often trimd
 With Orient Pearle within, as thereby nature show'd,
 That she some secret good had on that Shell bestow'd:
 The *Scallop* cordiall iudgd, the dainty *Wilk* and *Limp*,
 The *Periwinkle*, *Prawne*, the *Cockle*, and the *Shrimpe*,
 For wanton womens tastes. or for weake stomachs bought.

When *Keitiven* this while that certainly had thought,
 Her tongue would ne'r haue stoppt, quoth shee, O how I hate,
 Thus of her foggy *Fennes*, to heare rude *Holland* prate,
 That with her Fish and Fowle, here keepeth such a coyle,
 As her vnwholesome ayre, and more vnwholesome foyle,
 For these of which shee boasts, the more might suffred be,
 When thole her feathered flocks she sends not out to me,
 Wherein cleare *Witham* they, and many a little Brooke,
 (In which the Sunne it selfe may well be proud to looke)
 Haue made their Flesh more sweet by my refined food,
 From that so ramish tast of her most fulsome mud,
 When the toyl'd Cater home them to the Kitchen brings,
 The Cooke doth cast them out, as most vnfaury things.
 Besides, what is sheelse, but a foule woosie Marth,
 And that shee calls her grasse, so blady is, and harsh,

As

Kyffian Or-
tion.

As cuts the Cattels mouthes, constrain'd thereon to feed,
 So that my poorest trash, which mine call Rush and Reed,
 For litter scarcely fit, that to the dung I throw,
 Doth like the Penny grasse, or the pure Clouer show,
 Compared with her best: and for her sundry Fish,
 Of which she freely boasts, to furnish euery Dish,
 Did not full *Neptunes* fields so furnish her with store,
 Those in the Ditches bred, within her muddy Moore,
 Are of so earthly taste, as that the Rauenous Crow
 Will rather starue, thereon her stomack then bestow.

From *Stamford* as along my tract tow'r'd *Lincolne* straines,
 What Shire is there can shew more valuable Vaines
 Of soyle then is in mee? or where can there be found,
 So faire and fertile fields, or Sheep-walks nere so found?
 Where doth the pleasant ayre resent a sweeter breath?
 What Countrey can produce a delicater Heath,
 Then that which her faire Name from **Ancaster* doth hold?
 Through all the neighboring Shires, whose praise shall still be told,
 Which *Flora* in the Spring doth with such wealth adorne,
 That *Bener* needs not much her company to scorne,
 Though sice a Vale lye low, and this a Heath sit hye,
 Yet doth she not alone, allure the wondring eye
 With prospect from each parr, but that her pleasant ground
 Giues all that may content, the well-breath'd Horse and Hound:
 And from the *Britant* yet, to shew what then I was,
 One of the *Roman* Wayes nere through my midst did passe:
 Besides to my much praise, there hath been in my mould
 Their painted Pauements found, and Armes of perfect gold.
 They nere the *Saxons* raigne, that in this tract did dwell,
 All other of this Isle, for that they would excell
 For Churches euery where, so rich and goodly rear'd
 In euery little Doipe, that after-times haue fear'd
 T'attempt so mighty workes; yet one about the rest,
 In which it may be thought, they stroue to doe their best,
 Of pleasant *Grantham* is, that *Piramis* so hye,
 Rear'd (as it might be thought) to ouertop theskie,
 The Traueller that strikes into a wondrous maze,
 As on his Horse he sits, on that proud height to gaze.

When *VVytham* that this while a listning eare had laid,
 To hearken (for her selfe) what *Kestinen* had said,
 Much pleas'd with this report, for that she was the earth
 From whom she onely had her sweet and seasoned birth,
 From *VVytham* which that name deriued from her Springs,
 Thus as she trips along, this dainty Riuelet sings.

Ye easie ambling streames, which way soe'r you runne,
 Or tow'rds the pleasant rise, or tow'rds the mid-day Sunne:

By

the five and twentieth Song.

III

By which (as some suppose by vse that haue them tride)
Your waters in their course are neatly purifi'd.
Be what you are, or can, I not your Beauties feare,
When *Neptune* shall commaund the *Naiades* t'appare.
In Riuer what is found, in me that is not rare:
Yet for my wel-fed *Pykes*, I am without compare.

From *Wytham* mine owne Towne, first watted with my sourse,
As to the Easterne Sea, I hasten on my course.
Who sees so pleasant plaines, or is of fairer scene,
Whose Swains in Shepheards gray, and Gyrles in *Lincolne* greener
Whilst some the rings of Bells, and some the Bag-pipes ply,
Dance many a merry Round, and many a Hydeggy.
I enuy, any Brooke should in my pleasure share,
Yet for my daintie *Pykes*, I am without compare.

*Lincolne and
only dyed the
best greene at
England.*

No Land-floods can mee force to ouer-proud a height,
Nor am I in my Course, too crooked, or too streight:
My depths fall by descents, too long, nor yet too broad,
My Foards with Pebbles, cleare as Orient Pearles, are strowd;
My gentle winding Banks, with sundry Flowers are drest,
The higher rising Heaths, hold distance with my brest.
Thus to her proper Song, the Burthen still she bare;
Yet for my dainty *Pykes*, I am without compare.

By this to *Lincolne* com'n, vpon whose lostie Scite,
Whilst wistly *Wytham* looks with wonderfull delight,
Enamoured of the state, and beautie of the place,
That her of all the rest especially doth grace,
Leauing her former Course, in which she first set forth,
Which seemed to haue been directly to the North:
Shee runnes her siluer front into the muddy *Fen*,
Which lyes into the East, in her deepe journey, when
Cleare *Ban* a pretty Brooke, from *Lyndsey* comming downe,
Delicious *Wytham* leads to holy *Botolphs* Towne,
VWhere proudly she puts in amongst the great resort,
That their appearance make in *Neptunes* watty Court.

*Botolphs towne
contractedly
Bosom.*

Now *Lyndsey* all this while, that duely did attend,
Till both her Riuals thus had fully made an end
Of their so tedious talke, when lastly shee replyes;
Loe, brauely here she sits, that both your states defies.
Faire *Lincolne* is mine owne, which lies vpon my South,
As likewise to the North, great *Humbers* swelling mouth
Encircles me, twixt which in length I brauely lye:
O who can me the best, before them both deny?
Nor *Britaine* in her Bounds, scarce such a Tract can show,
Whose shore like to the backe of a well-bended Bow,
The Ocean beareth out, and euery where so thicke,
The Villages and Dorps vpon my Bosome sticke,

Lyndsey cometh

That

That it is very hard for any to define,
 Whether Vp-land most I be, or most am Maratine.
 What is there that compleat can any Country make,
 That in large measure I, (faire *Linssey*) not pertake,
 As healthy Heaths, and Woods, faire Dales, and pleasant Hills,
 All watred here and there, with pretty creeping Rills,
 Fat Pasture, mellow Gleabe, and of that kind what can,
 Giue nourishment to beast, or benefit to man,
 As *Kestinen* doth boast, her *VVytham* so haue I,
 My *Ancum* (onely mine) whose fame as faire doth lie,
 For fat and daintie *Eeles*, as hers doth for her *Pyke*,
 Which makes the Prouerbe vp, the world hath not the like.
 From *Raſin* her cleere Springs, where first she doth arise,
 As in an euen course, to *Humber* soorth doth drie,
 Faire *Barton* shee salutes, which from her Scite out-braues
 Rough *Humber*, when he strives to shew his sternest waues.

VVytham Reke,
 and *Ancum*
Pyke,
 In all the world
 there is none
 lyke.

The Bounds
 of *Kystrum*.

Now for my Bounds to speake, few Tracts (I thinke) there be,
 (And search through all this Isle) to paralell with mee:
 Great *Humber* holds me North, as I haue said before)
 From whom (euen) all along, vpon the Easterne shore,
 The *German* Ocean lies, and on my Southerne side,
 Cleere *Wytham* in her course, me fairely doth diuide
 from *Holland*; and from thence the *Fosdyke* is my bound,
 Which our first *Henry* cut from *Lincolne*, where he found,
 Commodities by *Trent*, from *Humber* to conuay:
 So Nature, the cleere *Trent* doth fortunately lay,
 To ward me on the West, though farther I extend,
 And in my larger bounds doe largely comprehend
 Full *Axholme*, (which those neere, the fertile doe instile)
 Which *Idle*, *Don*, and *Trent*, imbracing make an Isle.

But wherefore of my Bounds, thus onely doe I boast,
 When that which *Holland* seems to vaunt her on the most,
 By me is ouermatcht, the Fowle which shee doth breed:
 Shee in her foggy Fennes, so moorishly doth feed,
 That Phisick oft forbids the Patient them for food,
 But mine more ayrie are, and make fine spirits and blood:
 For neere this bathing Isle, in me is to be scene,
 More then on any earth, the *Plouer* gray, and greene,
 The Come-land-louing *Quayle*, the daintiest of our bits,
 The *Raile*, which seldome comes, but vpon Rich mens spits:
 The *Puet*, *Go-lwit*, *Stint*, the pallat that allure,
 The *Miser* and doe make a wastfull Epicure:
 The *Knot*, that called was *Cannius* Bird of old,
 Of that great King of *Danes*, his name that still doth hold,
 His appetite to please, that farre and neere was sought,
 For him (as some haue sayd) from *Denmarke* hither brought

The

The *Dotterell*, which we thinke a very daintie dish,
Whose taking makes such sport, as man no more can wish;
For as you creepe, or cower, or lye, or stoupe, or goe,
So marking you (with care) the Apish Bird doth doe,
And acting euery thing, doth neuer marke the Net,
Till he be in the Snare, which men for him haue set.
The big-boan'd *Bustard* then, whose body beares that size,
That he against the wind must runne, e're he can rise:
The *Showler*, which so shakes the ayre with saily wings,
That eu' as he flies, you still would thinke he sings.
These Fowles, with other Soyles, although they frequent be,
Yet are they found most sweet and delicate in me.

Thus whilst shee seemes t'extoll in her peculiar praise,
The Muse which seem'd too slacke, in these too low-pitcht layes,
For nobler height prepares, her oblique course, and casts
A new Booke to begin, an end of this shee hafts.

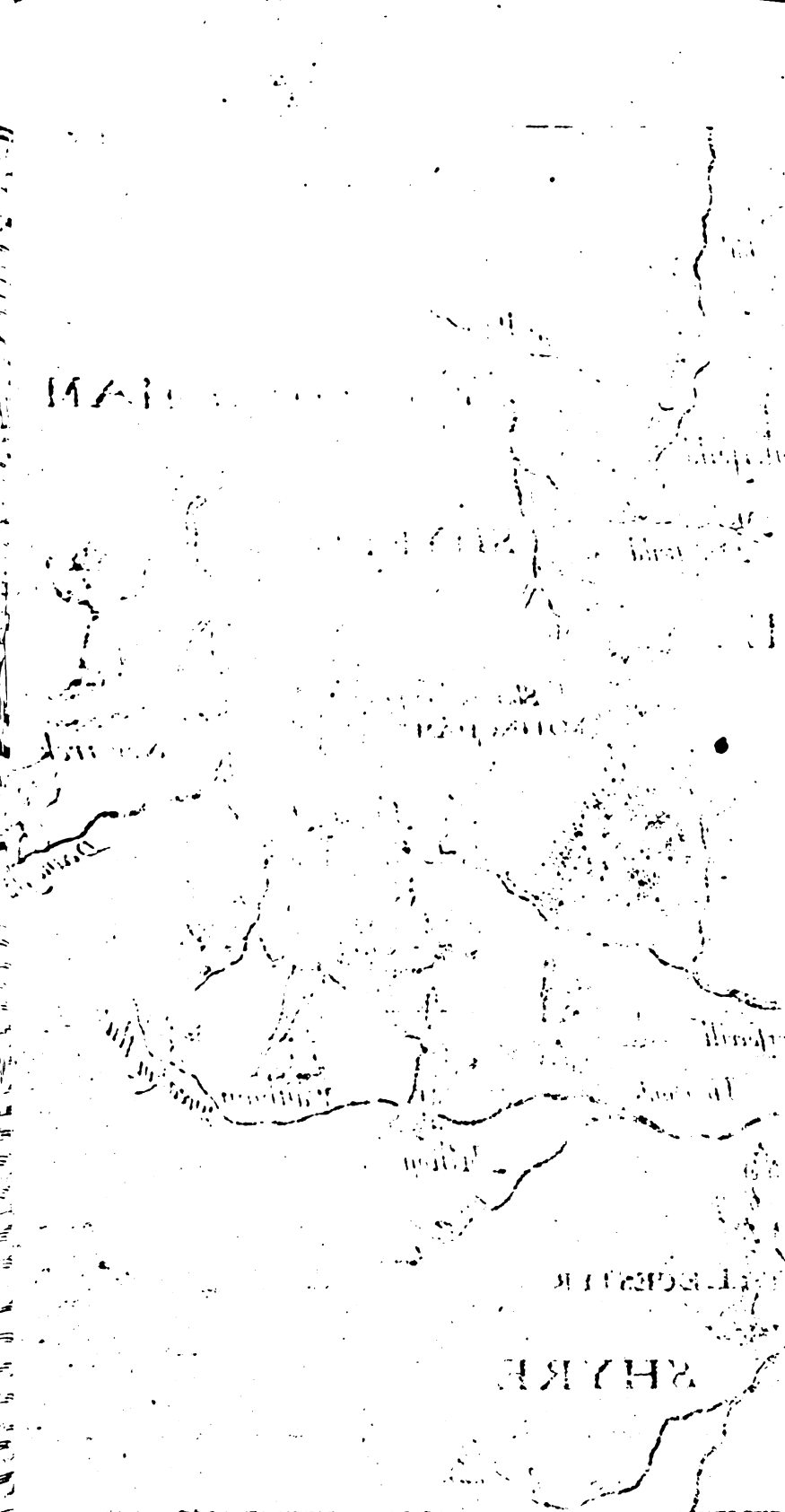
Q

The











The sixe and twentieth Song.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Three Shires at once this Song assayes,
By various and vnusuall wayes.
At Nottingham first comming in,
The Vale of Beuer doth begin;
Tow'rds Lester then her course shee holds,
And sayling o'r the pleasant Oulds,
Shee fetcheth Soare downe from her Springs,
By Charnwood, which to Trent shee brings,
Then shewes the Braueries of that Flood,
Makes Sherwood sing her Robin Hood;
Then rouz'es up the aged Peake,
And of her Wonders makes her speake:
Thence Darwin downe by Darby tends,
And at her fall, to Trent, it ends.*

Now scarcely on this Tra& the Muse had entrance made,
Enclining to the South, but *Beuers* barning Slade
Receiueth her to Guest, whose comming had too long
Put off her rightfull praise, when thus her selfe she sung.

Three Shires there are (quoth she) in me their parts that claime,
Large *Lincolne*, *Rutland* Rich, and th' *Norths* Eye *Nottingham*.
But in the last of these since most of me doth lye,
To that my most-lou'd Shire my selfe I must apply.

Not *Eusham* that proud Nymph, although she still pretend
Her selfe the first of Vales, and though abroad she send
Her awfull dread Command, that all should tribute pay
To her as our great Queene; nor *White-horse*, though her Clay
Of siluer seeme to be, new melted, nor the Vale
Of *Alsbur*y, whose grasse seemes ginen out by tale,
For it so Silken is, nor any of our kind,
Or what, or where they be, or howsoere inclind,

Q 2

Me

The Vale of
Beuer bordereth
vpon 3. Shires

Not a more
pleasant Vale
in all great
Britaine, then
Beuer.

Me *Bener* shall outbraue, that in my state doe scorne,
 By any of them all (once) to be ouerborne,
 With theirs, doe but compare the Country where I lye,
 My *Hall*, and *Oulds* will say, they are the Islands eye.
 Consider next my Scite, and say it doth excell;
 Then come vnto my Soyle, and you shall see it swell,
 With euery Grasse and Graine, that *Britaine* forth can bring:
 I challenge any Vale, to shew me but that thing
 I cannot shew to her, (that truly is mine owne)
 Besides I dare thus boast, that I as farre am knowne,
 As any of them all, the South their names doth sound,
 The spacious North doth mee, that there is scarcely found
 A roomth for any else, it is so filld with mine,
 Which but a little wants of making me diuine:
 Nor barren am of Brookes, for that I still retaine
 Two neat and daintie Rills, the little *Snyte*, and *Dēane*,
 That from the louely *Oulds*, their beautilous parent sprong
 From the *Lecestrian* fields, come on with me along,
 Till both within one Banke, they on my North are meint,
 And where I end, they fall, at *Newarck*, into *Trent*.

Hence wandring as the Muse delightfully beholds
 The beautie of the large, and goodly full-flockd *Oulds*,
 Shee on the left hand leaues old *Lecester*, and flies,
 Vntill the fertile earth glut her insatiate eyes,
 From Rich to Richer still, that riseth her before,
 Vntill shee come to cease vpon the head of *Soare*,
 Where " *Fosse*, and *Walling* cut each other in their course
 At " *Sharnford*, where at first her soft and gentle course,
 To her but shallow Bankes, beginneth to repayre,
 Of all this beautilous Isle, the delicatest ayre,
 Whence softly falling out, as loath the place to leaue,
 Shee *Sence* a pretty Rill doth courteously receiue:
 For *Swift*, a little Brooke, which certainly shee thought
 Downe to the Banks of *Trent*, would safely her haue brought,
 Because their natiue Springs so neerely were allyde,
 Her sister *Soare* forsooke, and wholly her applide
 To *Avon*, as with her continually to keepe,
 And wayt on her along to the *Sabrinian* deepe.

Thus with her hand-mayd *Sence*, the *Soare* doth eas'ly slide
 By *Lecester*, where yet her ruines show her pride,
 Demolisht many yeares, that of the great foundation
 Of her long buried walls, men hardly see the station,
 Yet of some pieces found, so sure the Cyment locks
 The stones, that they remaine like perdurable rocks:
 Where whilst the louely *Soare*, with many a deare embrace,
 Is solacing her selfe with this delightfull place,

The

a. famous
 read. Eng-
 See to the
 Song.
 the Village
 resulting of
 it.

the fixe and twentieth Song.

117

The Forrest, which the name of that braue Towne doth beare,
 With many a goodly wreath, crownes her disheuld hayre,
 And in her gallant Greene, her lusty Liuary showes
 Her selfe to this faire Flood, which mildly as shee flowes,
 Reciprocally likes her length and breadth to see,
 As also how shee keepes her fertile purlues free:
 The Herds of Fallow Deere shee on the Launds doth feed,
 As hauing in her selfe to furnishe euery need.
 But now since gentle *Soare*, such leasure seemes to take,
 The Muse in her behalfe this strong defence doth make,
 Against the neighbour floods, for that which tax her so,
 And her a Channell call, because she is so slow.
 The cause is that shee lyes vpon so low a Flar,
 Where nature most of all befriended her in that,
 The longer to enioy the good she doth possesse:
 For had those (with such speed that forward seeme to presse)
 So many dainty Meads, and Pastures theirs to be,
 They then would wish themselues to be as slow as she,
 Who well may be compar'd to some young tender Mayd,
 Entring some Princes Court, which is for pompe arayd,
 Who led from roome to roome amazed is to see
 The furnitures and states, which all Imbroyderies be,
 The rich and sumptuous Beds, with Easter-couering plumes,
 And various as the Sutes, so various the perfumes,
 Large Galleries, where piece with piece doth seeme to strue,
 Of Pictures done to life, Landskip, and Perspective,
 Thence goodly Gardens sees, where Antique Statues stand
 In Stone and Copper, cut by many a skilfull hand,
 Where euery thing to gaze, her more and more entices,
 Thinking at once shee sees a thousand Paradices,
 Goes softly on, as though before she saw the last,
 She long'd againe to see, what she had slightly past.
 So the enticing Soyle the *Soare* along doth lead,
 As wondring in her selfe, at many a spacious Mead;
 When *Charnwood* from the rocks salutes her wished sight,
 (Of many a Wood-god woo'd) her darling and delight,
 Whose beautie whilst that *Soare* is pawling to behold
 Cleere *Wreakin* comming in, from *Walsham* on the *Ould*,
 Brings *Eye*, a pretty Brooke, to beare her siluer traine,
 Which on by *Melton* make, and tripping o'r the Plaine,
 Here finding her surpriz'd with proud *Mount-Sorrels* sight,
 By quickning of her Course, more eas'ly doth inuite
 Her to the goodly *Trent*, where as she goes along
 By *Loughborough*, she thus of that faire Forrest sung.
 O *Charnwood*, be thou cald the choycest of thy kind,
 The like in any place, what Flood hath hapt to find?

Lesser Poem

A Simily of
Soare.

No

No Tract in all this Isle, the proudest let her be,
 Can shew a Syluan Nymph, for beautie like to thee:
 The Satyrs, and the Fawnes, by *Dian* set to keepe,
 Rough Hilles, and Forrest holts, were sadly scene to weepe,
 When thy high-palmed Harts the sport of Bowes and Hounds,
 By gripple Borderers hands, were banished thy grounds.
 The *Driades* that were wont about thy Lawnes to roue,
 To trip from Wood to Wood, and scud from Groue to Groue,
 On **Sharpley* that were scene, and **Cadmans* aged rocks,
 Against the rising Sunne, to brayd their silver locks;
 And with the harmelesse *Eluts*, on Heathy **Bardons* height,
 By *Cynthia's* colder beames to play them night by night,
 Exild their sweet abroad, to poore bare Commons fled,
 They with the Okes that liu'd, now with the Okes are dead.
 Who will describe to life, a Forrest, let him take
 Thy Surface to himselfe, nor shall he need to make
 An other forme at all, where oft in thee is found
 Fine sharpe but easie Hills, which reuerently are crown'd
 With aged Antique Rocks, to which the Goats and Sheepe;
 (To him that stands remoat) doe softly seeme to creepe,
 To gnaw the little shrubs, on their steepe sides that grow;
 Vpon whose other part, on some descending Brow,
 Huge Stones are hanging out, as though they downe would drop,
 Where vnder-growing Okes, on their old shoulders prop
 The others hoary heads, which still seeme to decline,
 And in a Dimble neere, (euen as a place diuine,
 For Contemplation fit) an Iuy-seeled Bower,
 As Nature had therein ordayn'd some Syluan power;
 As men may very oft at great Assemblies see,
 Where many of most choyce, and wondred Beauties be:
 For Statue one doth seeme the best away to beare;
 Another for her Shape, to stand beyond compare;
 Another for the fine composure of a face:
 Another short of these, yet for a modest grace
 Before them all preferd; amongst the rest yet one,
 Adjudg'd by all to bee, so perfect Paragon,
 That all those parts in her together simply dwell,
 For which the other doe so seuerally excell.
 My *Charnwood* like the last, hath in her selfe alone,
 What excellent can be in any Forrest showne,
 On whom when thus the *Soare* had these high praises spent,
 She easily slid away into her Soueraigne *Trent*,
 Who hauing wandried long, at length began to leaue
 Her native Countries bounds, and kindly doth receiue
 The lesser *Tame*, and *Messe*, the *Messe* a daintie Rill,
 Neere *Charnwood* rising first, where she begins to fill

Her

Her Banks, which all her course on both sides doe abound
With Heath and Finny olds, and often gleaby ground,
Till *Croxals* fertill earth doth comfort her at last
When shee is entring *Trent*; but I was like t'au'e past
The other *Sence*, whose source doth rise not farre from hers,
By *Ancor*, that her selfe to famous *Trent* prefers,
The second of that name, allotted to this Shire,
A name but hardly found in any place but here;
Nor is to many knowne, this Country that frequent.

Two Rivers of
one name in
one Shire.

But Muse returne at last, attend the princely *Trent*,
Who straining on in state, the Norths imperious Flood,
The third of *England* cald, with many a daintie Wood,
Being crown'd to *Burton* comes, to *Needwood* where she shewes
Her selfe in all her pompe; and as from thence she flowes,
Shee takes into her Traine rich *Doue*, and *Darwin* cleere,
Darwin, whose fount and fall are both in *Darbysheere*;
And of those thirtie Floods, that wayt the *Trent* vpon,
Doth stand without compare, the very Paragon.

Thus wandring at her will, as vncontrould shee ranges,
Her often varying forme, as variously and changes.

First *Erwasch*, and then *Lyne*, sweet *Sherwood* sends her in;

Then looking wyde, as one that newly wak'd had bin,

Saluted from the North, with *Nottingham*s proud height,

So strongly is surpriz'd, and taken with the sight,

That shee from running wild, but hardly can refraine,

To view in how great state, as she along doth straine,

That braue exalted seat, beholdeth her in pride,

As how the large-spread Meads vpon the other side,

All flourishing in Flowers, and rich embroyderies drest,

In which she sees her selfe about her neighbours blest.

As rap'd with the delights, that her this Prospect brings,

In her peculiar praise, loe thus the Riuer sings.

What should I care at all, from what my name I take,

That *Thirtie* doth import, that thirty Riuers make;

My greatnesse what it is, or thirty Abbayes great,

That on my fruitfull Banks, times formerly did seat:

Or thirtie kinds of Fish, that in my Streames doe liue,

To me this name of *Trent* did from that number giue.

What reack I: let great *Thames*, since by his fortune he

Is Soueraigne of vs all that here in *Britaine* be;

From *Iss*, and old *Tame*, his Pedigree deriue:

And for the second place, proud *Seuerne* that doth striue,

Fetch her discent from *Wales*, from that proud Mountaine sprung,

Plinillimon, whose praise is frequent them among,

As of that princely Mayd, whole name she boasts to beare,

Bright *Sabrin*, which she holds as her vndoubted heyre.

Let

Whence *Trent*
is supposed to
deriue her
name. See
the 12. Song.

Let these imperious Floods draw downe their long discent
 From these so famous Stocks, and only say of *Trent*,
 That *Moorelands* barren earth me first to light did bring,
 Which though she be but browne, my cleere complexiond Spring,
 Gain'd with the Nymphs such grace, that when I first did rise,
 The *Naiades* on my brim, danc'd wanton Hydagies,
 And on her spacious breast, with Heaths that doth abound)
 Encircled my faire Fount with many a lustie round:
 And of the *British* Floods, though but the third I be,
 Yet *Thames*, and *Seuerne* both in this come short of me,
 For that I am the Mere of *England*, that diuides
 The North part from the South, on my so either sides,
 That reckoning how these Tracts in compasse be extent,
 Men bound them on the North, or on the South of *Trent*,
 Their Banks are barren Sands, if but compar'd with mine,
 Through my perspicuous Breast, the pearly Pebbles shine:
 I throw my Christall Armes along the Flowry Vallies,
 Which lying sleeke, and smooth, as any Garden-Allies,
 Doe giue me leaue to play, whilst they doe Court my Streame,
 And crowne my winding banks with many an *Anademe*:
 My Siluer-scaled Skuls about my Streames doe sweepe,
 Now in the shallow foords, now in the falling Deepe:
 So that of euery kind, the new-spawn'd numerous Frie
 Seeme in me as the Sands that on my Shore doe lye.
 The *Barbell*, then which Fish, a brauer doth not swimme,
 Nor greater for the Ford within my spacious brimme,
 Nor (newly taken) more the curious taste doth please;
 The *Greling*, whose great Spawne is big as any Pease;
 The *Pearch* with picking Finnes, against the *Pike* prepar'd,
 As Nature had thereon bestow'd this stronger guard,
 His daintinesse to keepe, (each curious pallats prooffe)
 From his vile rauenous foe: next him I name the *Ruffe*,
 His very neere Ally, and both for scale and Fin,
 In taste, and for his Bayte (indeed) his next of kin;
 The pretty slender *Dare*, of many cald the *Dace*,
 Within my liquid glasse, when *Phabus* looks his face,
 Oft swiftly as he swimmes, his siluer belly showes,
 But with such nimble sight, that ere yee can disclose
 His shape, out of your sight like lightning he is shot.
 The *Trou* by Nature markt with many a Crimson spot,
 As though shee curious were in him about the rest,
 And of fresh-water Fish, did note him for the best;
 The *Roche*, whose common kind to euery Flood doth fall;
 The *Chub*, (whose neater name) which some a *Chenin* call,
 Food to the Tyrant *Pyke*, (most being in his power)
 Who for their numerous store he most doth them deuoure;

The

the sixe and twentieth Song.

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The lustie *Salmon* then, from *Neptunes* watry Realme,
When as his season serues, stemming my tydefull Streame,
Then being in his kind, in me his pleasure takes,
(For whom the Fisher then all other Game forsakes)
Which bending of himselfe to th' fashion of a Ring,
About the forced Weares, himselfe doth nimbly fling,
And often when the Net hath dragd him safe to land,
Is seene by naturall force to scape his murderers hand;
Whose graine doth rise in flakes, with fatnesse interlarded,
Of many a liquorish lip, that highly is regarded.
And *Humber*, to whose waste I pay my watry store,
Me of her *Sturgeons* sends, that I thereby the more
Should haue my beauties grac'd, with some thing from him sent:
Not *Ancuns* siluered *Eele* exceedeth that of *Trent*;
Though the sweet-smelling *Smelt* be more in *Thames* then me,
The *Lamprey*, and his * *Leffe*, in *Seuerne* generall be;
The *Flounder* smooth and flat, in other Riuers caught,
Perhaps in greater store, yet better are not thought:
The daintie *Gudgeon*, *Loche*, the *Minnow*, and the *Bleake*,
Since they but little are, I little need to speake
Of them, nor doth it fit mee much of those to reek,
VWhich euery where are found in euery little Beck;
Nor of the *Crayfish* here, which creepes amongst my stones,
From all the rest alone, whose shell is all his bones:
For *Carpe*, the *Tench*, and *Bream*, my other store among,
To Lakes and standing Pooles, that chiefly doe belong,
Here scowring in my Foards, feed in my waters cleere,
Are muddy Fish in Ponds to that which they are heere.

From *Nottingham*, neere which this Riuer first begun,
This Song, she the meane while, by *Newarke* hauing run,
Receiuing little *Snyte*, from *Beuers* bathing grounds,
At *Gaynsborough* goes out, where the *Lincolni*an bounds.
Yet *Sherwood* all this while not satisf'd to show
Her loue to princely *Trent*, as downward shee doth flow,
Her *Meden* and her *Man*, shee downe from *Mansfield* sends
To *Idle* for her ayd, by whom she recommends
Her loue to that braue *Queene* of waters, her to meet,
VWhen she tow'rds *Humber* comes, do humbly kisse her feet,
And clip her till shee grace great *Humber* with her fall.
When *Sherwood* somewhat backe, the forward Muse doth call,
For shee was let to know, that *Seare* had in her Song
So chanted *Charnwoods* worth, the Riuers that along,
Amongst the neighbouring Nymphs, there was no other *Layes*,
But those which seem'd to sound of *Charnwood*, and her praise:
VWhich *Sherwood* tooke to heart, and very much disdain'd,
(As one that had both long, and worthily maintain'd

R

The

POLY-OLBION,

The title of the great'st, and brauest of her kind)
 To fall so farre below, one wretchedly confin'd
 Within a furlongs space, to her large skirts compar'd:
 Wherefore slee as a Nymph that neither fear'd, nor card
 For ought to her might chance, by others loue or hate,
 VVith Resolution arm'd, against the power of Fate,
 All selfe-praise set apart, determineth to sing
 That lustie *Robin Hood*, who long time like a King
 Within her compasse liu'd, and when he list to range
 For some rich Booty set, or else his ayre to change,
 To *Sherwood* still retyr'd, his onely standing Court,
 Whose praise the Forrest thus doth pleasantly report.

The merry pranks he playd, would aske an age to tell,
 And the aduentures strange that *Robin Hood* befell,
 When *Mansfield* many a time for *Robin* hath bin layd,
 How he hath cosned them, that him would haue betrayd;
 How often he hath come to *Nottingham* disguisd,
 And cunningly escapt, being set to be surprizd.
 In this our spacious Isle, I thinke there is not one,
 But he hath heard some talke of him and little *John*;
 And to the end of time, the Tales shall ne'r be done,
 Of *Scarlock*, *George a Greene*, and *Much* the Millers sonne,
 Of *Tuck* the merry Frier, which many a Sermon made,
 In praise of *Robin Hood*, his Out-lawes, and their Trade.
 An hundred valiant men had this braue *Robin Hood*,
 Still ready at his call, that Bow-men were right good,
 All clad in *Lincolne* Greene, with Caps of Red and Blew,
 His fellowes winded Horne, not one of them but knew,
 When setting to their lips their little Beugles shrill,
 The waibling *Echo's* wake from euery Dale and Hill:
 Their Bauldricks set with Studs, athwart their shoulders cast,
 To which vnder their armes, their Sheafes were buckled fast,
 A short Sword at their Belt, a Buckler leane a span,
 Who strooke below the knee, not counted then a man:
 All made of *Spawsh* Yew, their Bowes were wondrous strong;
 They not an Arrow drew, but was a cloth yard long.
 Of Archery they had the very perfect craft,
 With Broad-arrow, or But, or Prick, or Rouing Shaft,
 At Markes full fortie score, they vs'd to Prick, and Roue,
 Yet higher then the breast, for Compasse neuer stroue;
 Yet at the farthest marke a foot could hardly win:
 At Long-buts, short, and Hoyles, each one could cleaue the pin:
 Their Arrowes finely pair'd, for Timber, and for Feather,
 With Birch and Brazill pcec'd, to flie in any weather;
 And shot they with the round, the square, or forked Pyle,
 The loose gaue such a twang, as might be heard a myle.

And

the fixe and twentieth Song.

123

And of these Archers braue, there was not any one,
But he could kill a Deere his swiftest speed vpon,
Which they did boyle and rost, in many a mightie wood,
Sharpe hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food.
Then taking them to rest, his merry men and hee
Slept many a Summers night vnder the Greenwood tree.
From wealthy Abbots chests, and Churles abundant store,
What often times he tooke, he shar'd amongst the poore:
No lordly Bishop came in lusty *Robins* way,
To him before he went, but for his Passe must pay:
The Widdow in distresse he graciously relieu'd,
And remedied the wrongs of many a Virgin grieu'd:
He from the husbands bed no married woman wan,
But to his Mistris deare, his loued *Marian*
Was euer constant knowne, which wherefoere shee came,
Was soueraigne of the Woods, chiefe Lady of the Game:
Her Clothes tuck'd to the knee, and daintie braided haire,
VVith Bow and Quiuer arm'd, shee wandred here and there,
Amongst the Forrests wild, *Diana* neuer knew
Such pleasures, nor such *Harts* as *Mariana* flew.

Of merry *Robin Hood*, and of his merrier men,
The Song had scarcely ceas'd, when as the Muse agen
VVades * *Erwas*, (that at hand) on *Sherwoods* setting side,
The *Nottinghamian* Fields, and *Derbian* doth diuide,
And Northward from her Springs, haps *Scardale* forth to find,
Which like her Mistris *Peake*, is naturally enclind
To thrust forth ragged Clceues, with which she scattered lyes,
As busie Nature here could not her selfe suffice,
Of this oft-altring earth the sundry shapes to show,
That from my entrance here, doth rough and rougher grow,
Which of a lowly Dale, although the name it beare,
You by the Rocks might think that it a Mountaine were,
From which it takes the name of *Scardale*, which exprest,
Is the hard Vale of Rocks, of *Chesterfield* posselt,
By her which is instild; where *Rother* from her rift,
Ibber, and *Crawley* hath, and *Gunno*, that assist
Her weaker wandering Streame tow'rds *Torkeshire* as she wends,
So *Scardale* tow'rds the same, that louely *Iddle* sends,
That helps the fertile Seat of *Axholme* to in-Isle:
But to th'vnwearied Muse the *Peake* appeares the while,
A withered Beldam long, with bleared watrishi eyes,
With many a bleake storme diin'd, which often to the Skies
Shee cast, and oft toth' earth bow'd downe her aged head,
Her meager wrinkled face, being sullyed still with lead,
Which sitting in the workes, and poring o'r the Mines,
Which shee out of the Oare continually refines:

R 2

For

A Rhyme
diag the
Shirca.

POLY-OLBION,

For shee a *Chimist* was, and Natures secrets knew,
 And from amongst the *Lead*, she *Antimony* drew,
 And *Chrystal* there congeal'd, (by her entyled *Flowers*)
 And in all Medcins knew their most effectuall powers.
 The spirits that haunt the Mynes, she could command and tame,
 And bind them as she list in *Saturns* dreadfull name:
 Shee Mil-stones from the Quaris, with sharpened picks could get,
 And dainty Whetstones make, the dull-edg tooles to whet.
 Wherefore the *Peake* as proud of her laborious toyle,
 As others of their Come, or goodnesse of their Soyle,
 Thinking the time was long, till shee her tale had told,
 Her Wonders one by one, thus plainly doth vnfold.

My dreadfull daughters borne, your mothers deare delight,
 Great Natures chiefest worke, wherein shee shew'd her might,
 Yee darke and hollow Caues, the pourtratures of Hell,
 Where Fogs, and misty Damps continually doe dwell;
 O yee my onely loyes, my Darlings, in whose eyes,
 Horror assumes her seat, from whose abiding flies
 Thicke Vapours, that like Rugs still hang the troubled ayre,
 Yee of your mother *Peake*, the hope and onely care:
 O thou my fist and best, of thy blacke Entrance nam'd,
 The *Dinels-Arse*, in me, O bethou not asham'd,
 Nor think thy selfe disgrac'd, or hurt thereby at all,
 Since from thy horror first men vs'd thee so to call:
 For as amongst the *Moores*, the Iettiest blacke are deem'd
 The beautifullst of them; so are your kind esteem'd,
 The more ye gloomy are, more fearefull and obscure,
 (That hardly any eye your stemnesse may endure)
 The more yee famous are, and what name men can hit,
 That best may ye expresse, that best doth yee besit:
 For he that will attempt thy blacke and darksome iawes,
 In midst of Summer meets with Winters stormy flawes,
 Cold Dewes, that ouer head from thy foule roose distill,
 And meeteth vnder foot, with a dead sullen Rill,
 That *Acheron* it selfe, a man would thinke he were
 Imediately to passe, and stay'd for *Charon* there,
 Thy Flore drad Caue, yet flat, though very rough it be,
 With often winding turnes: then come thou next to me,
 My prettie daughter *Poole*, my second loued child,
 Which by that noble name was happily ensild,
 Of that more generous stock, long honor'd in this Shire,
 Of which amongst the rest, one being out-law'd here,
 For his strong refuge tooke this darke and vncouth place,
 An heyre-loome euer since, to that succeeding race:
 Whose entrance though deprest below a mountaine steepe,
 Besides so very strait, that who will see't, must creepe

Into

Into the mouth thereof, yet being once got in,
A rude and ample Roofe doth instantly begin
To raise it selfe aloft, and who so doth intend
The length thereof to see, still going must ascehd
On mightie slippery stones, as by a winding stayre,
Which of a kind of base darke Alablaster are,
Of strange and sundry formes, both in the Roofe and Floore,
As Nature show'd in thee, what ne'r was scene before.
For *Elden* thou my third, a Wonder I preferre
Before the other two, which perpendicular
Diue'st downe into the ground, as if an entrance were
Through earth to lead to hell, ye well might iudge it here,
Whose depth is so immense, and wondrously profound,
As that long line which serues the deepest Sea to sound,
Her bottome neuer wrought, as though the vast descent,
Through this Terrestriall Globe directly poynting went
Our *Antipods* to see, and with her gloomy eyes,
To glote vpon those Starres, to vs that neuer rise,
That downe into this hole if that a stone yee throw,
An acres length from thence, (some say that) yee may goe,
And comming backe thereto, with a still listning care,
May heare a sound as though that stone then falling were.

Yet for her Caues, and Holes, *Peake* onely not excells,
But that I can againe produce those wondrous Wells
Of *Buckson*, as I haue, that most delicious Fount,
Which men the second Bath of *England* doe account,
Which in the primer raignes, when first this well began
To haue her vertues knowne vnto the blest *Saint Anne*,
Was consecrated then, which the same temper hath,
As that most daintie Spring, which at the famous *Bath*,
Is by the Crosse enstild, whose fame I much preferre,
In that I doe compare my daintiest Spring to her,
Nice sicknesses to cure, as also to preuent,
And supple their cleare skinnies, which Ladies oft frequent,
Most full, most faire, most sweet, and most delicious source.
To this a second Fount, that in her naturall course,
As mighty *Neptune* doth, so doth shee ebbe and flow,
If some *Welsh* Shires report, that they the like can show.
I answere those, that her shall so no wonder call,
So farre from any Sea, not any of them all.

My Caues, and Fountaines thus deliuered you, for change.
A little Hill I haue, a wonder yet more strange,
Which though it be of light, and almost dusty sand,
Vnaltred with the wind, yet firmly doth it stand,
And running from the top, although it neuer cease,
Yet doth the foot thereof, no whit at all increase.

Elden Hole

*Saint Anne's
Buckson*

Tydenoth

Sandy Hill

Nor

Nor is it at the top, the lower, or the lesse,
 As Nature had ordain'd, that so its owne excessse,
 Should by some secret way within it selfe ascend,
 To feed the falling backe; with this yet doe not end
 The wonders of the *Peake*, for nothing that I haue,
 But it a wonders name doth very iustly craue:
 A Forrest such haue I, (of which when any speake,
 Of me they it enstile, The Forrest of the *Peake*)
 Whose Hills doe serue for Brakes, the Rocks for shrubs and trees,
 To which the *Stag* pursu'd, as to the thicket flects;
 Like it in all this Isle, for sterminesse there is none,
 Where Nature may be said to show you groues of stone,
 As she in little there, had curiously compyl'd
 The modell of the vast *Arabian* stony Wyld.
 Then as it is suppos'd, in *England* that there be
 Seuen wonders: to my selfe so haue I here in me,
 My seauen before rehear'd, allotted me by Fate,
 Her greatnesse, as therein ordain'd to imitate.

No sooner had the *Peake* her seuen proud wonders sung,
 But *Darwin* from her Fount, her mothers Hills among,
 Through many a crooked way, oppos'd with enuious Rocks,
 Comes tripping downe tow'rds *Trent*, and sees the goodly Flocks
 Fed by her mother *Peake*; and Heards, (for home and haire,
 That hardly are put downe by those of *Lancashire*,)
 Which on her Mountaines sides, and in her Bottoms graze,
 On whose delightfull Course, whilst *Enknidge* stands to gaze,
 And looke on her his fill, doth on his tiptoes get,
 He *Nowstoll* plainly sees, which likewise from the Set,
 Salutes her, and like friends, to *Heauen-Hill* farre away,
 Thus from their lofty tops, were plainly heard to say.

Faire Hill bee not so proud of thy so pleasant Scite,
 Who for thou giu'st the eye such wonderfull delight,
 From any Mountaine neere, that glorious name of *Heauen*,
 Thy brauery to expresse, was to thy greatnesse giuen:
 Nor cast thine eye so much on things that be about:
 For sawest thou as we doe, our *Darwin*, thou wouldst loue
 Her more then any thing, that so doth thee allure;
 When *Darwin* that by this her trauell could endure,
 Takes *Now* into her traine, (from *Nowstoll* her great Sire,

Which shewes to take her name) with many a winding Gyre.
 Then wandring through the Wylds, at length the pretty *Wye*,
 From her blacke mother *Poole*, her nimbler course doth plye
 Tow'rds *Darwin*, and along from *Bakewell* with her brings
Lathkell a little Brooke, and *Headford*, whose poore Springs,
 But hardly them the name of Riuerets can afford,
 When *Burbrook* with the strength, that Nature hath her stor'd,

Although

Although but very small, yet much doth *Darwin* sted.
 At *Worksworth* on her way, when from the Mynes of *Lead*,
 Browne *Eclesborne* comes in, then *Amber* from the East,
 Of all the *Darbian* Nymphs of *Darwin* lou'd the best,
 (A delicater Flood from fountaine neuer flow'd)
 Then comming to the Towne, on which she first bestow'd
 Her naturall * *British* name, her *Darby*, to againe,
 Her, to that ancient Seat, doth kindly intertaine,
 Where *Marten-Brooke*, although an easie shallow Rill,
 There offereth all she hath, her Mistris Banks to fill,
 And all too little thinks that was on *Darwin* spent;
 From hence as shee departs, in traauailing to *Trent*,
 Backe goes the actiue Muse, tow'rds *Lancashire* amaine,
 Where matter rests ynough her vigor to maintaine,
 And to the Northern Hills shall lead her on along,
 Which now must wholly bee the subiect of my Song.

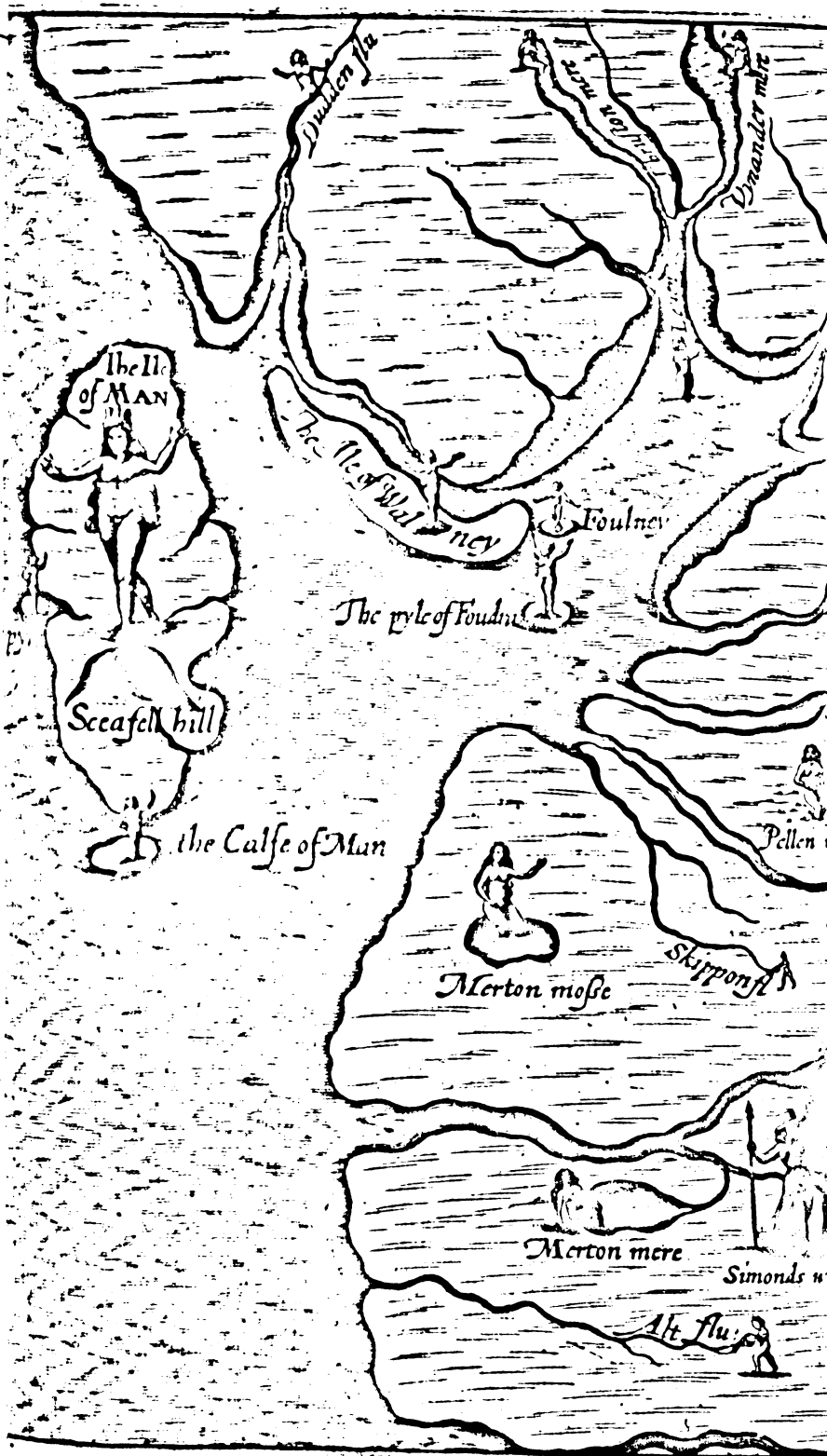
Darwin, of the
British Dore
Gain, which is
 White water.
Darby from
 thence, as the
 place by the
 water.

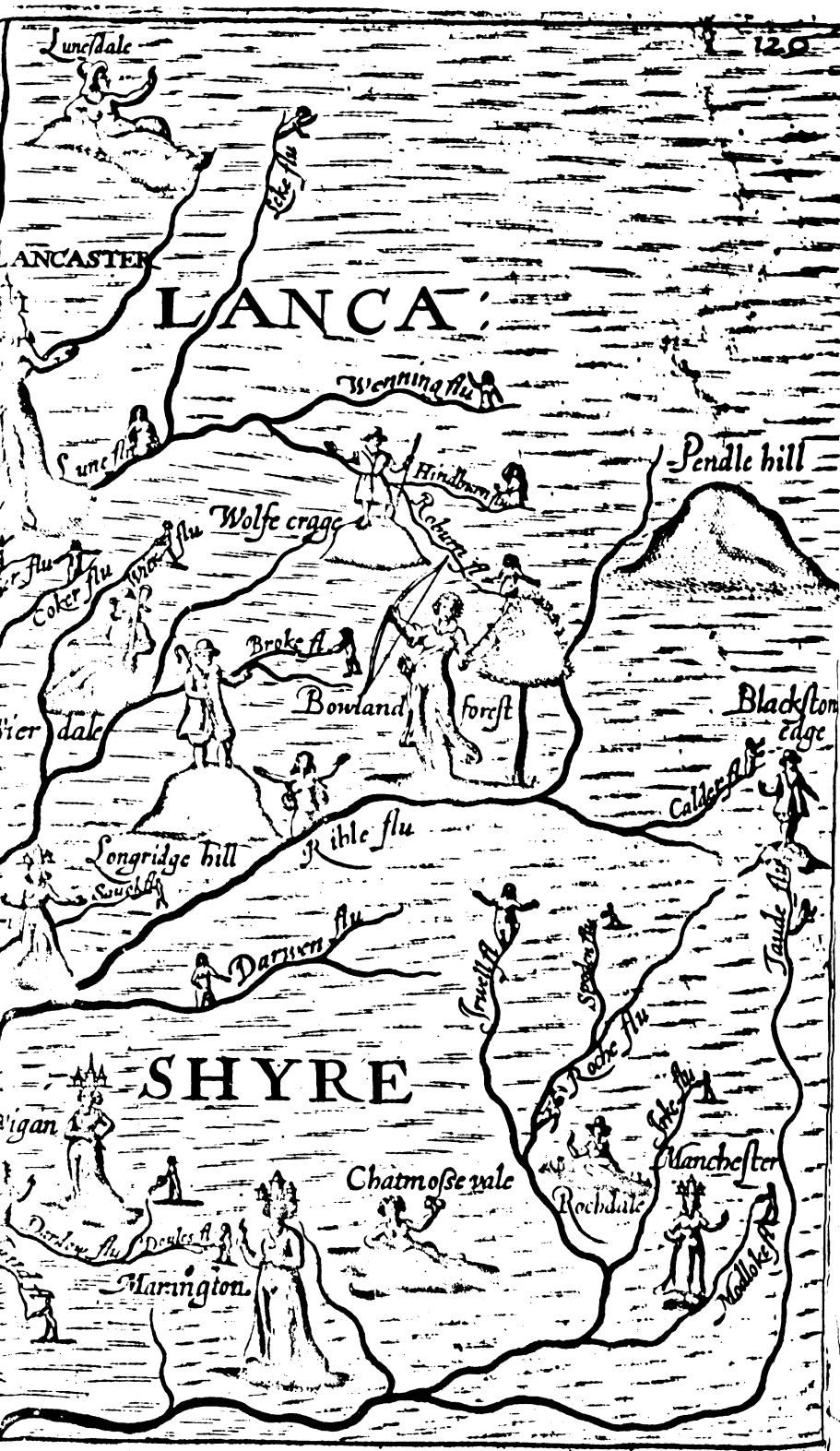
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Tr









The seauen and twentieth Song.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The circuit of this Shire exprest,
Erwell, and Ribble then contest;
The Muse next to the Mosses flies,
And to fayre Wyre her selfe applies,
The Fishy Lun then doth shee bring,
The praise of Lancashire to sing,
The Isle of Man maintaines her plea,
Then falling Eastward from that Sea,
On rugged Furnesse, and his Fells,
Of which this Canto lastly tells.*

S Carce could the labouring Muse salute this liuely Shire,
But strait such shouts arose from euery Mosse and Mere,
And Riuer rushing downe, with such vnusuall noyse,
Vpon their peably tholes, seem'd to expresse their ioyes,
That *Mersey* in her course which happily confines
Braue *Cheshire* from this Tract, two County Palatines)
As rauish'd with the newes, along to *Lerpoole* ran,
That all the Shores which lye to the * *Verginian*,
Resounded with the shouts, so that from Creeke to Creeke,
So lowd the Ecchoes cry'd, that they were heard to shreкке
To *Fournesse* ridged Front, whereas the rocky Pile
Of *Foudra* is at hand, to guard the out-layd Isle
Of *Walney*, and those grosse and foggy *Fells* awooke;
Thence flying to the East, with their reuerberance shooke
The Clouds from *Pendles* head, (which as the people say,
Prognosticates to them a happy *Halcyon* day)
Rebounds on *Blackstonedge*, and there by falling fils
Faure *Mersey*, making in from the *Derbeian* Hills.

But whilst the actiue Muse thus nimbly goes about,
Of this large Tract to lay the true Demensions out,

S

The

The Irish Sea

The circuit and
true demension
of Lancashire

Lancashire
u-pipe
 The neat *Lancastrian* Nymphes, for beauty that excell,
 That for the " Hornpipe round doe beare away the bell,
 Some that about the Banks of *Erwell* make abode,
 With some that haue their seat by *Ribbles* siluer road,
 In great contention fell, (that mighty difference grew)
 Which of those Floods deseru'd to haue the soueraigne due,
 So that all future spleene, and quarrels to preuent,
 That likely was to rise about their long discent,
 Before the neighbouring Nymphs, their right they meane to plead,
 And first thus for her selfe the louely *Erwell* sayd.

ek oration
 Yee Lasses, quoth this Flood, haue long and blindly er'd,
 That *Ribble* before me, so falsely haue prefer'd,
 That am a Natiue home, and my descent doe bring,
 From ancient Gentry here, when *Ribble* from her Spring,
 An Alien knowne to be, and from the Mountaines rude
 Of *Yorkshire* getting strength, here boldly dares intrude
 Vpon my proper Earth, and through her mighty fall,
 Is not asham'd her selfe of *Lancashire* to call:
 Whereas of all the Nymphes that carefully attend
 My Mistis *Merseys* State, ther's none that doth transcend
 My greatnesse with her grace, which doth me so preferre,
 That all is due to me, which doth belong to her.
 For though from *Blackstonedze* the *Taume* come tripping downe,
 And from that long-ridg'd Rocke, her fathers high renowne,
 Of *Mersey* thinks from me, the place alone to winne,
 With my attending Brooks, yet when I once come in,
 I out of count'nance quite doe put the Nymph, for note,
 As from my Fountaine I tow'rds mightier *Mersey* float,
 First *Roch* a dainty Rill, from *Roch-dale* her deare Dame,
 Who honored with the halfe of her steme mothers name,
 Growes proud, yet glad her selfe into my Bankes to get,
 Which *Spodden* from her Spring, a pretty Riueler,
 As her attendant brings, when *Irk* addes to my store,
 And *Medlock* to their much, by lending somewhat more,
 At *Manchester* doe meet, all kneeling to my State,
 Where braue I show my selfe; then with a prouder gate,
 Tow'rds *Mersey* making on, great *Chatsmoffe* at my fall,
 Lyes full of Turfe, and Marle, her vinctuous Minerall,
 And Blocks as blacke as Pitch, (with boring-Augars found)
 There at the generall Flood supposed to be drown'd.
 Thus chiefe of *Merseys* traine, away with her I runne,
 When in her prosperous course shee watreth *Warrington*,
 And her faire siluer load in *Lerpoole* downe doth lay,
 A Road none more renown'd in the *Vergiuian* Sea.
 Yee lustie Lasses then, in *Lancashire* that dwell,
 For Beautie that are sayd to beare away the Bell,

Your

Your Countries Horn-pipe, yee so minsingly that tread,
As ye the Eg-pye loue, and Apple Cherry-red,
In all your mirthfull Songs, and merry meetings tell,
That *Erwell* euery way doth *Ribb'e* farre excell.

Her well-disposed speech had *Erwell* scarcely done,
But swift report therewith immediatly doth runne
To the *Virginian* Shores, among the Mosses deepe,
Where *Als* a neighboring Nymph for very ioy doth weepe,
That *Symonds wood*, from whence the Flood assumes her Spring,
Excited with the same, was lowdly heard to ring,
And ouer all the *Moores*, with shrill re-echoing sounds,
The drooping Fogs to driue from those grosse waty grounds,
Where those that toyle for Turffe, with peating Spades doe find
Fish living in that earth (contrary to their kind)

Which but that *Pontus*, and *Heracles* likewise shewes,
The like in their like earth, that with like moisture flowes,
And that such Fish as these, had not been likewise found,
Within farre firmer earth, the *Paphlagonian* ground,
A Wonder of this Isle, this well might haue been thought

But *Ribbell* that this while for her aduantage wrought,
Of what shee had to say, doth well her selfe aduise,
And to braue *Erwels* speech, thus boldly she replies.
With that, whereby the most thou thinkst me to disgrace,
That I an Alien am, (not rightly of this place)
My greatest glory is, and *Lancashire* therefore,
To Nature for my Birth, beholding is the more;
That *Torkshire*, which all Shires for largeness doth exceed,
A kingdome to be cald, that well deserues (indeed)
And not a Fountaine hath, that from her wombe doth flow
Within her spacious selfe, but that she can bestow;
To *Lancaster* yet lends, me *Ribbell*, from her store,
Which adds to my renowne, and makes her Bountie more.
From *Penigents* proud foot, as from my source I slide,
That Mountaine my proud Syre, in height of all his pride,
Takes pleasure in my Course, as in his first-borne Flood:
And *Ingleborow* Hill of that *Olympian* Brood,
With *Pendle*, of the North the highest Hills that be,
Doe wistly me behold, and are beheld of me,
These Mountaines make me proud, to gaze on me that stand:
So *Long-ridge*, once ariu'd on the *Lancastrian* Land,
Salutes me, and with smiles, me to his soyle inuites,
So haue I many a Flood, that forward me excites,
As *Hodder*, that from home attends me from my Spring;
Then *Caldor* comming downe, from *Blackstonedge* doth bring
Me easly on my way, to *Preston* the greatst Towne,
Wherewith my Banks are blest; wherewith my going downe,

He that will
for a *Lancashire*
man, at any
time or tide,
Must buy his
hooke with a
good fig-pie,
an Apple with
a red side.

A wonder in
Nature.

POLY-OLBION,

Cleere *Darwen* on along me to the Sea doth driue,
 And in my spacious fall no sooner I arriue,
 But *Sanock* to the North, from *Longridge* making way,
 To this my greatnesse adds, when in my ample Bay,
 Swart *Dulas* comming in, from *Wiggie* with her ayds,
 Short *Tand*, and *Dartow* small, two little Country Mayds,
 (In those low watry lands, and Moory Mosses bred)
 Doe seemee safely layd in mighty *Neptunes* bed;
 And cutting in my course, euen through the very heart
 Of this renowned Shire, so equally it part,
 As Nature should haue said, Loe thus I meant to doe,
 This Flood diuides this Shire thus equally in two.
 Ye Mayds, the Horne-pipe then, so mincingly that tread,
 As yee the Egg pye loue, and Apple Cherry-red;
 In all your mirthfull Songs, and meriy meetings tell,
 That *Ribbell* euery way, your *Erwell* doth excell.

Heere ended shee againe, when *Mertons* Mosse and Mere,
 VVith *Ribbels* sole reply so much reuiued were,
 That all the Shores rebound the Riuer's good successe,
 And wondrous ioy there was all ouer **Anderneffe*,
 VVhich straight conuayd the newes into the vpper land,
 Where *Pendle*, *Penigent*, and *Ingleborow* stand
 Like Gyants, and the rest doe proudly ouerlookes,
 Or *Atlas*-like as though they onely vnderooke
 To vnder prop high Heauen, or the wide Welkin dard,
 Who in their *Ribbles* praise (be sure) no speeches spar'd;
 That the loud sounds from them downe to the Forrests fell,
 To *Bowland* braue in state, and *Wyersdale*, which as well,
 As any Syluan Nymphes, their beautilous Scites may boast,
 Whose Eccho's sent the same all round about the Coast,
 That there was not a Nymph to lollity inclind,
 Or of the wooddy brood, or of the watry kind,
 But at their fingers ends, they *Ribbels* Song could say,
 And perfectly the Note vpon the Bag-pipe play.

That *Wyre*, when once she knew how well these Floods had sped,
 (When their reports abroad in euery place was spred)
 It vex'd her very heart, their eminence to see,
 Their equall (at the least) who thought her selfe to be,
 Determines at the last to *Neptunes* Court to goe,
 Before his ample State, with humblenesse to show
 The wrongs she had sustain'd by her proud sisters spight,
 And offing them no wrong, to doe her greatnesse right,
 Arising but a Rill at first from *Wyersdales* lap,
 Yet still receiuing strength from her full Mothers pap,
 As downe to Seaward she, her serious course doth ply,
 Takes *Caldar* comming in, to beare her company.

From

the seaven and twentieth Song.

From *Woolscraggs* Clifty foot, a Hill to her at hand,
By that fayre Forrest knowne, within her Veige to stand.
So *Bowland* from her breast sends *Brock* her to attend,
As she a Forrest is, so likewise doth shee send
Her child, on *Wyresdales* Flood, the dainty *Wyre* to wayt,
With her assisting Rills, when *Wyre* is once repleat :
Shee in her crooked course to Seaward softly slides,
Where *Pellins* mighty *Alasse*, and *Alertons*, on her sides
Their boggy breasts out lay, and *Skipton* downe doth cawle,
To entertaine this *Wyre*, attained to her fall :
When whilst each wandering flood seem'd setled to admire,
First *Erwell*, *Kibbell* then, and last of all this *Wyre*,
That mighty wagers would haue willingly been layd,
(But that these matters were with much discretion staid)
Some broyles about these Brooks had surely been begun.
When *Coker* a coy Nymph, that cleerely seemes to shun
All popular applause, who from her Christall head,
In *Wyresdale*, neere where *Wyre* is by her fountaine fed,
That by their naturall birth, they seeme (in deed) to twin,
Yet for her sisters pride shee careth not a pin,
Of none, and being help'd, she likewise helpeth none,
But to the *Irish* Sea goes gently downe alone
Of any vndisturbd, till comming to her Sound,
Endangered by the Sands, with many a lostie bound,
Shee leaps against the Tydes, and cries to Christall *Lon*,
The Flood that names the Towne, from whence the Shire begun,
Her title first to take, and loudly tells the Flood,
That if a little while she thus but trifling stood,
These pettie Brooks would bee before her still preferd.
Which the long-wandering *Lon*, with good aduisement heard,
As shee comes ambling on from *Westmerland*, where first
Arising from her head, amongst the Mountaines nui st,
By many a pretty spring, that howerly getting strength,
Ariuing in her Course in *Lancashire* at length,
To *Lonfdale* shoves her selfe, and louingly doth play
With her deare daughter *Dale*, which her frim *Checke* doth lay
To her cleere mothers Breast, as minisly she traces,
And oft imbracing her, she oft againe imbraces,
And on her Darling smiles, with euey little gale.
When *Lac* the most lou'd child of this delicious *Dale*,
And *Wemming* on the way, present their eithers Spring.
Next them she *Henbourne* hath, and *Robourne*, which do bring
Their bounties in one banke, their Mistris to preferre,
That shee with greater state may come to *Lancaster*,
Of her which takes the name, which likewise to the Shire,
The Soueraigne title lends, and eminency, where

To

POLYOLBION.

To giue to this her Towne, what rightly doth belong,
Of this most famous Shire, our *Lun* thus frames her Song.

First, that most precious thing, and pleasing most to man,
Who from him (made of earth) immediatly began,
His sice selfe woman, which the goodliest of this Isle,
This country hath brought forth, that much doth grace my stile;
Why should those Ancients else, which so much knowing were,
When they the Blazons gaue to euery seuerall Shire,
Fayre women as mine owne, haue titled due to me?

Besides in all this Isle, there no such Cattell be,
For largenesse, Home, and Haire, as these of *Lancashire*;
So that from euery part of *England* farre and neere,
Men haunt her Marts for Store, as from her Race to breed.
And for the third, wherein she doth all Shires exceed,
Be those great race of Hounds, the deepest mouth'd of all
The other of this kind, which we our Hunters call,
Which from their bellowing throats vpon a sent so roare,
That you would surely thinke, that the firme earth they tore
With their wide yawning chaps, or rent the Clouds in sunder,
As though by their lowd crie they meant to mocke the thunder.

Besides, her Natiues haue beene anciently esteem'd,
For Bow-men neere our best, and euer haue beene deem'd
So loyall, that the Guard of our preceeding Kings,
Of them did most consist; but yet mongst all these things,
Euen almost euer since the *English* Crowne was set
Vpon the lawfull head, of our *Plantaginet*,
In Honor, next the first, our Dukedome was allow'd,
And alwayes with the greatst, reuenewes was endow'd:
And after when it hapt, *France*-conquering *Edwards* blood
Divided in it selfe, here for the Garland stood;
The right *Lancastrian* Line, it from *Torks* Issue bare;
The Red-rose, our braue Badge, which in their Helmes ware,
In many a bloody field, at many a doubtfull fight,
Against the House of *Torke*, which bare for theirs the White.

And for my selfe there's not the *Tiny*, nor the *VVye*,
Nor any of those Nymphs, that to the Southward lye,
For *Salmon* me excels; and for this name of *Lun*,
That I am Christned by, the *Britaines* it begun,
Which Fulnesse doth import, of waters still encrease:
To *Neptune* lowting low, when Christall *Lun* doth cease,
And *Conder* comming in, conducts her by the hand,
Till lastly shee salute the poynt of *Sunderland*,
And leaues our dainty *Lun* to *Amphitrites* care.

So blyth and bonny now the Lads and Lasses are,
That euer as anon the Bag-pipe vp doth blow,
Cast in a gallant Round about the Harth they goe,

And

the seauen and twentieth Song.

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And at each pause they kisse, was neuer seene such rule
 In any place but heere, at Boon-fire, or at Yeule;
 And euery village smokes at Wakes with lusty cheere,
 Then Hey they cry for *Lun*, and Hey for *Lancashire*;
 That one high Hill was heard to tell it to his brother,
 That instantly againe to tell it to some others
 From Hill againe to Vale, from Vale to Hill it went,
 The High-lands they againe, it to the lower sent,
 The mud-exhausted Meres, and Mosses deepe among,
 With the report thereof, each Road, and Harbor rung;
 The Sea-Nymphs with their Song, so great a coyle doe keepe,
 They cease not to resound it ouer all the Deepe,
 And acted it each day before the Isle of *Man*,
 Who like an Empresse sits in the *Virginian*,
 By her that hath the *Calfe*, long *Walney*, and the *Pyle*,
 As Hand-mayds to attend on her their Soueraigne Isle,
 To whom, so many though the *Hebrides* doe show,
 Acknowledge, that to her they due subiection owe:
 With Corne and Cattell stor'd, and what for hers is good,
 (That we, nor *Ireland*, need not scorne her neighbourhood)
 Her midst with Mountaines set, of which, from **Scasfels* height,
 A cleere and perfect eye, the weather being bright,
 (Be *Neptunes* visage ne'r so terrible and sterne)
 The *Scotch*, the *Irish* Shores, and th' *English* may discern;
 And what an Empire can, the same this Island brings
 Her Pedigrees to show, her right successiue Kings,
 Her Chronicles and can as easily rehearse,
 And with all forraine parts to haue had free commerce,
 Her Municipiall Lawes, and Customes very old,
 Belonging to her State, which strongly shee doth hold:
 This Island, with the Song of *Lun* is taken so,
 As shee hath speciall cause before all other, who
 For her bituminous Turfe, squar'd from her Mossy ground,
 And Trees farre vnder earth, (by daily digging found,
 As for the store of Oats, which her blacke Glcabe doth beare,
 In euery one of these resembling *Lancashire*,
 To her shee'l stoutly stick, as to her neereft kin,
 And cries the day is ours, braue *Lancashire* doth win.
 But yet this *Isle of Man* more seemes not to reioyce
 For *Lancashires* good luck, nor with a louder voyce
 To sound it to the Shores, then *Furnesse* whose sterne face,
 With Mountaines set like Warts, which Nature as a grace
 Bestow'd vpon this Tract, whose Browes doe looke so sterne,
 That when the Nymphs of Sea did first her Front discern,
 Amazedly they fled, to *Amphitrite's* Bower.
 Her grim aspect to see, which seem'd to them so sower,

The Calfe of
Man, lying
 Island.

A mountain
 in the Isle of
Man.

As

POLYOLBION,

As it malign'd the Rule which mighty *Nep:une* bare,
 Whose *Fells* to that grim god, most sterne and dreadfull are,
 With Hills whose hanging browes, with Rocks about are bound,
 Whose weighty feet stand fixt in that blacke beachy ground,
 VWhereas those scattered trees, which naturally pertake,
 The farnesse of the soyle (in many a slimy Lake,
 Their roots so deeply sok'd) send from their stocky bough,
 A soft and sappy Gum, from which those *Tree-geese* grow,
 Call'd *Barnacles* by vs, which like a lelly first
 To the beholder seeme, then by the fluxure nurst,
 Still great and greater thriue, vntill you well may see
 Them turn'd to perfect Fowles, when dropping from the tree
 Into the Meery Pond, which vnder them doth lye,
 VVaxe ripe, and taking wing, away in flockes doe flye,
 VWhich well our Antients did among our Wonders place:
 Besides by her strong Scite, she doth receaue this grace,
 Before her neighbouring Tracts, (which *Furnesse* well may vaunt)
 That when the *Saxons* here their forces first did plant,
 And from the Inner-land the ancient *Britains* draue,
 To their distrest estate it no lesse succour gaue,
 Then the trans-Seuern'd Hills, which their old stocke yet stores,
 Which now we call the *Welsh*, or the *Cornubian* Shores.
 VWhat Countrey lets ye see those soyles within her Sear,
 But shee in little hath, what it can shew in great?
 As first without her selfe at Sea to make her strong,
 (Yet how soe'r expos'd, doth still to her belong)
 And fence her furthest poynt, from that rough *Neptunes* rage,
 The Isle of *Walney* lyes, whose longitude doth swage
 His fury when his waues, on *Furnesse* seeme to warre,
 VVhose crooked back is arm'd with many a rugged *scarre
 Against his boystrous shocks, which this defensiu Isle
 Of *Walney* still assaile, that shee doth scorne the while,
 VWhich to assist her hath the *Pyle of Fouldra* set,
 And *Fulney* at her backe, a pretty Insulet,
 Which all their forces bend, their *Furnesse* safe to keepe:
 But to his inner earth, diuert we from the deepe,
 Where those two mightie Meres, out-stretcht in length do wander,
 The lesser *Thurstan* nam'd, the famouiser *Wynander*,
 So bounded with her Rocks, as Nature would descry,
 By her how those great Seas *Mediterranean* lye.
 To Sea-ward then shee hath her sundry Sands agen,
 As that of *Dudden* first, then *Leuin*, lastly *Ken*,
 Of three bright *Naiades* nam'd, as *Dudden* on the West,
 That *Camberland* cuts off from this Shire, doth inuest
 Those Sands with her proud Style, when *Leuin* from the *Fells*,
 Besides her naturall source, with the abundance swells,

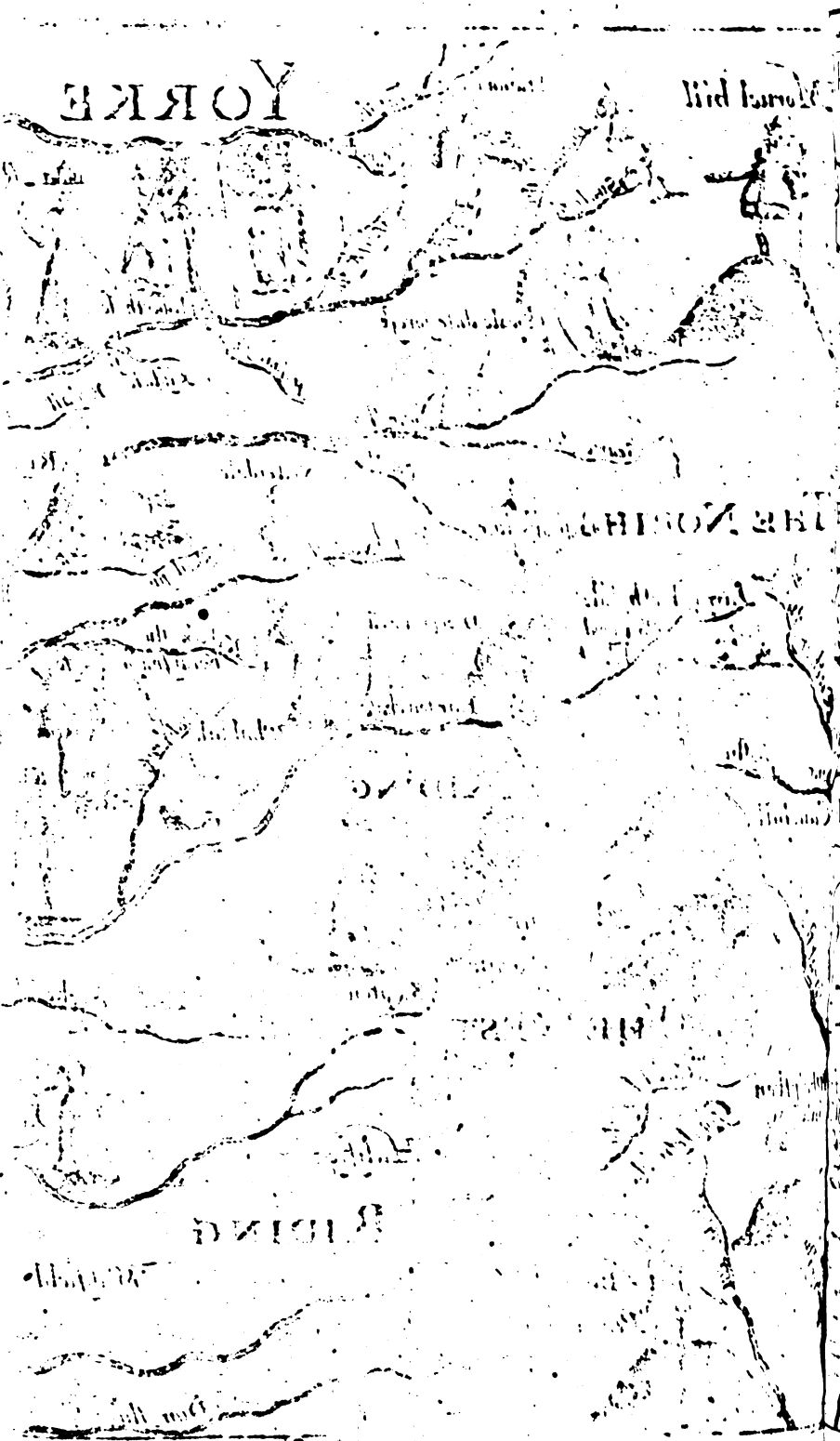
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Which those two mighty *Meres*, vpon her either side
Contribute by recourse, that out of very pride,
Shee leaues her ancient name, and *Fosse* her selfe doth call,
Till comming to the Sands, euen almost at her fall,
On them her ancient Style shee liberally bestowes.
Vpon the East from these, cleere *Ken* her beautie shoves,
From *Kendale* comming in, which shee doth please to grace,
First with her famous Type, then lastly in her race;
Her name vpon those Sands doth liberally bequeath,
Whereas the Muse awhile may sit her downe to breath,
And after walke along tow'rds *Yorkshire* on her way,
On which shee strongly hopes to get a noble day.

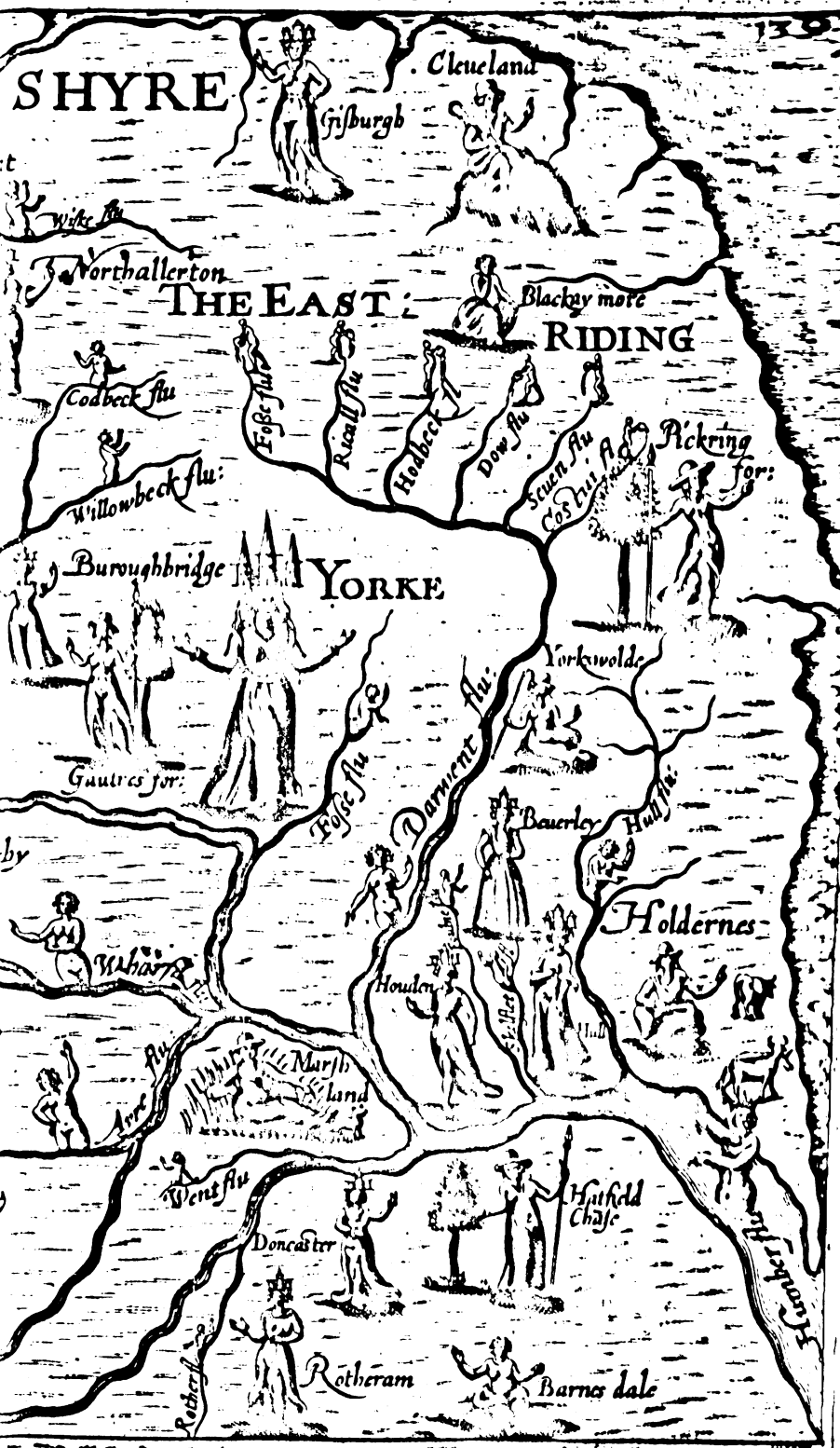
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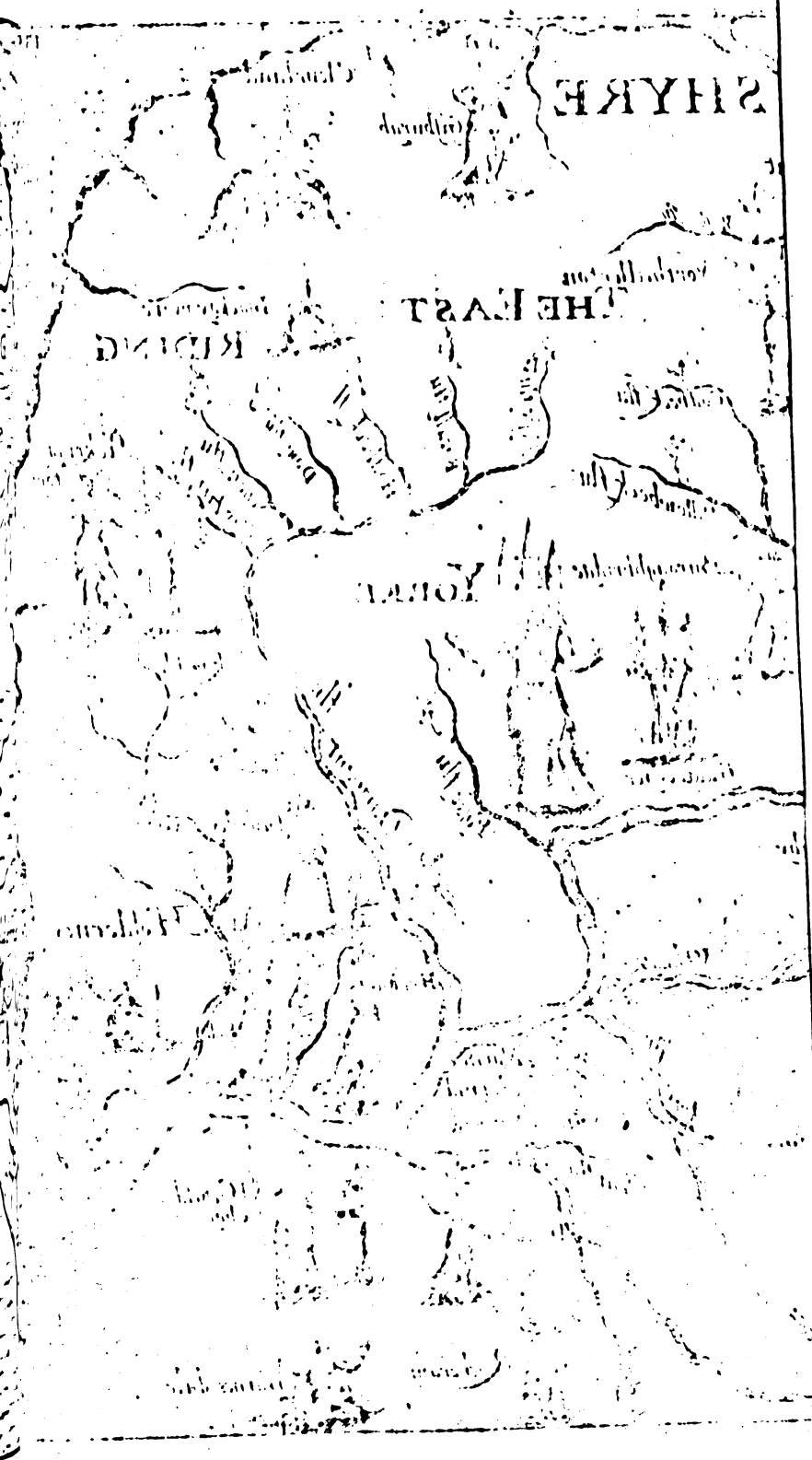
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1. The first step in the process of the investigation is the identification of the problem. This is done by the investigator who is responsible for the study. The investigator must first identify the problem that is being studied. This is done by the investigator who is responsible for the study. The investigator must first identify the problem that is being studied.











The eight and twentieth Song.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Invention hence her Compasse steeres,
Towards Yorke the most renown'd of Shires,
Makes the three Ridings in their Stories,
Each severally to shew their glories.
Ouse for her most-lon'd Cities sake,
Doth her Dukes Title undertake,
His Floods then Humber welcomes in,
And shewes how first he did begin.*

He Muse from *Blackstonedge*, no whit dismaid at all,
With sight of the large Shire, on which shee was to fall,
(Whose Forrests, Hills, & Floods, then long for her ariue
From *Lancashire*, that lookt her Beauties to contriue)
Doth set her selfe to sing, of that about the rest
A Kingdome that doth seeme, a Prouince at the least,
To them that thinke themselves no simple Shires to be,
But that wherein the world her greatnesse most may see,
And that which doth this Shire before the rest preferre;
Is of so many Floods, and great, that rise from her,
Except sonie silly few out of her Verge that flow,
So neere to other Shires, that it is hard to know,
If that their Springs be hers, or others them diuide,
And those are onely found vpon her Setting side.
Else be it noted well, remarkable to all,
That those from her that flow, in her together fall,
Nor can small praise besee me to beauntious Brooks as these;
For from all other Nymphs these be the *Nayades*,
In *Amphi:rites* Bower, that princely places hold,
To whom the *Orkes* of Sea dare not to be so bold,
As rudely once to touch, and wherefoere they come,
The *Tritons* with their Trumps proclaime them publique roome.

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POLY-OLBION,

Now whiles the Muse prepares these Floods along to lead,
The wide *West-riding* first, desires that shee may plead
The right that her belongs, which of the Muse she winnes,
When with the course of *Don*, thus she her Tract begins.

Thou first of all my Floods, whose Banks doe bound my South,
And offrest vp thy Streame to mightie *Humbers* mouth,
Of *Ewe*, and climbing *Elme*, that crown'd with many a spray,
From thy cleare Fountaine first through many a Mead dost play,
Till *Korber*, whence the name of *Rotheram* first begun,
At that her christened Towne doth loose her in my *Don*,
Which proud of her recourse, tow'rds *Doncaster* doth driue,
Her greatst and chiefest towne, the name that doth deriue
From *Don's* neere bordering Banks, when hld'ing on her race,
Shee dancing in and out, indenteth *Haifield Chase*,
Whose brauery hourly adds, new honors to her Banke:
When *Sherwood* sends her in slow *Iddle*, that made ranke
With her profuse excessse, shee largely it bestowes
On *Marshland*, whole swolne wombe with such abundance flowes,
As that her bating brest, her Fatlings sooner feeds,
And with more lauish waste, then oft the Grasier needs:
Whose soyle, as some report, that be her Borderers note,
With th'water vnder earth vndoubtedly doth flore:
For when the waters rise, it risen doth remaine
High whilst the Floods are high, and when they fall againe,
It falleth: but at last, when as my liuely *Don*,
Along by *Marshlands* side, her lusty course hath runne,
The little wandring *Went*, wonne by the lowd report
Of the magnifiquie State, and height of *Humbers Court*,
Drawes on to meet with *Don*, at her approach to *Aire*:
Now speake I of a Flood, who thinks there's none should dare
(Once) to compare with her, supposd by her discent,
The darling daughter borne of lostie *Penigent*,
Who from her fathers foot, by *Skipton* downe doth scud,
And leading thence to *Leeds*, that delicatest Flood,
Takes *Caldor* comming in by *Wakefield*, by whose force,
As from a lusty Flood, much strengthened in her course,
But *Caldor* as shee comes, and greater still doth wax,
And trauellling along by Heading-*Halifax*,
Which *Horton* once was cald, but of a Virgins haire,
(A Martyr that was made, for Chastity, that there
was by her Louer slaine) being fastned to a tree:
The people that would needs it should a Relique be,
It *Halifax* since nam'd, which in the Northerne tongue,
Is Holy haire: but thence as *Caldor* comes along,
It chanc'd shee in her Course on *Kirkbey* cast her eye,
Where merry *Robbin Hood*, that honest Thiefe doth lye,

Beholding

the eight and twentieth Song.

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Beholding firly too before how *Wakefield* stood,
 Shee doth not onely thinke of lustie *Robin Hood*,
 But of his merry man, the Pindar of the Towne
 Of *Wakefield*, *George a Greene*, whose fames so farre are blowne,
 For their so valiant fight, that euery free mans Song,
 Can tell you of the same, quoth she be talk'd on long,
 For yee were merry Lads, and those were merry dayes;
 When *Aire* to *Caldor* calls, and bids her come her wayes,
 Who likewise to her helpe, brings *Hebden*, a small Rill:
 Thus *Aire* holds on her course tow'rs *Humber*, till she fill
 Her fall with all the wealth that *Don* can her afford.
 Quoth the *VVest-riding* thus, with Riuer am I stor'd.

Next guide I on my *VVharfe*, the great'st in her degree,
 And that I well may call the worthiest of the three,
 Who her full fountaine takes from my wast *Westerne wild*,
 (VWhence all but Mountaineers, by Nature are exild)
 On *Langstrehdale*, and lights at th' entrance of her race,
 VVhen keeping on her course, along through *Barden Chase*,
 Shee watreth *Wharfedales* breast, which proudly beares her name;
 For by that time shees growne a flood of wondrous fame,
 VVhen *VVashbrooke* with her wealth her Mistris doth supply;
 Thus *VVharfe* in her braue course imbracing *VVetherby*,
 Small *Cock*, a fullen Brooke comes to her succour then,
 Whole Banks receau'd the blood of many thousand men,
 On sad *Palme-Sunday* slaine, that *Townton-Field* we call,
 Whose Channell quite was chok'd with those that there did fall,
 That *VVharfe* discolored was with gore, that then was shed,
 The bloodiest field betwixt the *White Rose*, and the *Red*,
 Of welcere fiteene fought in *England* first and last:

But whilst the goodly *Wharfe* doth thus tow'rs *Humber* haste,
 From *Wharfedale* Hill not farre, outflowes the nimble *Nyde*,
 Through *Nyderdale* along, as neatly she doth glide
 Tow'rs *Knarsburg* on her way, a pretty little Rill,
 Call'd *Kebeck*, stowes her streame, her Mistris Banks to fill,
 To intertaine the *VVharfe* where that braue * Forrest stands,
 Entitled by the Towne, who with vpreared hands
 Makes signes to her of ioy, and doth with Garlands crowne
 The Riuer passing by; but *Wharfe* that hasteth downe
 To meet her Mistris *Ouse*, her speedy course doth hie;
Dent, *Rother*, *Riuell*, *Gret*, so on my Set haue I,
 Which from their fountaines there all out of me do flow,
 Yet from my bounty I on *Lancashire* bestow,
 Because my rising soyle doth shute them to the West:
 But for my Mountaines I, will with the Isle contest,
 All other of the North in largeness shall exceed,
 That ages long before it finally decreed,

That

See to the 22.
 Song.

Randolph
 F. 22.

My Hill is
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is.

That *Ingleborow Hill*, *Pendle*, and *Penigent*,
Should named be the high'st betwixt our *Tweed* and *Trent*.
My Hills, braue *Whelpston* then, thou *Wharnside*, and thou *Carn*,
Since I *West-Riding* still your onely mother am;
All that Report can giue, and iustly is my due,
I as your naturall Dam, share equally with you;
And let me see a Hill that to the North doth stand,
The proudest of them all, that dare but lift a hand
O'r *Penigent* to peere; not *Skiddo*, that proud Mount,
Although of him so much, Rude *Cumberland* account,
Nor *Cheviot*, of whose height *Northumberland* doth boast
* *Albania* to suruey; nor those from Coast to Coast
That welneere runne in length, that reu of Mountaines tall,
By th' name of th' *English Alpes*, that our most learned call,
As soone shall those, or these remoue out of their place,
As by their lofty lookes, my *Penigent* out face:
Yee thus behold my Hills, my Forrests, Dales, and Chases
Vpon my spacious breast: note too how Nature places
Farre vp into my West, first *Langstrethdale* doth lye,
And on the Banke of *Wharfe*, my pleasant *Bardon* by,
With *Wharfedale* hard by her, as taking hand in hand:
Then lower tow'rds the Sea braue *Knarsborough* doth stand,
As higher to my North, my *Niddersdale* by *Nyde*,
And *Bishopsdale* about vpon my Setting side,
Marshalland, and *Hatfield Chase*, my Easterne part doe bound,
And *Barnsdale* there doth butt on *Dons* wel-watred ground:
And to my great disgrace, if any shall obiekt
That I no wonder haue that's worthy of respect
In all my spacious Tract, let them (so wise) suruey
My *Ribbles* rising Banks, their worst, and let them say;
At *Giggleswick* where I a Fountaine can you show,
That eight times in a day is sayd to ebbe and flow,
Who sometime was a Nymph, and in the Mountaines hye
Of *Cranen*, whose blew heads for Caps put on the Skye,
Amongst *th' *Oread's* there, and Syluans made abode,
(It was e'r humane foot vpon those Hills had trod)
Of all the Mountaine kind and since she was most faire,
It was a Satyrs chance to see her siluer haire
Flow loosely at her backe, as vp a Cliffe she clame,
Her Beauties noting well, her Features, and her Frame,
And after her he goes; which when she did espie,
Before him like the winde, the nimble Nymph doth flie,
They hurry downe the Rocks, o'r Hill and Dale they drive;
To take her he doth straine, t'outstrip him shee doth stiuie,
Like one his kind that knew, and greatly fear'd his Rape,
And to the *Topick gods by praying to escape,

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They

the eight and twentieth Song.

14

They turn'd her to a Spring, which as she then did pant,
When wearied with her course, her breath grew wondrous scant:
Euen as the fearefull Nymph, then thicke and short did blow,
Now made by them a Spring, so doth shee ebbe and flow,
And neere the Streame of *Nyde*, another Spring haue I,
As well as that, which may a wonders place supply,
Which of the forme it beares, men *Dropping well* doe call,
Because out of a Rock, it still in drops doth fall,
Neere to the foot whereof it makes a little Pon,
Which in as little space conuerteth Wood to Stone,
Chenin, and *Kilafey Crags*, were they not here in me,
In any other place, right well might Wonders be,
For their Gygantick height, that Mountaines doe transcend:
But such are frequent here, and thus shee makes an end.

When *Your* thus hauing heard the Genius of this Tract,
Her well-deserued praise so happily to act,
This Riuer in her selfe that was extreamely loth,
The other to deferre, since that shee was to both
Indifferent, straitly wills *West-riding* there to cease;
And hauing made a signe to all the watry prease
For silence, which at once, when her commaund had wonne,
The proud *North-Riding* thus for her great selfe begunne.

My soueraigne Flood, quoth shee, in nature thou art bound
T'acknowledge me of three to be the worthiest ground:
For note of all those Floods, the wild *West-Riding* lends,
Ther's scarcely any one thy greatnesse that attends,
Till thou hast passed *Torke*, and drawest neere thy fall;
And when thou hast no need of their supplies at all,
Then come they flattering in, and will thy followers be,
So as you oftentimes these wretched worldlings see,
That whilst a man is poore, although some hopes depend
Vpon his future age, yet ther's not one will lend
A farthing to relecue his sad distressed state,
Not knowing what may yet befall him; but when Fate
Doth poure vpon his head his long expected good,
Then shall you see those Slaues, aloofe before that stood,
And would haue let him starue, like Spaniels to him crouch,
And with their glauering lips, his very feet to touch:
So doe they by thee *Your*, whereas the Floods in me,
That spring and haue their Course, (euen) giue thy life to thee:
For till that thou and *Swale*, into one Banke doe take,
Meeting at *Borough-Bridge*, thy greatnesse there to make:
Till then the name of *Ouse* thou art not knowne to owe,
A tearme in former times the Ancients did bestow
On many a full-bankt Flood; but for my greater grace,
These Floods of which I speake, I now intend to trace

From

Your, the chieft
King of
Torke, where
after her last
course, by the
confluence of
other floods,
gets the name
of *Ouse*.

The *North-Riding*, *Ouse*

The *Swale*.

POLYOLBION,

From their first springing Founts, beginning with the *Tour*,
 From *Mornils* mightie foot which rising, with the power
 That *Bant* from *Sea-mere* brings, her somewhat more doth fill,
 Neere *Bishops-dale* at hand, when *Couer* a cleere Rill,
 Next commeth into *Tour*, whereas that lustie Chace
 For her lou'd *Couers* sake, doth louingly embrace
Tour as shee yeelds along, amongst the Parks and Groues,
 In *Middlechams* amorous eye, as wandringly shee roues,
 At *Rippon* meets with *Skell*, which makes to her amaine,
 Whom when she hath receau'd into her Nymphish traine,
 (Neere to that towne so fam'd, for Colts there to be bought,
 For goodnesse faine and neere, by Horsemen that are sought)
 Fore-right vpon her way shee with a merryer gale,
 To *Borough Bridge* makes on, to meet her sister *Swale*,
 (A wondrous holy Flood (which name shee euer hath)
 For when the *Saxons* first receau'd the Christian Faith,
Paulinus of old *Torke*, the zealous Bishop then,
 In *Swales* abundant streame Christned ten thousand men,
 With women and their babes, a number more beside,
 Vpon one happy day, whereof shee boasts with pride)
 Which springs not farre from whence *Tour* hath her siluer head;
 And in her winding Banks along my bosome led,
 As shee goes swooping by, to *Swaledale* whence shee springs,
 That louely name shee leaues, which soorth a Forrest brings,
 The Vallies Style that beares, a brauer Syluan Mayd,
 Scarce any Shire can show, when to my Riuers ayd,
 Come *Barney*, *Arske*, and *Marske*, their soueraigne *Swale* to guide,
 From *Applegarths* wide waste, and from *New Forrest* side.
 Whose Fountaines by the Fawnes, and Satyrs, many a yeere,
 With youthfull Greens were crownd, yet could not stay the there,
 But they will serue the *Swale*, which in her wandring course,
 A Nymph nam'd *Holgat* hath, and *Risdale*, all whose force,
 Small though (God wor) it be, yet from their Southerne shore,
 With that salute the *Swale*, as others did before,
 At *Richmond* and ariue, which much doth grace the Flood,
 For that her Precinct long amongst the Shires hath stood:
 But *Torkshire* wills the same her glory to resign.
 When passing thence the *Swale*, this mineon Flood of mine
 Next takes into her traine, cleere *Wiske*, a wanton Gyrl,
 As though her watry path were pau'd with Orient Pearle,
 So wondrous sweet shee seemes, in many a winding Gyre,
 As though shee Gambolds made, or as shee did desire,
 Her Labyrinth-like turnes, and mad Meandred trace,
 With maruell should amaze, and comming doth imbrace
 * *Norsh-Alerton*, by whom her honour is increast,
 Whose Liberties include a County at the least,

To

the eight and twentieth Song.

145

To grace the wandering *Wiske*, then well vpon her way,
Which by her count'nance thinks to carry all the sway,
When hauing her receau'd, *Smale* bonny *Codbeck* brings,
And *Willowbeck* with her, two pretty *Riuellings*,
And *Bedall* bids along, then almost at the *Onze*,
Who with these *Rills* enrich'd begins her selfe to rouse.
When that great *Forrest-Nymph* faire *Gautresse* on her way,
Shee sees to stand prepar'd, with *Garlands* fresh and gay
To decke vp *Onze*, before her selfe to *Torke* she show,
So out of my full womb the *Fosse* doth likewise flow,
That meeting thee at *Torke*, vnder the *Cities* side,
Her glories with thy selfe doth equally diuide,
The East part waiting still, as thou dost wash the West,
By whose Imbraces *Torke* abundantly is blest.
So many *Riuers* I continually maintaine,
As all those lesser *Floods* that into *Darwin* straine,
Their *Fountaines* find in me, the *Ryedale* naming *Rye*,
Fosse, *Rycall*, *Hodbeck*, *Dow*, with *Semen*, and them by
Cleere Costwy, which her selfe from *Blackmore* in doth bring,
And playing as shee slides through shady *Pickering*,
To *Darwent* homage doth; and *Darwent* that diuides
The *East-riding* and me, vpon her either sides,
Although that to vs both, she most indifferent bee,
And seemeth to affect her equally with me,
From my *Diuision* yet her *Fountain* doth deriue,
And from my *Blackmore* here her *Course* doth first contriue.

Let my *Demonstrations* then be seriously pursue,
And let great *Britaine* see in my braue *Latitude*,
How in the high'st degree, by nature I am grac'd,
For tow'ards the *Crauen Hills*, vpon my West are plac'd
New-Forrest, *Applegarth*, and *Swaedale*, * *Dryades* all,
And lower towards the *Onze*, if with my *Floods* ye fall,
The goodly *Gautresse* keeps chiefe of my *Sylvan* kind,
There stony *Stanmore* view, bleake with the *Sleet* and *Wind*,
Vpon this *Easterne* side, so *Ryedale* darke and deepe,
Amongst whose *Groues* of yore, some say that *Elues* did keepe,
Then *Pickering*, whom the *Fawnes* beyond them all adore,
By whom not farre away lyes large-spread *Blackmore*,
The *Cleene* land North from these, a State that doth maintaine,
Leaning her lustie side to the great *Germane* Maine,
Which if she were not heere confined thus in me,
A *Shire* euen of her selfe might well be said to be.

Nor lesse hath *Pickering Leigh*, her libertie then this,
North-Alerion a *Shire* so likewise reckoned is,
And *Richmond* of the rest, the greatest in estate,
A Countie iustly call'd, that them accomodate;

V

So

Nymphs of the
Wood.

So I *Norsh-Riding* am, for spaciousnesse renown'd,
 Our mother *Torkshires* eld'st, who worthily is crown'd
 The *Queene* of all the Shires, on this side *Trent*, for we
 The *Ridings* severall parts of her vaste greatnesse be,
 In vs, so we againe haue severall seats, whose bounds
 Doe measure from their sides so many miles of grounds,
 That they are called Shires; like to some mightie King.
 May *Torkshire* be compar'd, (the lik'st of any thing)
 Who hath Kings that attend, and to his State retaine,
 And yet so great, that they haue vnder them againe
 Great Princes, that to them be subiect, so haue we
 Shires subiect vnto vs, yet wee her subiects be;
 Although these be ynough sufficiently to show,
 That I the other two for brauery quite out-goe:
 Yet looke yee vp along into my Setting side,
 Where *Teis* first from my bounds, rich *Dunelm* doth diuide,
 And you shall see those Rills, that with their watry prease,
 Their most beloued *Teis* so plenteously increase,
 The cleere yet lesser *Lune*, the *Baude*, and the *Gret*,
 All out of me doe flow; then turne ye from the *Ser*,
 And looke but tow'ards the Rise, vpon the *German Maine*,
 Those Rarities, and see, that I in me containe;
 My *Scarborough*, which looks as though in heauen it stood,
 To those that lye below, from th' Bay of *Robin Hood*,
 Euen to the fall of *Teis*; let me but see the man,
 That in one Tract can show the wonders that I can,
 Like *Whisbies* selfe I thinke, ther's none can shew but I,
 O'r whose attractiue earth there may no Wild geese flie,
 But presently they fall from off their wings to ground:
 If this no wonder be, wher's there a wonder found,
 And stones like Serpents there, yet may yee more behold,
 That in their naturall Gyres are vp together rold.
 The Rocks by *Moulgrau* too, my glories forth to set,
 Out of their cranied Cleeues, can giue you perfect let,
 And vpon *Huntcliprab*, you euerly where may find,
 (As though nice Nature lou'd to vary in this kind)
 Stones of a Spherick forme of sundry Micles fram'd,
 That well they Globes of stone, or bullets might be nam'd
 For any Ordnance fit: which broke with Hammers blowes,
 Doe headlesse Snakes of stone, within their Rounds enclose.
 Marke *Gisboroughs* gay Scite, where Nature seemes so nice,
 As in the same shee makes a second Paradiſe,
 Whose Soyle imbroydered is, with so rare sundry Flowers,
 Her laige Okes so long greene, as Summer there her Bowers,
 Had set vp all the yeare, her ayre for health refin'd,
 Her earth with Allome veines most richly intermin'd.

In

the eight and twentieth Song.

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In other places these might Rarities be thought,
 So common but in me, that I esteeme as nought.
 Then could I reckon vp my *Ricall*, making on
 By *Rydale*, towards her dear-lou'd *Darwent*, who's not gone
 Farre from her pearly Springs, but vnder-ground she goes,
 As vp towards *Cranen Hills*, I many haue of those,
 Amongst the cranied Cleues, that through the cauerna creepe,
 And dimbles hid from day, into the earth so deepe,
 That oftentimes their sight, the senses doth appall,
 Which for their horrid course, the people *Helbecks* call,
 Which may for ought I see, be with my Wonders set,
 And with much maruell scene : that I am not in debt
 To none that neigboureth me; nor ought can they me lend.
 When *Darwent* bad her stay, and there her speech to end,
 For that *East-Riding* cald, her proper cause to plead;
 For *Darwent* a true Nymph, a most impartiall Mayd,
 And like to both ally'd, doth will the last should haue
 That priuiledge, which time to both the former gaue,
 And wills th' *East-Riding* then, in her owne cause to speake,
 Who mildly thus begins, Although I be but weake,
 To those two former parts, yet what I seeme to want
 In largenesse, for that I am in my Compasse scant,
 Yet for my Scite I know, that I them both excell,
 For marke me how I lye, yea note me very well,
 How in the East I raigne, (of which my name I take)
 And my broad side doe beare vp to the *German Lake*,
 Which brauely I suruey, then turne ye and behold
 Vpon my pleasant breast, that large and spacious *Ould*
 Of *Yorke* that takes the name, that with delighted eyes,
 When he beholds the Sunne out of the Seas to rife,
 With pleasure feeds his Flocks, for which he scarce giues place
 To *Cotswold*, and for what becomes a Pastorall grace,
 Doth goe beyond him quite; then note vpon my South,
 How all along the Shore, to mighty *Humbers* mouth,
 Rich *Holdernesse* I haue, excellling for her graine,
 By whose much plentie I, not onely doe maintaine
 My selfe in good estate, but Shires faite off that lye,
 Vp *Humber* that to *Hull*, come euery day to buy,
 To me beholding are; besides, the neighbouring Townes,
 Vpon the Verge whereof, to part her, and the *Downes*,
Hull downe to *Humbe* hafts, and takes into her Banke
 Some lesse but liuely Rills, with waters waxing ranke,
 Shee *Beuerley* salutes, whose beauties so delight
 The fayre-enamoured Flood, as rauisht with the sight,
 That shee could euer stay, that gorgeous Plane to view,
 But that the Brooks, and Bournes, so hotly her pursue,

The East-Riding oration.

Yorke Ould

The Church of Beuerley.

To *Kingston* and conuey, whom *Hull* doth newly name,
 Of *Humber*-bordring *Hull*, who hath not heard the fame:
 And for great *Humbers* selfe, I challenge him for mine:
 For whereas *Fowly* fust, and *Shesfleets* doe combine,
 By meeting in their course, so courteously to twin,
 Gainst whom on th'other side, the goodly *Trent* comes in,
 From that especiall place, great *Humber* hath his raigne,
 Beyond which hee's mine owne: so I my Course maintaine,
 From *Kilnsfys* pyle-like poynt, along the Easterne shore,
 And laugh at *Neptunes* rage, when lowd'lest he doth rore,
 Till *Flimborough* iutt soorth into the *German* Sea.

And as th' *East-Riding* more yet ready was to say,
Onse in her owne behalte doth interrupt her speech,
 And of th' *Imperious* land doth liberty beseech,
 Since she had passed *Torke*, and in her wandring race,
 By that faire Cities scite, receiued had such grace,
 Shee might for it declame, but more to honor *Torke*,
 Shee who supposed the same to bee her onely worke,
 Still to renoune those Dukes, who strongly did pretend
 A title to the Crowne, as those who did descend
 From them that had the right, doth this Oration make,
 And to vphold their claime, thus to the Floods she spake.

They very idly erie, who thinke that blood then spilt,
 In that long-lasting warre, proceeded from the guilt,
 Of the proud *Torkists* part; for let them vnderstand,
 That *Richard* Duke of *Torke*, whose braue and martiall hand
 The Title vndertooke, by tyranny and might,
 Sought not t'attaine the Crowne, but from successfull right,
 Which still vpheld his claime, by which his valiant sonne,
 Great *Edward* Earle of *March*, the Garland after wonne;
 For *Richard* Duke of *Torke*, at *Wakefield* Battell slaine,
 Who first that title broach'd, in the sixt *Henries* raigne,
 From *Edmond* a fift sonne of *Edward* did descend,
 That iustly he thereby no title could pretend,
 Before them com'n from *Gaunt*, well knowne of all to be,
 The fourth to *Edward* borne, and therefore a degree
 Before him to the Crowne; but that which did preferre
 His title, was the match with Dame *Anne Mortimer*,
 Of *Roger* Earle of *March* the daughter, that his claime,
 From *Clarence* the third sonne of great King *Edward* came,
 Which *Anne* deriu'd alone, the right before all other,
 Of the delaps'd Crowne, from *Philip* her faire mother,
 Daughter and onely heire of *Clarence*, and the Bride
 To *Edmond* Earle of *March*: this *Anne* her daughter tide
 In wedlocke to the Earle of *Cambridge*, whence the right
 Of *Richard* as I said, which fell at *Wakefield* fight,

Descended

Descended to his sonne, braue *Edward* after King;
(*Henry* the sixt depos'd) thus did the *Turks* bring
Their title from a straine, before the line of *Gault*,
Whose issue they by Armes did worthily supplant.

By this the *Ouze* perceau'd great *Humber* to looke grim,
(For euermore she hath a speciall eye to him)
As though he much disdain'd each one should thus be heard;
And he their onely King, vntill the last deferd,
At which hee seem'd to frowne; wherefore the *Ouze* off bra
And to his confluent Floods, thus mighty *Humber* speaks.

Let *Trent* her tribute pay, which from their severall founts,
For thirtie Floods of name, to me her King that counts,
Be much of me belou'd, braue Riuer; and from me,
Receiue those glorious Rites that Fame can giue to thee.
And thou Marsh-drowning *Don*, and all those that repaire
With thee, that bringst to me thy easie ambling *Aire*,
Embodying in one Banke: and *Wharfe*, which by thy fall
Dost much augment my *Ouze*, let me embrace you all,
My braue *West-Riding* Brooks, your King you need not come,
Proud *Nyades* neither yee, *North-Riders* that are borne,
My yellow-sanded *Tour*, and thou my sister *Swale*,
That dauncing come to *Ouze*, through many a daintie *Dale*,
Doe greatly me enrich, cleare *Daiment* driving downe
From *Cleueland*, and thou *Hull*, that highly dost renowne
Th' *East-Riding* by thy rise, doe homage to your King,
And let the Sea-Nymphs thus of mighty *Humber* sing,
That full an hundred Floods my watry Court maintaine,
Which either of themselves, or in their greater traine,
Their Tribute pay to me; and for my princely name,
From *Humber* King of *Hunns*, as anciently it came,
So still I sticke to him: for from that Easterne King
Once in me drown'd, as I my Pedigree doe bring:
So his great name receiues no prejudice thereby;
For as he was a King, so know ye all that I
Am King of all the Floods, that North of *Trent* doe flow.

Then let the idle world no more such cost bestow,
Nor of the muddy *Nyle*, so great a Wonder make,
Though with her bellowing fall, shee violently take
The neighbouring people deafe; nor *Ganges* so much praise,
That where he narrowest is, eight miles in broadnesse layes
His bosome, nor so much hereafter shall be spoke
Of that (but lately found) *Guyanian Orenoque*,
Whose * Caterna a noyse so horrible doth keepe,
That it euen *Neptune* frights; what Flood comes to the Deepe,
Then *Humber* that is heard more horribly to rore?
For when my * *Higre* comes, I make my either shore

The Orde
of Humber.

A fall of
The rising of
the water,
the coming
in of the Tye.

Euen

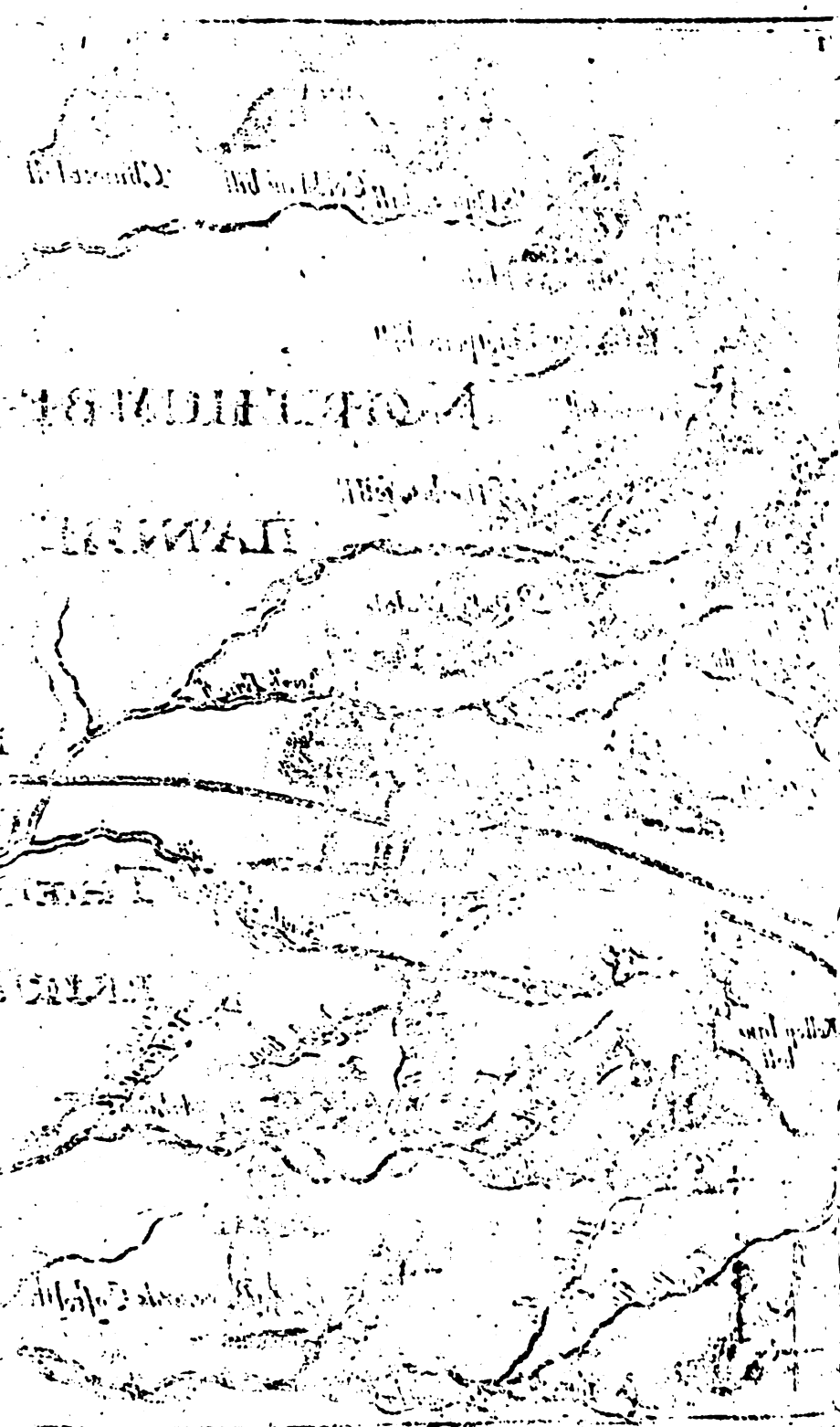
POLY-OLBION,

Even tremble with the sound, that I as farre doe send.

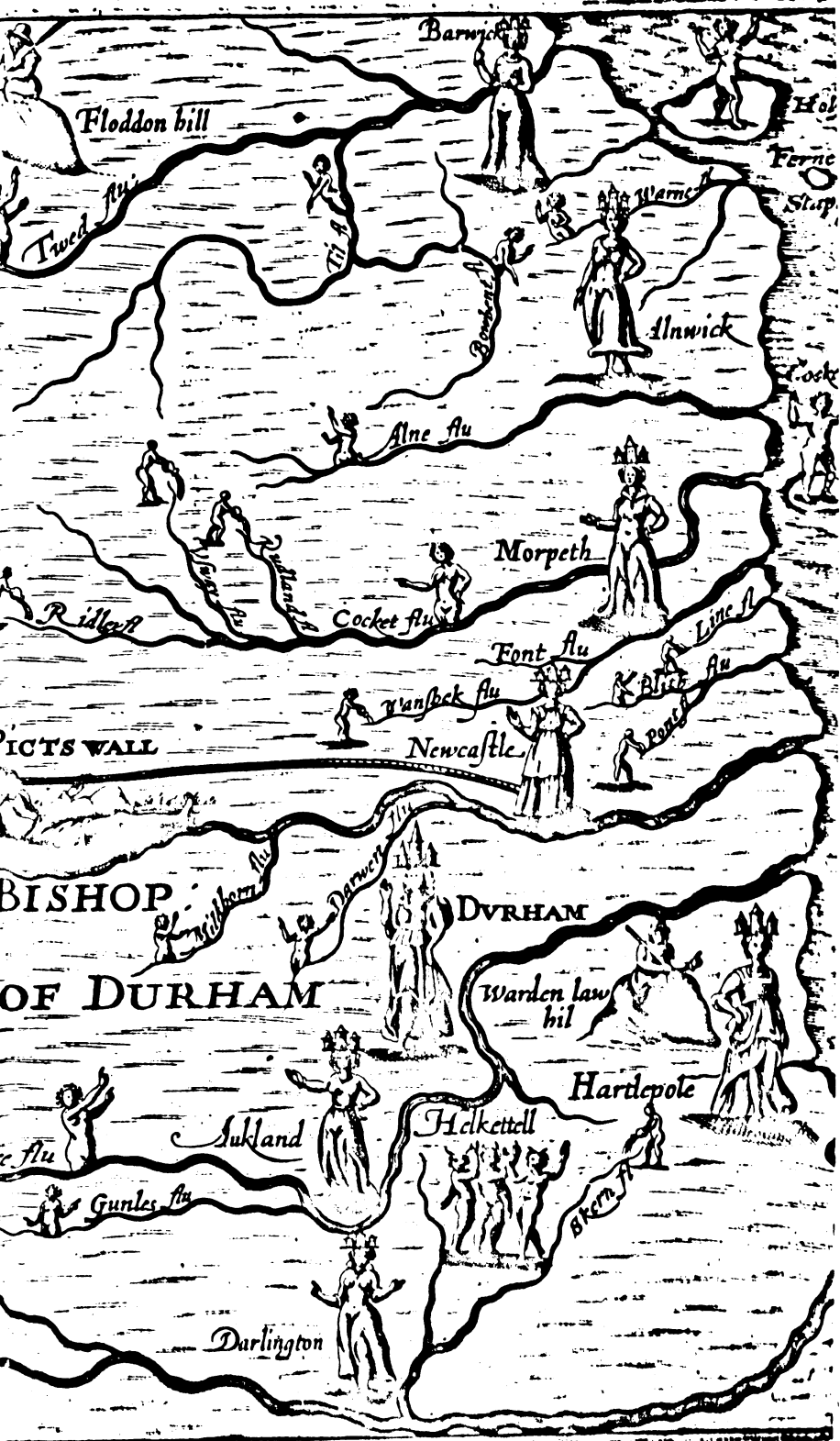
No sooner of this speech had *Humber* made an end,
 But the applauding Floods sent forth so shrill a shout,
 That they were eas'ly heard all *Holderness* about,
 Above the Beachy Brack, amongst the Marshes rude,
 When the *East-Riding* her Oration to conclude,
 Goes on; My Sisters boast that they have little Shires
 Their subiects, I can shew the like of mine for theirs;
 My *Widen* hath as large a Circuit, and as free,
 On *Juse*, and *Humbers* banks, and as much graceth me,
 My Latitude compar'd with those that me oppugne;
 Not *Richmond* nor her like, that doth to them belong,
 Doth grace them more then this doth me, vpon my coast,
 And for their wondrous things, whereof so much they boast,
 Vpon my Eastern side, which iurts vpon the Sea,
 Amongst the white-scalp'd Cleues, this wonder see they may,
 The *Mulles*, and the *Awke*, (my Fowlers there doe finde)
 Of all great *Britain* brood, Birds of the strangest kind,
 That building in the Rocks, being taken with the hand,
 And cast beyond the Cliffe, that poynteth to the land,
 Fall instantly to ground, as though it were a stone,
 But put out to the Sea, they instantly are gone,
 And flye a league or two before they doe returne,
 As onely by that ayre, they on their wings were borne.
 Then my Prophetick Spring at *Veipsey*, I may show,
 That some yeares is dry'd vp, some yeares againe doth flow,
 But when it breaketh out with an immoderate birth,
 It tells the following yeare of a penurious dearth.

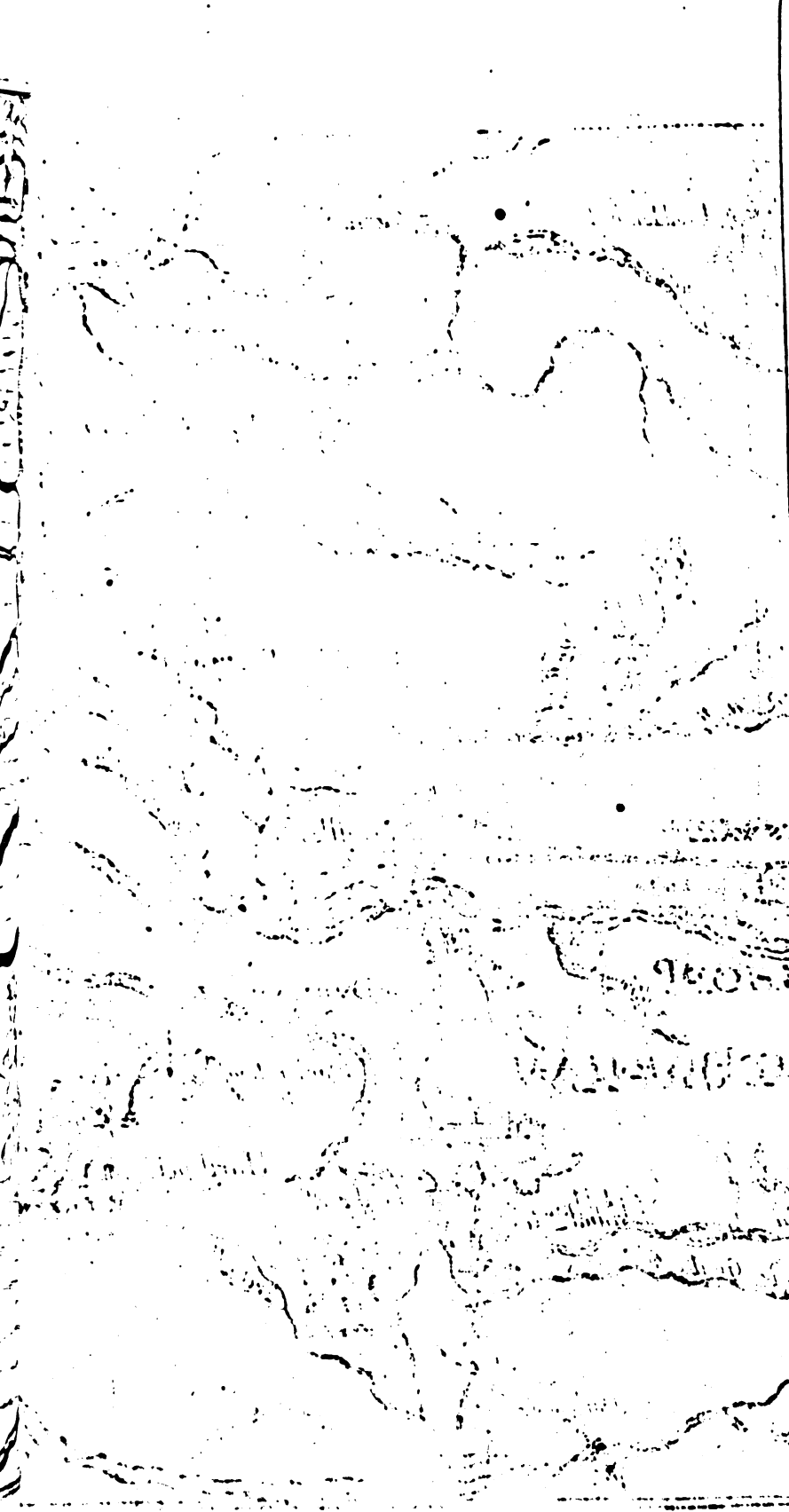
Here ended shee her speech, the *Ridings* all made friends,
 And from my tyred hand, my labored *Canto* ends.

The











The nine and twentieth Song.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Muse the Bishopricke assaies,
And to her fall sings downe the Teis,
Then takes shee to the dainy Wer,
And with all braueries fitted her.
Tyne tells the Victories by vs got,
In foughter Fields against the Scot.
Then through Northumberland shee goes,
The Floods and Mountaines doth dispose,
And with their glories doth proceed,
Not staying till shee come to Tweed.*

THe Muse this largest Shire of England hauing sung,
Yet seeing more then this did to her taske belong,
Looks still into the North, the Bishopricke and viewes,
Which with an eager eye, whilst wittly she pursues,
Ters as a bordering Flood, (who thought her selfe diuine)
Confining in her Course that Countie Palatine,
And *Torke* the greatest Shire doth instantly begin,
To rouse her selfe; quoth shee, Doth euery Rillet win
Applause for their small worth's, and I that am a *Quene*,
With those poore Brooks compar'd, shall I alone be seene
Thus silently to passe, and not be heard to sing,
When as two Countries are contending for my Spring:
For *Cumberland*, to which the *Cumri* gaue the name,
Accounts it to be hers, *Northumberland* the same,
Will needfly hers should bee, for that my Spring doth rise,
So equally twixt both, that he were very wise,
Could tell which of these two, me for her owne may claime,
But as in all these Tracts, there's scarce a Flood of fame,
But shee some Vally hath, which her braue name doth beare:
My *Teisdale*, nam'd of me, so likewise haue I heare,
At my first setting soorth, through which I nimbly slide,
Then *Yorkshire* which doth lye vpon my Setting side,

Me

The Bishop
of Durham

The Spring
out of the
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Cumberland
in the same

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Bishoprick
when,

Me *Lune* and *Bander* lends, as in the Song before
 Th' industrious Muse hath shew'd; my * *Dunelmian* shore,
 Sends *Huyd* to helpe my course, with some few other *Becks*,
 Which time (as it should seeme) so vterly neglects,
 That they are namelesse yet; then doe I bid adiew,
 To *Bernards* battelled Towers, and seriously pursue
 My course to *Nepunes* Court, but as forthright I runne,
 The *Skern*, a dainty Nymph, saluting *Darlington*,
 Comes in to giue me ayd, and being prowd and ranke,
 Shee chanc'd to looke aside, and spieth neere her Banke,
 Three blacke and horrid pits, which for their boyling heat,
 (That from their lothsome brimms, doe breath a sulphurous sweat)
Hell-kettles rightly cald, that with the very sight,
 This Water-Nymph, my *Skern* is put in such affright,
 That with vnusuall speed, she on her Course doth hast,
 And rashly runnes her selfe into my widened waste.
 In pompe I thus approch great *Amphetrites* state.
 But whilst *Ters* vnderooke her Story to relate,
Wer waxeth almost wood, that she so long should stand
 Vpon those losie teatmes, as though both sea and land
 Were tyde to heare her talke: quoth *Wer*, what wouldst thou say,
 Vaine-glorious bragging Brooke, hadst thou so cleere a way
 T' aduance thee as I haue, hadst thou such meanes and might,
 How wouldst thou then exult? O then to what a height
 Wouldst thou put vp thy price? hadst thou but such a Trine
 Of Rilllets as I haue, which naturally combine,
 Their Springs thee to beget, as these of mine doe me,
 In their consenting sounds, that doe so well agree?
 As *Kellop* comming in from *Kellop-Law* her Syre,
 A Mountaine much in fame, small *Wellop* doth require,
 With her to walke along, which *Burdop* with her brings.
 Thus from the full conflux of these three seuerall Springs
 My greatnesse is begot, as Nature meant to show
 My future strength and state, then forward doe I flow
 Through my delicious Dale, with euery pleasure rife,
 And *Wyresdale* still may stand, with *Teisdale* for her life:
 Comparing of their Seites, then casting on my Course,
 So satiate with th' excesse of my first naturall source,
 As petty Bournes and Becks, I scorne but once to call,
Waserop a wearish Gyrle, of name the first of all,
 That I vouchsafe for mine, vntill that I arriue
 At *Aukland*, where with force me forward still to driue,
 Cleere *Gauntlesse* giues her selfe, when I begin to gad,
 And whirling in and out, as I were waxed mad,
 I change my posture oft, to many a Snakie Gyre,
 To my first fountaine now, as seeming to retyre:

Then

the nine and twentieth Song.

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Then suddenly againe I turne my watry trayle,
Now I endent the earth, and then I it engrayle
With many a turne and trace, thus wandring vp and downe,
Braue *Durham* I behold, that stately seated Towne,
That *Dunholme* hight of yore (euē) from a Defart wonne,
Whose first foundation Zeale, and Piety begun,
By them who thither first Saint *Cuthberts* body brought,
To saue it from the *Danes*, by fire and sword that sought
Subuersion of those things, that good and holy were,
With which beloued place, I seeme so pleased here,
As that I clip it close, and sweetly hug it in
My cleare and amorous armes, as iealous time should win
Me further off from it, as our diuorce to be.
Hence like a lustie Flood most absolutely free,
None mixing then with me, as I doe mix with none,
But scorning a Colleague, nor neere me any one,
To *Neptunes* Court I come, for note along the Strond,
From *Hartlepole* (euē) to the poynt of *Sunderland*,
As faire as * *Wardenlaws* can possibly suruey,
There's not a Flood of note hath entrance to the sea.

Here ended since her Speech, when as the goodly *Tyne*,
(*Northumberland* that parts from this Shire Palatine)
Which patiently had heard, looke as before the *Wer*
Had taken vp the *Tees*, so *Tyne* now takes vp her,
For her so tedious talke, Good Lord (quoth she) had I
No other thing wherein my labor to imply,
But to set out my selfe, how much (well) could I say,
In mine owne proper praise, in this kind euery way
As skilfull as the best, I could if I did please,
Of my two Fountaines tell, which of their sundry wayes,
The *South* and *North* are nam'd, entitled both of *Tyne*,
As how the prosperous Springs of these two Floods of mine
Are distant thirty miles, how that the *South-Tyne* nam'd,
From *Stanmore* takes her Spring, for Mines of Brasse that's fam'd,
How that nam'd of the *North*, is out of *Wheel-fell* sprung,
Amongst these *English Alpes*, which as they runne along,
England, and *Scotland* here impartially diuide.
How *South-Tyne* setting out from *Cumberland* is plide,
With *Hartley* which her hafts, and *Tippall* that doth strue,
By her more sturdy Streame, the *Tyne* along to driue,
How th' *Allans*, th' *East*, and *West*, their bounties to her bring,
Two faire and full-brim'd Floods, how also from her Spring,
My other *North-nam'd Tyne*, through *Tyndale* maketh in,
Which *Skele* her Hand-mayd hath, and as she hafts to twin
With th' other from the South, her sister, how cleere *Rhead*,
With *Perop* comes prepar'd, and *Cherlop*, me to lead,

X

Through

A Mountain
on that part of
the Shire.

Through *Ridſdale* on my way, as farre as *Exham*, then
 Dowell me Homage doth, with blood of *Engliſhmen*,
 VVhoſe Streame was deeply dy'd in that moſt cruell warre
 Of *Loncaſter* and *Torke*. Now having gone ſo farre,
 Their ſtrengths me their deare *Tyme*, doe wondrously enrich,
 As how cleere *Darwent* drawes downe to *Newcaſtle*, which
 The honour hath alone to entertaine me there,
 As of thoſe mighty ſhips, that in my mouth I beare,
 Fraught with my country Coale, of this * *Newcaſtle* nam'd,
 For which both farre and neere, that place no leſſe is fam'd,
 Then *India* for her Mynes; ſhould I at large declare
 My glories, in which Time commands me to bee ſpare,
 And I but ſlightly touch, which ſtood I to report,
 As freely as I might, yee both would fall too ſhort
 Of me; but know that *Tyme* hath greater things in hand:
 For, to trick vp our ſelves, whiſt triſling thus we ſtand,
 Bewitch'd with our owne praiſe, at all we neuer note,
 How the *Albanian* Floods now lately ſet afloat,
 With th' honour to them done, take heart, and lowdly crie
 Deſiance to vs all, on this ſide *Tweed* that lye;
 And hearken the high-brow'd Hills alowd begin to ring,
 With ſound of things that *Forth* prepared is to ſing:
 When once the *Muſe* ariues on the *Albanian* ſhore,
 And therefore to make vp our forces here before
 The on-ſet they begin, the Battels wee have got,
 Both on our earth and theirs, againſt the valiant *Scot*,
 I vndertake to tell; then *Muſes* I intreat
 Your ayd, whiſt I theſe Fights in order ſhall repeat.

When mighty *Malcolme* here had with a violent hand,
 (As he had oft before) deſtroy'd *Northumberland*,
 In *Rafus* troubled Raigne, the warlike *Mowbray* then,
 This Earledome that poſſeſt, with halfe the power of men,
 For conqueſt which that King from *Scotland* hither drew,
 At *Amwick* in the field their Armies overthrew,
 Where *Malcolme* and his ſonne, braue *Edward* both were found,
 Slaine on that bloody field: So on the *Engliſh* ground,
 When *Dauid* King of *Scots*, and *Henry* his ſterne ſonne,
 Entitled by thoſe times, the Earle of *Huntingdon*,
 Had forradg'd all the North, beyond the Riuer *Teis*,
 In *Stephens* troubled raigne, in as tumultuous dayes
 As *England* euer knew, the Archbiſhop of *Torke*,
 Stout *Thurſtan*, and with him ioynd in that warlike work,
*Ralf*e, (both for wit and Armes) of *Durham* Biſhop then
 Renownd, that called were the valiant Clergy men,
 With th' Earle of *Arbemarle*, *Eſpeck*, and *Peuerell*, Knights,
 And of the *Lacies* two, oft try'd in bloody fights,

Twixt

the nine and twentieth Song.

155

Twixt *Alnerton* and *Yorke*, the doubtfull battell got,
On *David* and his sonne, whilst of th'invading *Scots*,
Ten thousand strew'd the earth, and whilst they lay to bleed,
Ours followed them that fled, beyond our sister *Tweed*.
And when * *Fitz-Empresse* next in *No. mandy*, and here,
And his rebellious sonnes in high combustions were,
William the *Scottish* King, taking aduantage then,
And entring with an Host of eighty thousand men,
As farre as *Kendall* came, where Capitaines then of ours,
Which ayd in *Torkshireraid*, with the *Northumbrian* powers,
His forces ouerthrew, and him a prisoner led.

So *Longshanks*, *Scotlands* scourge, him to that Country sped,
Prouoked by the *Scots*, that *England* did invade,
And on the Borders here such spoyle and hauock made,
That all the land lay waste betwixt the *Tweed* and me.
This most coragious King, from them his owne to free,
Before proud *Berwick* set his puissant army downe,
And tooke it by strong siege, since when that warlike towne,
As Cautionary long the *English* after held.

But tell me all you Floods, when was there such a Field
By any Nation yet, as by the *English* wonne,
Vpon the *Scottish* power, as that of *Halidon*,
Seauen Earles, nine hundred Horse, and of Foot-souldiers more,
Neere twenty thousand slaine, so that the *Scottish* gore

Ranne downe the Hill in streames (euen) in *Albania's* fight.
By our third *Edwards* prowesse, that most renowned Knight,
As famous was that Fight of his against the *Scots*,
As that against the *French*, which he at *Cressy* got.

And when that conquering King did afterward aduance
His title, and had past his warlike powers to *France*,
And *David* King of *Scots* heere entred to invade,
To which the King of *France* did that false Lord perswade,

Against his giuen Faith, from *France* to draw his Bands,
To keepe his owne at home, or to fill both his hands
With warre in both the Realmes : was euer such a losse,
To *Scotland* yet befell, as that at *Nenills Crosse*,

Where fiftene thousand *Scots* their soules at once forsooke,
Where stout *John Copland* then, King *David* prisoner tooke,
Tth head of all his troups, that brauely there was scene.

VWhen *English Philip*, that braue *Amazonian* Queene,
Encouraging her men, from troupe to troupe did ride,
And where our Cleargy had their ancient Valour tride

Thus often comming in, they haue gone out too short.
And next to this the fight of *Nesbit* I report,
VWhen *Hebborn* that stout *Scot*, and his had all their hire,

VWhich in t'our *Marches* came, and with inuasive fire,
Our

The Battell of
Alnerton.

Henry the first
second.

The second
Battell at
Alnerton.

The Battell at
Halidon.

The Battell of
Nenills Crosse.

The Battell of
Nesbit.

X 2

Our

Our Villages laid waste, for which defeat of ours,
 When doughty *Douglasse* came with the *Albanian* powers.
 At *Holmdon* doe but see, the blow our *Hosspurre* gaue
 To that bold daring *Scot*, before him how he draue
 His Armie, and with shot of our braue *English* Bowes,
 Did wound them on the backs, whose breasts were hurt with blows,
 Ten thousand put to sword, with many a Lord and Knight,
 Some prisoners, wounded some, some others flaine outright,
 And entring *Scotland* then, all *Timidale* o'r-ran.

Battell of
 den.

Or who a brauer field then th' Earle of *Surrey* wan,
 Where their King *James* the fourth himselfe so brauely bore,
 That since that age wherein he liu'd, nor those before,
 Yet neuer such a King in such a Battell saw,
 Amongst his fighting friends, where whilst he breath could draw,
 Hee brauely fought on foot, where *Flodden* Hill was strew'd
 With bodies of his men, welneere to mammoicks hew'd,
 That on the Mountaines side, they covered neere a mile,
 Where those two valiant Earles of *Lenox* and *Arguyle*,
 Were with their Soueraigne flaine, Abbots, and Bishops there,
 Which had put Armor on, in hope away to beare
 The Victory with them, before the *English* fell.

Read in
 land by
 Duke of
 eldric.

But now of other Fields, it fits the Muse to tell,
 As when the Noble Duke of *Norfolke* made a Road
 To *Scotland*, and therein his hostile fire bestow'd
 On welneere thirtie Townes, and staying there so long,
 Till victuall waxed weake, the Winter waxing strong,
 Returning ouer *Tweed*, his Booties home to bring,
 Which to the very heart did vex the *Scottish* King,
 The fortune of the Duke extreamecly that did grutch,
 Remaining there so long, and doing there so much,
 Thinking to spoyle and waste, in *England* as before,
 The *English* men had done on the *Albanian* shore,
 And gathering vp his force, before the *English* fled
 To *Scotland*'s vtmost bounds, thence into *England* sped,
 When that braue Bastard sonne of *Dacres*, and his friend,
John Musgraue, which had charge the *Marches* to attend,
 With *Wharton*, a proud Knight, with scarce foure hundred Horse,
 Encountring on the Plaine with all the *Scottish* force,
 Thence from the Field with them, so many prisoners brought,
 Which in that furious fight were by the *English* caught,
 That there was scarce a Page or Lackey but had store,
 Earles, Barrons, Knights, Esquires, two hundred there and more,
 Of ordinary men, seuen hundred made to yeeld,
 There scarcely hath been heard, of such a foughten field,
 That *James* the fifth to thinke, that but to very few,
 His vniuersall power so strangely should subdue,

So

So tooke the same to heart, that it abridg'd his life.
 Such foyles by th' *English* giuen, amongst the *Scots* were rife.
 These on the *English* earth, the *English* men did gaine,
 But when their breach of faith did many times constraîne
 Our Nation to inuade, and carry conquests in
 To *Scotland*, then behold, what our successe hath bin,
 Euen in the latter end of our eight *Henries* dayes,
 Who *Seymour* sent by Land, and *Dudley* sent by Seas,
 With his full forces then, O *Forth*, then didst thou beare,
 That Navy on thy Streame, whose Bulke was fraught with feare,
 When *Edenbrough* and *Leeth*, into the ayre were blowne
 With Powders sulphurous smoke, & twenty townes were throwne
 Vpon the trampled earth, and into ashes trod;
 As int' *Albania* when we made a second Road,
 In our sixt *Edwards* dayes, when those two Martiall men,
 Which conquered there before, were thither sent agen;
 But for their high desarts, with greater Titles grac'd,
 The first created Duke of *Somerset*, the last
 The Earle of *Warwicke* made, at *Muscleborough* Field,
 Where many a doughty *Scot* that did disdaine to yeeld,
 Vvas on the earth layd dead, where as for fife miles space
 In length, and foure in bredth, the *English* in the chafe,
 With carkeises of *Scots*, strewd all their naturall ground,
 The number of the slaine were fourteene thousand found,
 And fiftene hundred more ta'n Prisoners by our men.

So th' Earle of *Suffex* next to *Scotland* sent agen,
 To punish them by warre, which on the Borders here,
 Not onely rob'd and spoyl'd, but that assistants were
 To those two puisant Earles, *Northumberland*, who rose
 With *Westmerland* his Peere, suggested by the foes
 To great *Eliza's* raigne, and peacefull gouernment,
 Wherefore that puisant Queene him to *Albania* sent,
 Who fiftie Rock-reard Pyles and Castles hauing cast
 Farre lower then their Scites, and with strong fires defac'd
 Three hundred townes, their wealth, with him worth carrying
 To *England* ouer *Tweed*, when now the floods besoughe (brought
 The *Tyne* to hold her tongue, when presently began
 A rumour which each where through all the Country ran,
 Of this proud Riuers speech, the Hills and Floods among,
 And *Loves*, a Forrest-Nymph, the same so lowdly sung,
 That it through *Tindale* straight, and quite through *Ridfdale* ran,
 And sounded shriller there, then when it first began,
 That those high *Alpine* Hills, as in a row they stand,
 Receiu'd the sounds, which thus went on from hand to hand.

The high-rear'd *Red-Squire* first, to *Anmond* Hill it told,
 When *Anmond* great therewith, nor for his life could hold,

The Siege
Laid.

The Road
Scotland by
Earle of Sug

A repetition
the Hills par
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berland and
Scotland, with
bye from Sea
to North

To

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The *Saxon*
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To keepe
Townes
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To *Kembelſpeſh* againe, the buſineſſe but relate,
 To *Black-Brea* he againe, a Mountaine holding Rate
 With any of them all, to *Cocklaw* he it gaue,
 And *Cocklaw* it againe, to *Chenior*, who did raue
 With the report thereof, hce from his mighty ſtand,
 Reſounded it againe through all *Northumberland*,
 That *White-Squire* laſtly caught, and it to *Berwick* ſent,
 That braue and warlike Towne, from thence incontinent,
 The ſound from out the South, into *Albania* came,
 And many a luſtie Flood, did with her praiſe inflame,
 Affrighting much the *Forſh*, who from her trance awooke,
 And to her native ſtrength her preſently betooke,
 Againſt the Muſe ſhould come to the *Albanian* Coaſt.

But *Piſſiwall* all this while, as though he had been loſt,
 Not mention'd by the *Muſe*, began to fret and fume,
 That euery petty Brooke thus proudly ſhould preſume
 To talke; and he whom fiſt the *Romans* did inuent,
 And of their greatneſſe yet, the longſt-liu'd monument,
 Should this be ouer-trod; wherefore his wrong to wreake,
 In their proud preſence thus, doth aged *Piſſiwall* ſpeake.

Me thinks that *Offa's ditch* in *Cambria* ſhould not dare
 To thinke himſelfe my match, who with ſuch coſt and care
 The *Romans* did creſt, and for my ſafeguard ſet
 Their Legions, from my ſpoyle the proling *Piſſ* to let,
 That often In-roads made, our earth from them to win,
 By *Adrian* beaten back, ſo he to keepe them in,
 To Sea from Eaſt to Weſt, began me fiſt a wall
 Of eightie myles in length, twixt *Tyne* and *Edens* fall:
 Long making mee they were, and long did me maintaine.
 Nor yet that French which traſts the *Westerne Welſſhire* Plaine,
 Of *Woden*, *Wanſdyke* cal'd, ſhould paralell with me,
 Comparing our deſcents, which ſhall appeare to be
 Mere vpſtarts, baſely borne; for when I was in hand,
 The *Saxon* had not then ſet foot vpon this land,
 Till my declining age, and after many a yeare,
 Of whoſe pooie petty Kings, thoſe the ſmall labors were.
 That on *Newmarket-Heath*, made vp as though but now,
 Who for the Devils worke the vulgar dare auow,
 Tradition telling none, who truly it began,
 Where many a reuerent Booke can tell you of my Man,
 And when I fiſt decayd, *Seuerus* going on,
 What *Adrian* built of turfe, he builded new of ſtone,
 And after many a time, the *Britans* me repayr'd,
 To keepe me ſtill in plight, nor coſt they euer ſpar'd.
 Townes ſtood vpon my length, where Garrifons were laid,
 Their limits to defend; and for my greater ayd,

VVith

VVith Turrets I was built, where Sentinels were plac'd,
To watch vpon the *Pitt*; so me my Makers grac'd,
With hollow Pipes of Brasse, along me still that went,
By which they in one Fort still to another sent,
By speaking in the same, to tell them what to doe,
And so from Sea to Sea could I be whisper'd through:
Vpon my thickeesse, three march'd eas'ly breast to breast,
Twelue foot was I in height, such glory I possesse.

Old *Pittswall* with much pride thus finishing his plea,
Had in his vtmost course attain'd the Easterne Sea,
Yet there was Hill nor Flood once heard to clap a hand,
For the *Northumbrian* Nymphs had come to vnderstand,
That *Tyne* exulting late o'r *Scotland* in her Song,
(Which ouer all that Realme report had loudly rung)
The *Calidonian* * *Forth* so highly had displeas'd,
And many an other Flood, (which could not be appeas'd)
That they had vow'd reuenge, and Proclamation made,
That in a learned waire the foe they would inuade,
And like stout Floods stand free from this supposed shame,
Or conquered giue themselves vp to the *English* name:
Which these *Northumbrian* Nymphs, with doubt & terror strook,
Which knew they from the foe, for nothing were to looke,
But what by skill they got, and with much care should keepe,
And therefore they consult by meeting in the Deepe,
To be deliuered from the ancient enemies rage,
That they would all vpon a solemne Pilgrimage
Vnto the *Holy-Iste*, the vertue of which place,
They knew could very much auaille them in this case:
For many a blessed Saint in former ages there,
Secluded from the world, to Abstinence and Prayer,
Had giuen vp themselves, which in the *German* Maine,
And from the shore not farre, did in it selfe containe
Sufficient things for food, which from those holy men,
That to deuotion liu'd, and sanctimony then,
It *Holy-Iste* was call'd, for which they all prepare,
As I shall tell you how, and what their number are.
With those the farthest off, the first I will begin,
As *Pont* a pearlesse Brook, brings *Blyth* which putteth in
With her, then *Wansbeck* next in wading to the Maine,
Neere *Morpes* meets with *Font*, which followeth in her traine;
Next them the little *Lyne* alone doth goe along,
When *Cocket* commeth downe, and with her such a throng,
As that they seeme to threat the Ocean; for with her
Comes *Ridley*, *Ridland* next, with *Vswey*, which preferre
Their Fountaines to her Flood, who for her greater fame,
Hath at her fall an Isle, call'd *Cocket*, of her name,

The great Ri-
uer on which
Edenborough
standeth.

The *Holy-Iste*

A Catalogue of
the Riues of
Northumberland,
as they run into
the *German* Sea,
vpon the East
part of the
countrie be-
twixt the Fals
of *Tyne* and
Tweed.

As

As that great *Neptune* should take notice of her state;
 Then *Alme* by *Anwicke* comes, and with as proud a gate,
 As *Cocket* came before, for whom at her faire fall,
 (In brauery as to show, that she surpast them all)
 The famous Isle of *Ferne*, and *Staples* aptly stand,
 And at her comming forth, doe kisse her Christall hand.

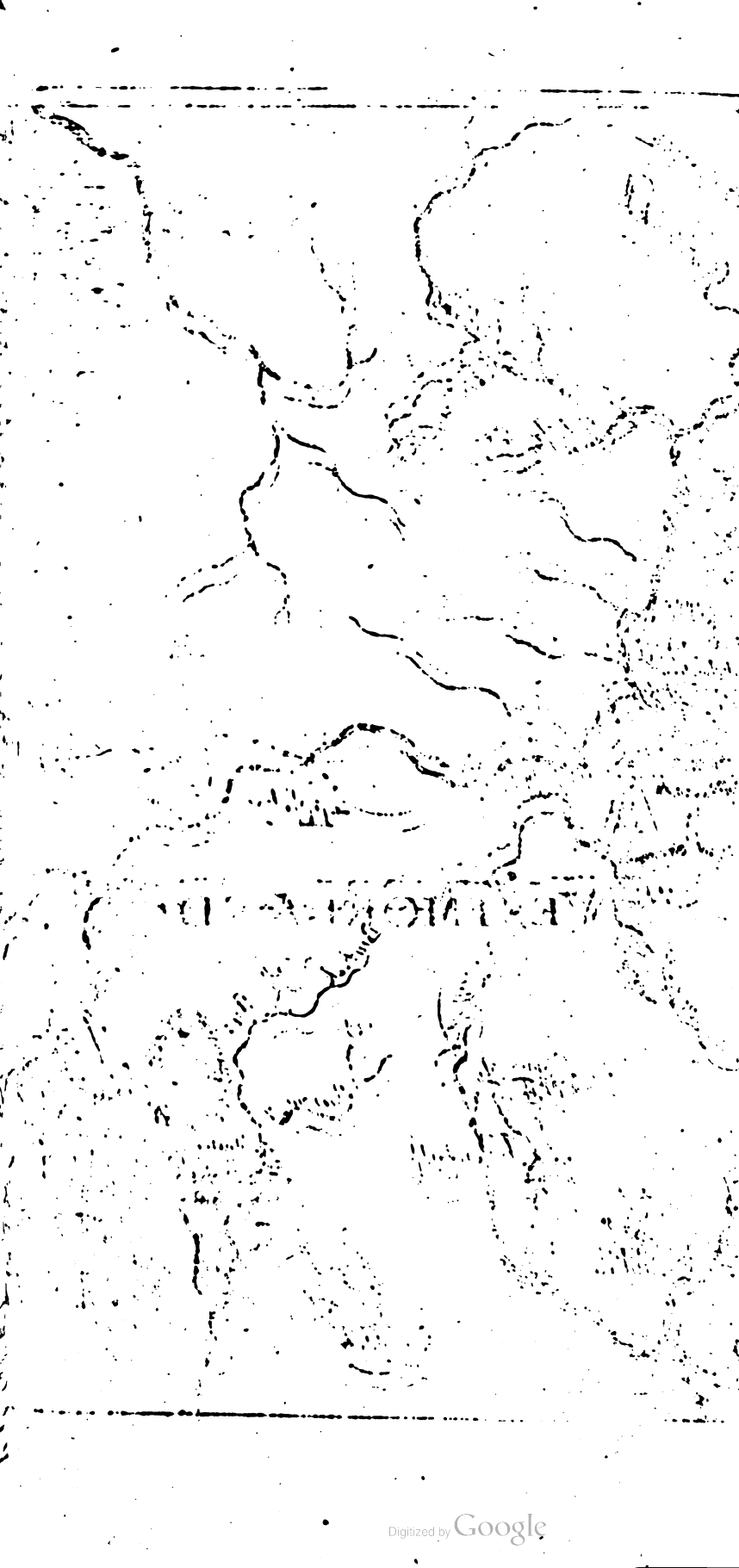
Whilst these resolu'd vpon their Pilgrimage, proceed,
 Till for the loue shee beares to her deare Mistis *Tweed*,
 Of *Bramish* leaues the name, by which shee hath her birth;
 And though shee keepe her course vpon the *English* earth,
 Yet *Bombent*, a bright Nymph, from *Scotland* comming in,
 To goe with her to *Tweed*, the wanton Flood doth winne.
 Though at this headstrong Stream, proud *Flodden* from his height,
 Doth daily seeme to fret, yet takes he much delight
 Her louelinesse to view, as on to *Tweed* she straines,
 Where whilst this Mountaine much for her sweet lake sustaines,
 This Canto we conclude, and fresh about must cast,
 Of all the *English* Tracts, to consummate the last.

The











The thirtieth Song.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of Westmerland the Muse now sings,
And fetching Eden from her Springs,
Sets her along, and Kendall then
Surueying, beareth backe agen;
And climbing Skidows lostie Hill,
By many a Riuer, many a Rill,
To Cumberland, where in her way,
Shee Copland calls, and doth display
Her Beauties, backe to Eden goes,
Whose Floods, and Fall shee aptly shewes.

Et cheerely on my Muse, no whit at all dismay'd, sayd,
But look aloft tow'rs heauen, to him whose powerfull
Hath led thee on thus long, & through so sundry soiles,
Steep Mountains, Forrests rough, deepe Riuers, that thy
Most sweet refreshings seeme, and still thee comfort sent, (toyles
Against the Bestiall Rout, and Boorish rabblement
Of those rude vulgar sots, whose braines are onely Slime,
Borne to the doting world, in this last yron Time,
So stony, and so dull, that Orpheus which (men say)
By the inticing Straines of his melodious Lay,
Drew Rocks and aged Trees, to whether he would please;
He might as well haue moou'd the Vniuerse as these;
But leaue this Frie of Hell in their owne filth defilde,
And seriously pursue the sterne Westmerian Wilde,
First ceazing in our Song, the South-part of the Shire,
Where Westmerland to West, by wide Wynander Mere,
The Eboracean fields her to the Rising bound,
Where Can first creeping forth, her feet hath scarcely found,
But giues that Dale her name, where Kendale towne doth stand,
For making of our Cloth scarce match'd in all the land.
Then keeping on her course, though hauing in her traine,
But Spat, a little Brooke, then Winsler doth retaine,
Tow'rs the Verginian Sea, by her two mighty Falls,
(Which the braue Roman tongue, her Catadupa calls)
This eager Riuer seemes outrageously to rore,
And counterfetting Nyle, to deafe the neighboring shore,

Y

To

See to the la-
ter end of the
27. Song.

To which she by the sound apparantly doth show,
 The season foule or faire, as then the wind doth blow:
 For when they to the North, the noyse doe easliest heare,
 They constantly affirme the weather will be cleere;
 And when they to the South, againe they boldly say,
 It will be clouds or raine the next approaching day.
 To the *Hibernick* Gulfe, when soone the River hasts;
 And to those queachy Sands, from whence her selfe she casts,
 She likewise leaues her name as euery place where she,
 In her cleare course doth come, by her should honored be.
 But backe into the North from hence our course doth lye,
 As from this fall of *Can*, still keeping in our eye,
 The source of long-liu'd *Lun*, I long-liu'd doe her call;
 For of the *British* Floods, scarce one amongst them all,
 Such state as to her selfe, the Destinies assigne,
 By christning in her Course a Countie Palatine,
 For *Lancaster* so nam'd, the Fort vpon the *Lun*,
 And *Lancashire* the name from *Lancaster* begun:
 Yet though shee be a Flood, such glory that doth gaine,
 In that the *British* Crowne doth to her state pertaine,
 Yet *Westmerland* alone, not onely boasts her birth,
 But for her greater good the kind *Westmerian* earth,
 Cleere *Burbeck* her bequeathis, and *Barrow* to attend
 Her grace, till shee her name to *Lancaster* doe lend.
 Withall the speed we can, to *Cumberland* we hie,
 (Still longing to salte the vtmost *Albany*)
 By *Eden*, issuing out of *Huscat-Mornill* Hill,
 And pointing to the North, as then a little Rill,
 There simply takes her leaue of her sweet sister *Swale*,
 Borne to the like same Sire, but with a stronger gale,
 Towards *Humber* hies her course, but *Eden* making on,
 Through *Malerfranz* hard by, a Forrest woe begone
 In lotie with *Edens* eyes, of the cleere *Naiades* kind,
 Whom thus the Wood-Nymph greets: What passage shalt thou
 My most beloued Brook, in making to thy Bay, (find,
 That wandring art to wend through many a crooked way,
 Farre vnder hanging Hills, through many a cragged strait,
 And sew the watry kind, vpon thee to await,
 Opposed in thy course with many a rugged Cliffe,
 Besides the Northern winds against thy streame so stiffe,
 As by maine strength they meant to stop thee in thy course,
 And send thee easly back to *Mornill* to thy source.
 O my bright louely Brooke, whose name doth beare the sound
 Of Gods first Garden-plot, th'imparadized ground,
 Wherein he placed Man, from whence by sinne he fell.
 O little blessed Brooke, how doth my bosome swell,

With

In first place
 where which
 he runnes
 through.

VWith loue I beare to thee, the day cannot suffice
For *Malerhang* to gaze vpon thy beautilous eyes.

This sayd, the Forrest rubd her rugged front the while,
Cleere *Eden* looking back, regreets her with a smile,
And simply takes her leaue, to get into the Maine;
When *Below* a bright Nymph, from *Stannmore* downe doth straine
To *Eden*, as along to *Appleby* shee makes,
Which passing, to her traine, next *Troutbeck* in shee takes,
And *Leuenant*, then these, a somewhat lesser Rill,
VWhen *Glenkwin* greets her well, and happily to fill,
Her more abundant Banks, from *Vlls*, a nightie Mere
On *Cumberlands* confines, comes *Eymot* neat and cleere,
And *Loder* doth allure, with whom she haps to meet,
VWhich at her comming in, doth thus her Mistris greet.

Quoth shee, thus for my selfe I say, that where I swell
Vp from my Fountaine first, there is a Tyding-well,
That daily ebbs and flowes, (as Writers doe report)
The o'd *Euripus* doth, or in the selfe same sort,
The * *Venedocian* Fount, or the * *Demetian* Spring,
Or that which the cold *Peake* doth with her wonders bring,
Why should not *Loder* then, her Mistris *Eden* please,
With this, as other Floods delighted are with these.

When *Eden*, though shee seem'd to make vnusuall haste,
About cleere *Loders* neck, yet louingly doth cast
Her oft infolding Armes, as *Westmerland* shee leaues,
VWhere *Cumberland* againe as kindly her receiues.
Yet vp her watry hands, to *Winfield* Forrest holds
In her rough woody armes, which amorously infolds
Cleere *Eden* comming by, with all her watry store,
In her darke shades, and seemes her parting to deplore.

But Southward fallying hence, to those Sea-bordring sands,
VWhere *Dudden* driuing downe to the *Lancastrian* lands,
This *Cumberland* cuts out, and strongly doth confine,
This meeting there with that, both meerly *Maratine*,
Where many a daintie Rill out of her native Dale,
To the *Virginian* makes, with many a pleasant gale,
As *Eske* her farth'st, so first, a coy bred *Cumbrian* Lasse,
Who cometh to her Road, renowned *Ranenglasse*,
By *Deuock* driuen along, (which from a large-brim'd Lake,
To hye her to the Sea, with greater haste doth make)
Meets *Nyte*, a nimble Brooke, their Rendeuous that keepe
In *Ranenglasse*, when soone into the blewish Deepe
Comes *Irs*, of all the rest, though small, the richest Girle,
Her costly bosome strew'd with precious Orient Pearle,
Bred in her shining Shells, which to the deaw doth yawne,
VWhich deaw they sucking in, conceaue that lusty Spawne,

Two fountains
the one in the
South, the other
in *Northbrook*.
See to the 5,
10, and 27,
Song.

Of which when they grow great, and to their fulnesse swell,
They cast, which those at hand there gathering, dearly sell.
This cleare pearle-paued *Irt*, *Bleng* to her harbor brings,
From *Copland* comming downe, a Forrest-Nymph, which sings
Her owne praise, and those Floods, their Fountains that deriue
From her, which to extoll, the Forrest thus doth strue.

Yee Northerne * *Dryades* all adorn'd with Mountaines sleepe,
Vpon whose hoary heads cold Winter long doth keepe,
Where often rising Hills, deepe Dales and many make,
Where many a pleasant Spring, and many a large-spread Lake,
Their cleere beginnings keepe, and doe their names bestow
Vpon those humble Vales, through which they eas'ly flow;
Whereas the Mountaine Nymphs, and those that doe frequēt
The Fountaines, Fields, and Groves, with wondrous meriment,
By Moone-shine many a night, doe giue each other chase,
At *Hood-winke*, *Barley-breake*, at *Tick*, or *Prison-baſe*,
With tricks, and antique toyes, that one another mocke,
That skip from Crag to Crag, and leape from Rocke to Rocke.
Then *Copland*, of this Tract a corner, I would know,
What place can there be found in *Britan*, that doth show
A Surface more austere, more sterne from euery way,
That who doth it behold, he cannot chuse but say,
Th'aspect of these grim Hills, these darke and mistie Dales,
From clouds scarce euer cleer'd, with the strongest Northern gales,
Tell in their mighty Roots, some Minerall there doth lye,
The Islands generall want, whose plenty might supply:
Wherefore as some suppose of Copper Mynes in me,
I *Copper-land* was cald, but some will haue't to be
From the old *Britans* brought, for *Cop* they vse to call
The tops of many Hills, which I am stor'd withall.
Then *Eskdale* mine Ally, and *Nitterdale* so nam'd,
Of Floods from you that flow, as *Borowdale* most fam'd,
With *Wafdale* walled in, with Hills on euery side,
Howeuer ye extend within your waſts so wide,
For th' surface of a soyle, a *Copland*, *Copland* cry,
Till to your shouts the Hills with Ecchoes all reply.
Which *Copland* scarce had spoke, but quickly euery hill,
Vpon her Verge that stands, the neighbouring Vallies fill;
Heluillon from his height, it through the Mountaines threw,
From whom as soone againe, the sound *Dunbalraſe* drew,
From whose stone-trophied head, it on to *Wendroſſe* went,
Which tow'rs the Sea againe, refounded it to *Dent*,
That *Brodwater* therewith within her Banks astound,
In sayling to the Sea, told it in *Egremound*,
Vvhoſe Buildings, walks, and ſtreets, with Ecchoes loud and long,
Did mightily commend old *Copland* for her Song.

Whence

the thirtieth Song.

165

VVhence soone the Muse proceeds, to find out frether Springs,
Where *Darwent* her cleere Fount from *Borowdale* that brings,
Dorth quickly cast her selfe into an ample Lake,
And with *Thurles* mighty Mere, betweene them two doe make
An *Island, which the name from *Darwent* dorth deriue,
VVithin whose secret breast nice Nature dorth contriue,
That mighty Copper Myne, which not without its Vaines,
Of Gold and Siluer found, it happily obtaines
Of Royaltie the name, the richest of them all
That *Britan* bringeth forth, which Royall she dorth call.
Of *Borowdale* her Dam, of her owne named Isle,
As of her Royall Mynes, this Riuer proud the while,
Keepes on her Course to Sea, and in her way dorth win
Cleere *Coker* her compeere, which at her comming in,
Giues *Coker-moath* the name, by standing at her fall,
Into faire *Darwents* Banks, when *Darwent* therewithall,
Runnes on her watry Race, and for her greater fame,
Of *Neptune* dorth obtaine a Hauen of her name,

The life of
Darwent.

The Mynes
Royall.

When of the *Cambrian* Hills, proud *Skiddo* that dorth show
The high'st, respecting whom, the other be but low,
Perceiuing with the Floods, and Forrests, how it far'd,
And all their seuerall tales substantially had heard,
And of the Mountaine kind, as of all other he,
Most like *Pernassus* selfe that is suppos'd to be,
Hauing a double head, as hath that sacred Mount,
Which those nine sacred Nymphs held in so hie account,
Bethinketh of himselfe what he might iustly say,
When to them all he thus his beauties dorth display.

The rough *Hibernian* sea, I proudly ouerlooke,
Amongst the scattered Rocks, and there is not a nooke,
But from my glorious height into its depth I pry,
Great Hills faire vnder me, but as my Pages lye,
And when my Helme of Clouds vpon my head I take,
At very sight thereof, immediatly I make —
Th'Inhabitants about, tempestuous stormes to feare,
And for faire weather looke, when as my top is cleere;
Great *Fournesse* mighty *Fells*, I on my South suruay:
So likewise on the North, *Albania* makes me way,
Her Countries to behold, when **Scarfes* from the skie,
That *Ansedale* dorth crowne, with a most amorous eye,
Salutes me euery day, or at my pride looks grim,
Oft threatning me with Clouds, as I oft threatning him;
So likewise to the East, that rew of Mountaines tall,
Which we our *English Alpes* may very aptly call,
That *Scotland* here with vs, and *England* doe diuide,
As those, whence we them name vpon the other side,

A Hill in
land.

Doc

Doe *Italy*, and *France*, these Mountaines heere of ours,
 That looke faire off like clouds, shap't with embattel'd towers,
 Much enuy my estate, and somewhat higher be,
 By lifting vp their heads, to stare and gaze at me.
 Cleere *Darwent* dancing on, I looke at from above,
 As some enamoured Youth, being deeply struck in loue,
 His Mistis doth be hold, and euery beauty notes;
 Who as shee to her fall, through Fells and Vallies flotes,
 Oft lifts her limber selfe about her Banks to view,
 How my braue by-clift top, doth still her Course pursue.
 O all yee Topick Gods, that doe inhabite here,
 To whom the *Romans* did, those ancient Altars reare,
 Oft found vpon those Hills, now sunke into the Soyles,
 Which they for Trophies left of their victorious spoiles,
 Ye *Genij* of these Floods, these Mountaines, and these Dales,
 That with poore Shepheards Pipes, & harmlesse Heardsmans tales
 Haue often pleased been, still guard me day and night,
 And hold me *Skidow* still, the place of your delight.

This Speech by *Skidow* spoke, the Muse makes forth againe,
 Tow'rd where the in-borne Floods, cleere *Eden* intertaine,
 To *Cuniberland* com'n in, from the *Westmerian* wasts,
 Where as the readiest way to *Carlill*, as shee casts,
 Shee with two Wood-Nymphs meets, the first is great and wilde,
 And *Westward Forrest* hight, the other but a childe,
 Compar'd with her Pher, and *Inglewood* is cald,
 Both in their pleasant Scites, most happily instald.

What Syluan is there scene, and be she nere so coy,
 Whose pleasures to the full, these Nymphs doe not enioy,
 And like *Dianas* selfe, so truly liuing chaste:
 For seldome any Tract, doth crosse their waylesse waste,
 With many a lustie leape, the shagged Satyrs show
 Them pastime euery day, both from the Meres below,
 And Hills on euery side, that neatly hemme them in,
 The blushing morne to breake, but hardly doth begin,
 But that the ramping Goats, swift Deere, and harmlesse Sherpe,
 Which there their owners know, but no man hath to keepe,
 The Dales doe ouer-spread, by them like Motley made;
 But *Westward* of the two, by her more widened Slade,
 Of more abundance boasts, as of those mighty Mynes,
 Which in her Verge she hath: but that whereby she shines,
 Is her two daintie Floods, which from two Hills doe flow,
 Which in her selfe she hath, whose Banks doe bound her so
 Vpon the North and South, as that she seemes to be
 Much pleased with their course, and takes delight to see
 How *Elne* vpon the South, in sallying to the Sea
 Confines her: on the North how *Wampull* on her way,

Her

the thirtieth Song.

16

Her purlews wondrous large, yet limitteth againe;
Both falling from her earth into the *Irish* Maine.
No lesse is *Westward* proud of *VVauer*, nor doth win
Leslie praise by her cleere Spring, which in her course doth twin
VVith *VViz*, a neater Nymph scarce of the watry kind;
And though shee be but small, so pleasing *VVauers* mind,
That they entirely mix'd, the *Irish* Seas embrace,
But earnestly proceed in our intended Race.

At *Eden* now arriu'd, whom we haue left too long,
Which being com'n at length, the *Cumbrian* hills among;
As shee for *Carlill* coasts, the Floods from euery where,
Prepare each in their course, to entertaine her there,
From *Skidow* her tall Sire, first *Canda* cleere brings
In *Eden* all her wealth; so *Petterell* from her Springs,
(Not farre from *Skidows* foot, whence dainty *Canda* creeps)
Along to ouertake her Soueraigne *Eden* sweeps,
To meet that great concourse, which seriously attend
That dainty *Cumbrian* Queene; when *Gilfland* downe doth send
Her Riuerets to receiue Queene *Eden* in her course,
As *Irthing* comming in from her most plenteous source,
Through many a cruell Crag, though she be forc'd to crawle,
Yet working forth her way to grace her selfe with all,
First *Pultrasse* is her Page, then *Gelt* shee gets her guide;
Which springeth on her South, on her Septentrion side,
Shee crooked *Cambeck* calls, to wait on her along,
And *Eden* ouertakes amongst the watry throng.
To *Carlill* being come, cleere *Bruscaeth* beareth in,
To greet her with the rest, when *Eden* as to win
Her grace in *Carlills* sight, the Court of all her state;
And *Cumberlands* chiefe towne, loe thus shee doth dilate.

What giueth more delight, (braue Citie) to thy Seat,
Then my sweet louely selfe: a Riuer so compleat,
With all that Nature can a dainty Flood endow,
That all the Northerne Nymphs me worthily allow,
Of all their *Nyades* kind the neatest, and so farre
Transcending, that oft times they in their amorous warre;
Haue offered by my course, and Beauties to decide
The mastery, with her most vaunting in her pride,
That mighty *Roman* Fort, which of the *Pills* we call,
But by them neere those times was fill'd *Senerus* wall;
Of that great Emperour nam'd, which first that worke began;
Betwixt the *Irish* Sea, and *German* Ocean,
Doth cut me in his course neere *Carlill*, and doth end
At *Boulneffe*, where my selfe I on the Ocean spend.
And for my Country here, (of which I am the chiefe
Of all her watry kind) know that shee leat reliefe;

See to the Song.

The West end of the *Pills* work.

To

To those old *Britains* once, when from the *Saxons* they,
 For succour hither fled, as faire out of their way,
 Amongst her mighty Wylds, and Mountains freed from feare,
 And from the *British* race, residing long time here,
 Which in their Genuine tongue, themselves did *Kimbri* name,
 Of *Kimbri-land*, the name of *Cumberland* first came;
 And in her praise bee't spoke, this soyle whose best is mine,
 That Fountaine bringeth forth, from which the Southern *Tyne*.
 (So nam'd for that of *North*, another hath that stile)
 This to the Easterne Sea, that makes forth many a mile,
 Her first beginning takes, and *Vent*, and *Aine* doth lend,
 To wait vpon her soorth; but further to transcend
 To these great things of note, which many Countries call
 Their wonders, there is not a Tract amongst them all,
 Can shew the like to mine, at the lesse *Sakeld*, neere
 To *Edens* Bank, the like is scarcely any where,
 Stones teuentie seuen stand, in manner of a Ring,
 Each full ten foot in height, but yet the strangest thing,
 Their equall distance is, the circle that compose,
 Within which other stones lye flat, which doe inclose
 The bones of men long dead, (as there the people say),
 So neere to *Loders* Spring, from thence not faire away,
 Be others nine foot high, a myle in length that runne,
 The victories for which these Trophies were begun,
 From darke obliuion thou, O Time shouldst haue protected,
 For mighty were their minds, them thus that first erected:
 And neere to this againe, there is a piece of ground,
 A little rising Bank, which of the Table round,
 Men in remembrance keepe, and *Arthurs* Table name.
 But whilst these more and more, with glory her inflame,
 Supposing of her selfe in these her wonders great,
 All her attending Floods, faire *Eden* doe entreat,
 To lead them downe to Sea, when *Leuen* comes along,
 And by her double Spring, being mightie them among,
 There ouertaketh *Eske*, from *Scotland* that doth hyc,
 Faire *Eden* to behold, who meeting by and by,
 Downe from these Westerne Sands into the Sea doe fall,
 Where I this *Canto* end, as also therewithall
 My *England* doe conclude, for which I vndertooke,
 This strange *Herculean* toyle, to this my thirtieth Booke.

FINIS.

PH
 MVSEVM
 BRITANNICVM

